Collier's

FEBRUARY 5, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH

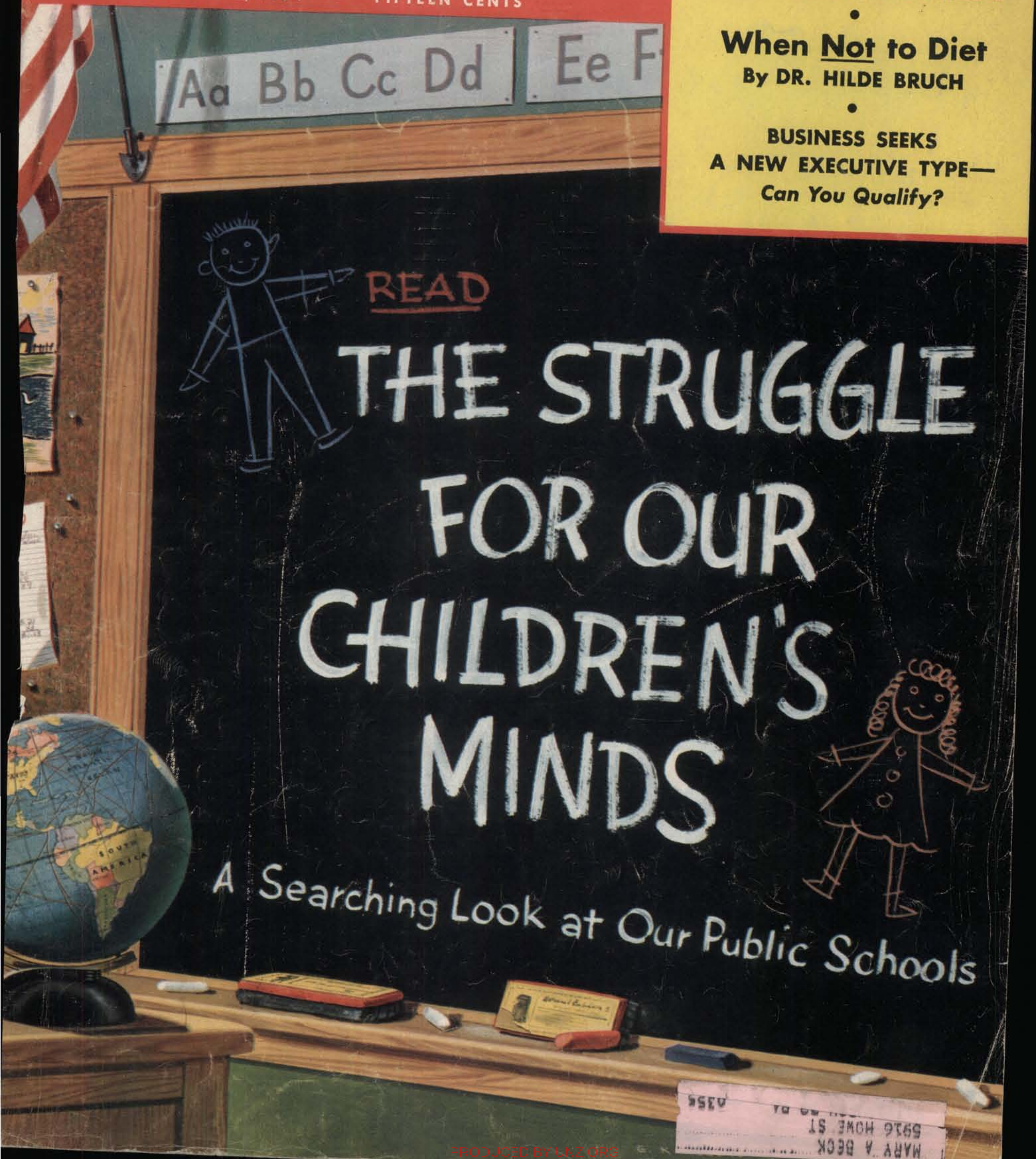
GEN. MARK CLARK
Tells
THE TRUTH ABOUT KOREA

•

When Not to Diet
By DR. HILDE BRUCH

•

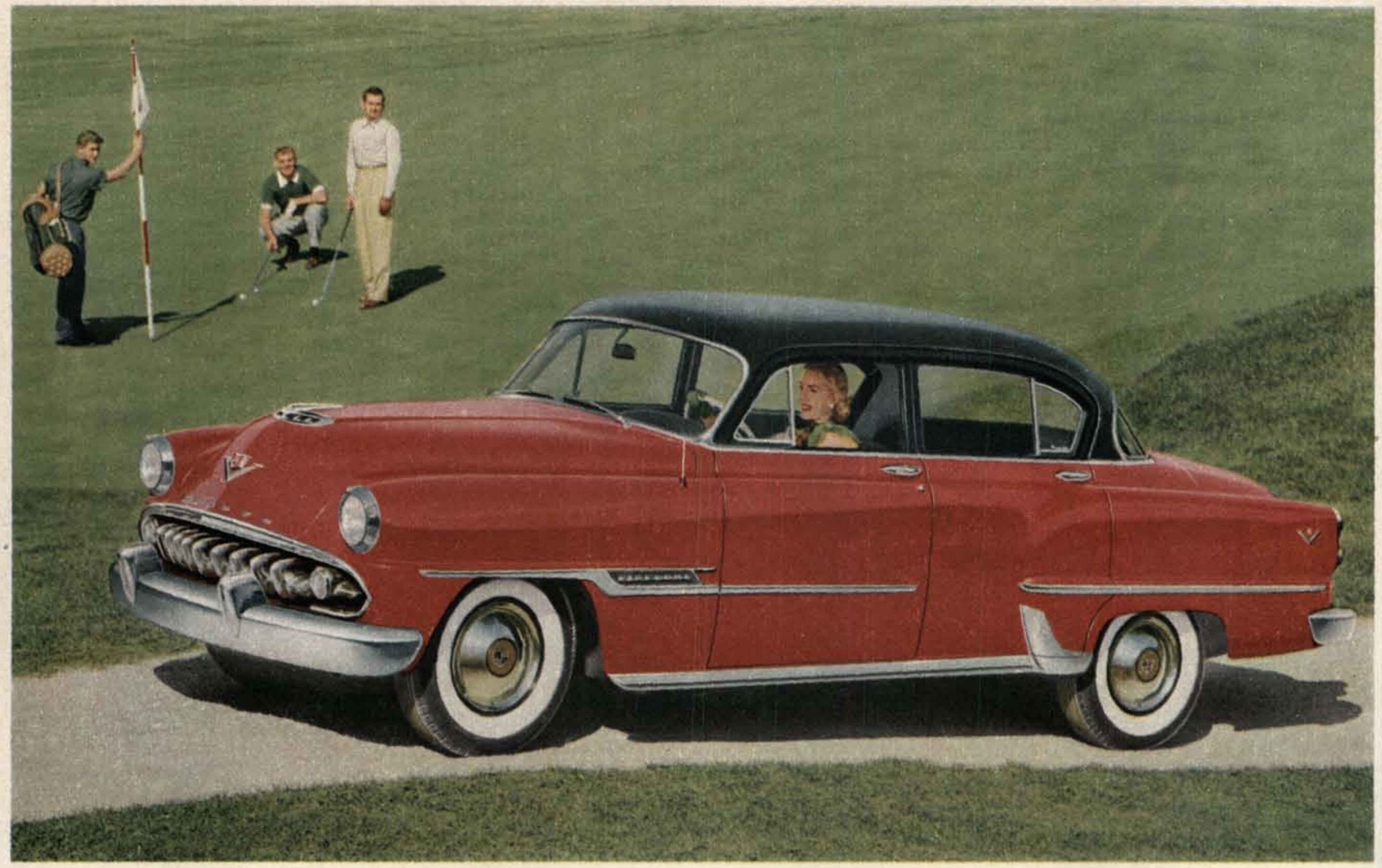
BUSINESS SEEKS A NEW EXECUTIVE TYPE—
Can You Qualify?



READ

THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S MINDS

A Searching Look at Our Public Schools



Thousands now driving the new 1954

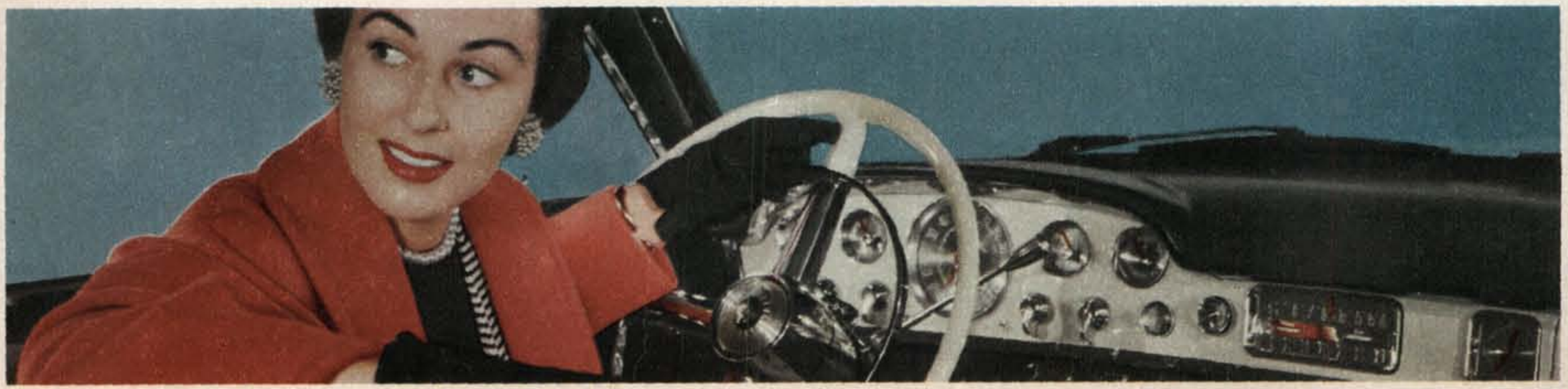
DE SOTO AUTOMATIC

call it **the greatest car of the year!**

- √ **with PowerFlite — the greatest fully automatic transmission of all.**
- √ **with the mighty Fire Dome — world's most powerful engine design.**
- √ **with Full Time Power Steering and double-action Power Braking.**

DeSoto holds the lead in new-car excitement—and no wonder! ▶ Here is the jet-like getaway of a smooth, silent, clutchless drive—the newest and finest on the road! ▶ Here is Power Steering doing its work every second you drive! ▶ Here are double-safe Power Brakes—and rich new interiors, beautifully matched to body colors. And, if you wish, there's the luxury of real DeSoto Airtemp air conditioning. Drive the mighty Fire Dome V-8 (now stepped up to 170 h. p.!) or the brilliant Powermaster Six. Both are at De Soto dealers now. Either will put you ahead *automatically!*

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.



DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION . . . NBC networks.

WHAT A FEAST OF READING PLEASURE!

ALL SEVEN terrific new MYSTERIES★ for only $1.00 WITH MEMBERSHIP
★ EVERY ONE A FULL SIZED, HARD BOUND NEW NOVEL. TOTAL VALUE $19.75 IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS
A MR. AND MRS. NORTH MYSTERY
Curtain for a Jester
Spinsters in Jeopardy
NGAIO MARSH
A KISS BEFORE DYING
LEVIN
IRA LEVIN
GEORGE HARMON COXE
UNINVITED GUEST
THE Literature of Crime STORIES BY World-Famous Authors
EDITED BY Ellery Queen
the Schirmer inheritance
ERIC AMBLER
the Golden Spiders
Rex Stout
a Nero Wolfe novel

YOU GET EVERY BOOK ON THIS PAGE IN ONE GIANT PACKAGE

—but you must act NOW!

WILL YOU ACCEPT the gigantic bargain pictured above? Just look what you get: ALL of these full-sized NEW books! Enjoy each exciting novel . . . then display them proudly on your bookshelf. In publishers' editions they sell for $19.75. But YOU get all SEVEN for ONE DOLLAR with membership if you act now!

Eric Ambler

THE SCHIRMER INHERITANCE

A freak accident touches off the search for an heir to $3,000,000. The trail leads across Europe . . . *straight to a man who insists HE is "DEAD!"* Smash-hit new book by the author of *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and *Journey into Fear.*

Ngaio Marsh

SPINSTERS IN JEOPARDY

Your French train halts near an old chateau. You peer out of the window. *Suddenly you see a DARING MURDER!* Your train moves on into the tunnel. THEN you learn that the chateau is the place *YOU'RE on your way to visit!*

Rex Stout

THE GOLDEN SPIDERS

Laura had four million bucks, a delightful figure, and an inviting smile. She visited Nero Wolfe on some very personal business—and was MURDERED right afterwards. And then THREE DIFFERENT MEN offered to pay $5,000 just to hear her last words!

Ed. by Ellery Queen

THE LITERATURE OF CRIME

You'll treasure this breath-taking collection of suspense and mystery tales by Sinclair Lewis, Kipling, Charles Dickens, Huxley, Ring Lardner, Hemingway, and 20 other great authors! A big book worth $3.50 in publisher's edition.

Ira Levin

A KISS BEFORE DYING

Of three wealthy sisters, only *one* was left for Bud to marry. "Faith, Hope . . ." he mused, "and now Charity." If this failed . . . *well, he got away with murder before—TWICE!* Why not again?

George Harmon Coxe

UNINVITED GUEST

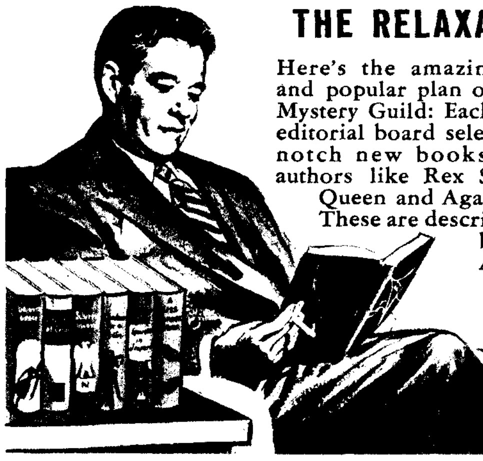
When blonde Julia read that her ex-husband had inherited a fortune, she concealed her new divorce decree . . . and boarded his private yacht at Barbados. *Then MURDER stepped in . . .*

The Lockridges

CURTAIN FOR A JESTER

Byron Wilmot was a vicious practical joker. But the climax of gags at his April First party occurred after everyone *had gone!* There were two bodies for the police to find. One was a *dummy.* And the other was *Byron!* Terrific new "Mr. and Mrs. North" puzzler.

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD MEMBERSHIP GIVES YOU THE RELAXATION YOU DESERVE



Here's the amazingly simple and popular plan of the Dollar Mystery Guild: Each month the editorial board selects two top-notch new books—often by authors like Rex Stout, Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie. These are described to members well IN ADVANCE.

You take only those you like; no more than four a year if you wish. If you don't want a book, simply tell the Club. It will not be sent. You pay postman nothing; bills are due only after you examine your selections.

These latest novels cost $2.50 to $3.50 in the publishers' editions. *But members pay only ONE DOLLAR each (plus a few cents for shipping) for their hard-bound, large-sized volumes!* You build a fine library almost for pennies.

No wonder so many people consider Dollar Mystery Guild membership the *greatest value* in the world of books! Best of all, if you join now, you get SEVEN new books for ONE DOLLAR! Send the coupon today to **DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD, Dept. CL-2, Garden City, N. Y.**

Get all SEVEN—Mail this coupon NOW!

THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD
Dept. CL-2, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the Dollar Mystery Guild and rush me these new books. Later, I'll send only $1.00 (plus a few cents postage) for the entire package.

ENROLLMENT BONUS—7 FULL-SIZED BOOKS for $1.00
The Schirmer Inheritance • Curtain For A Jester
The Golden Spiders • A Kiss Before Dying • Spinsters in Jeopardy
The Literature of Crime • Uninvited Guest

New book bargains will be described to me each month in the Club's advance bulletin, "Mystery Guild Clues." The purchase of additional selections at only $1.00 each (plus few cents for shipping) is entirely voluntary on my part. Whenever I don't want a book I will notify you, and it won't be sent. I need take only four selections a year—and I may resign any time after accepting four selections. **NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I can return books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.**

Name ....
(PLEASE PRINT)

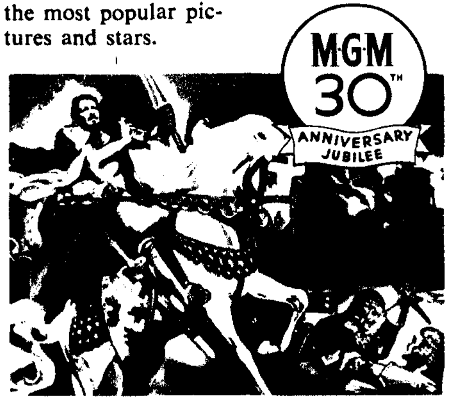
Street and No. ....

City .... **Zone** ...... **State** ....

(Same offer in Canada; Address Dollar Mystery Guild, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

The year 1954 marks the 30th Anniversary of M-G-M pictures—the pictures in which an entertainment-loving public has found its greatest diversion for a generation. In talent polls, M-G-M attractions have won the majority of awards for the most popular pictures and stars.



The highlights of M-G-M during the past 30 years would fill many pages. Approximately 1200 films have been introduced by the roar of Leo the Lion. Space permits mention of just a few: "Gone With The Wind", "The Big Parade", "Ben-Hur", "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest", "The Good Earth", "David Copperfield", "The Yearling", "Grand Hotel", "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", "An American In Paris", "Ivanhoe", "Quo Vadis", "Julius Caesar" and so many more of the all-time greats. Everyone will have pictures to add to this list.

It is fitting that this 30th year should usher in another spectacular production which will merit consideration in the list of the Ten Best Pictures Ever Made. It is M-G-M's first CinemaScope production, "Knights Of The Round Table" in color, which we mentioned last month and which now wears the crown of a proven success.

"Knights Of The Round Table" has played as a holiday attraction in a few important cities, but now audiences from coast to coast will acclaim it wherever there is a theatre equipped for the new miracle of modern projection known as CinemaScope.

It is understandable that there has been considerable improvement in the technique of CinemaScope since it was spectacularly launched last autumn. This is evident in M-G-M's lavish offering "Knights Of The Round Table".

Robert Taylor's exploits as Lancelot are even more exciting than his "Ivanhoe". Ava Gardner is the bewitching and sensitive Guinevere. And "perfect" is the word for Mel Ferrer's portrayal of King Arthur. They, and a cast of many thousands, have given us the great romance for which CinemaScope seems to have been born and destined.

The 30th Anniversary of M-G-M pictures would be notable for "Knights Of The Round Table" alone. But there are many big pictures ready to be played in this anniversary jubilee year.

* * *

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", In Color, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, AVA GARDNER and MEL FERRER with Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley. Based on Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur". Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

Collier's

FEBRUARY 5, 1954

ARTICLES

SPEAK OUT, SILENT PEOPLE . . . . Howard Whitman 23
(The Struggle for Our Children's Minds)
SPECIALIST IN ARMED ROBBERY . . . . Tom Meany 28
THE TRUTH ABOUT KOREA . . . . General Mark W. Clark 34
(Part One of Three Parts)
CANYON IN THE ROUND . . . . Collier's Color Camera 50
ARE YOU THE NEW EXECUTIVE TYPE? . . . . Bill Davidson 58
TORTURED IN PAK'S PALACE . . . . Major David F. MacGhee, USAF,
(Concluding Some of Us Didn't Crack) with Peter Kalischer 68
WHEN NOT TO DIET . . . . Dr. Hilde Bruch 82
5 HEADS, NO WAITING. . . . . Martha Weinman 86
SUBMARINE IN THE DESERT . . . . Ronald Schiller 88
SATAN OF THE NORTH . . . . Leonard A. Stevens 92
CAN YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT POLIO NOW? . . . Albert Q. Maisel 106

SHORT STORIES

SHAKEDOWN (The Short Short Story) . . . . Frank Richardson Pierce 10
WHISPERING GUY . . . . Edward Hutchings, Jr. 32
THE RESTLESS ONES . . . . Leslie Waller 42
SHIP THE DEVIL . . . . Francis Gott 62
WIVES ARE CRAZIER THAN HORSES . . . . Edwin A. Peeples 76

SERIAL

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Part Two of Four Parts) . . . . Joseph Hayes 98

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Gurney Williams 18
LETTERS. 20
EDITORIALS 110

THE COVER . . George Kanelous

A crisis has developed in American education. It revolves around what and how our children should be taught—and the future of the nation may hinge on the outcome. In this issue, Collier's begins a continuing study of the problem. You will find the first revealing report on pages 23 through 28.

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 133, No. 3.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, C. F. Norsworthy, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

COPYRIGHT, 1954, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold simultaneously in the United States and Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
Chairman of the Board

PAUL C. SMITH
President

EDWARD ANTHONY
Publisher

ROGER DAKIN
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ELEANOR STIERHEM MACMAN
Fiction Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN
Art Director

JAMES A. QUIGNEY
Photo Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
SEY CHASSLER
HOWARD COHN
ARTHUR C. FIELDS
EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
CORNELIUS RYAN
JAMES THRASHER
GURNEY WILLIAMS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT
TOM MEANY
BILL STAPLETON
FRANCIS WALLACE

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL
JOHN CONCANNON
EARL FULTZ
ALFRED M. LANSING
RONALD OLIPHANT
ROGER PIPPETT
LOUIS SARDELLA
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
DOROTHY D. BENNETT
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER S. CARTER
DIANE DOWNS

●

FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom*
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

BUREAUS

Washington
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*
JOHN NEWHOUSE

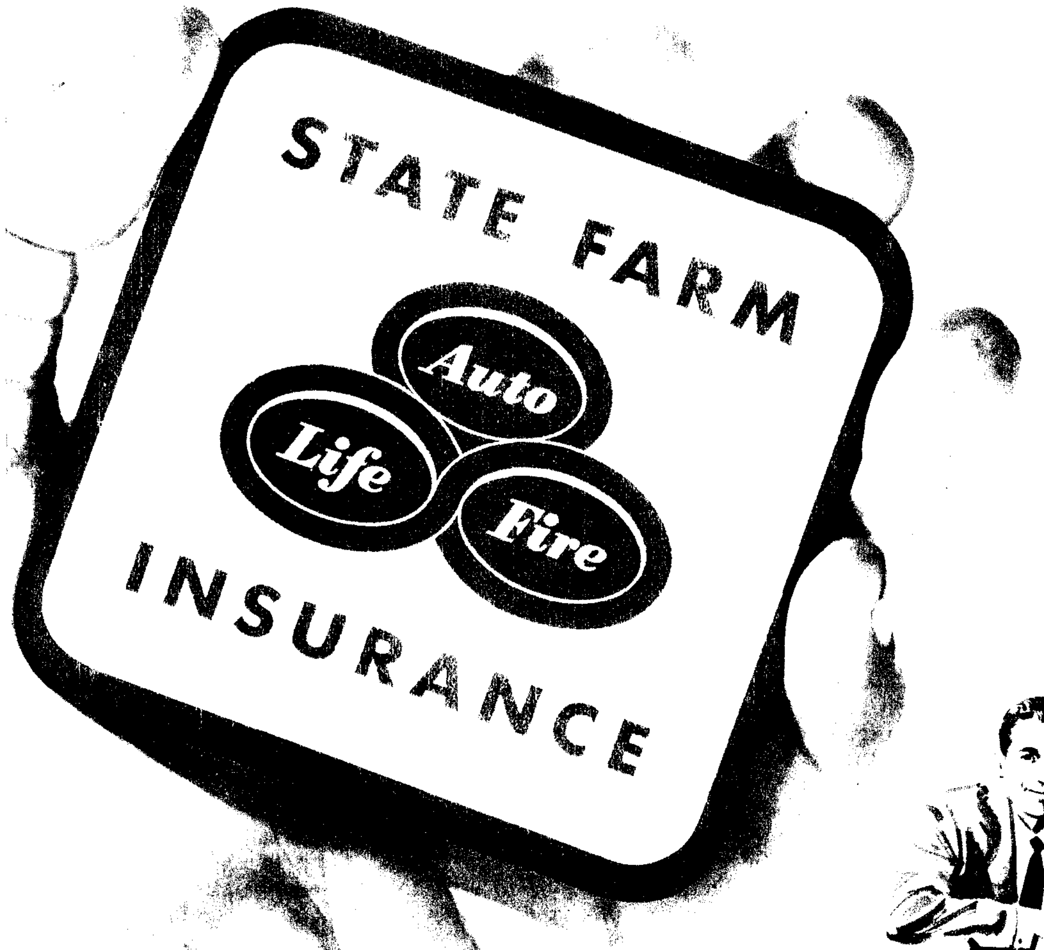
West Coast
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*
ROBERT CAHN
JOHN FLOREA

Midwest (Chicago)
BILL FAY

Far East (Tokyo)
PETER KALISCHER

AMERICA'S MOST PRIZED CAR EMBLEM NOW DOES 2 JOBS:

IT MARKS CAREFUL DRIVERS.. PROTECTS YOU ON THE ROAD!



State Farm's famous emblem—honored badge of "a careful driver, soundly insured"—now comes in "Scotchlite"—the new material that sparkles brightly under headlight beams.

This new emblem takes 10 seconds to apply, adheres firmly to your bumper. When you park, it gives timely warning to approaching motorists. If your tail light should fail, it provides life-saving emergency reflection.

State Farm members can obtain their new Scotchlite safety emblems from local State Farm agents now.

CAN YOU QUALIFY? IF SO, YOU CAN SAVE UP TO 40% ON AUTO INSURANCE!

About 80 percent of all car accidents happen to about 15 percent of all drivers. An insurance company that avoids the "reckless 15" can naturally afford to give the "careful 85" remarkably low rates. That's exactly what State Farm Mutual does.

State Farm seeks to insure *only* careful drivers—the kind who are less likely to have costly accidents. That's why State Farm can give such excellent protection and service at rock-bottom rates. If you can qualify, it will pay you to investigate State Farm Mutual now. Call your local agent today. See "State Farm Insurance" in your classified phone book.

STATE FARM MUTUAL *"the careful driver insurance company"*

State Farm Insurance is written only by the
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co.
and its wholly owned affiliates:
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

Home office: Bloomington, Illinois. Field claim offices in 300 principal cities. 7,000 agents in 40 states and Canada

Hear "Cecil Brown News Commentaries" Saturdays and Sundays over Mutual stations. Check local radio listings.

© SFM

the choice of 2,900,000 car owners because . . .

1. Low rates—based on millions of accident-free miles driven by our carefully selected State Farm members. We are an independent, mutual company. "Independent" means we make our own rates. "Mutual" means our policyholder-members own the company and share in the savings on low claim costs. Profits go back to members in the form of low rates on their automobile insurance.

2. Easy, twice-yearly payments—a real convenience for budget-minded folks. State Farm can bill premiums semi-annually because it handles all bookkeeping and billing in streamlined fashion in nine branch offices. This no-extra-cost service also enables us to calculate your savings *twice* yearly . . . gear them quickly to the careful driving records of members in your area.

3. Prompt claim service—at home or away. More than 7,000 State Farm agents stand ready, day or night, to serve you in case of accident. Backing them up, whenever necessary, are 700 field adjusters working out of 300 strategically located offices. Wherever they live . . . wherever they travel . . . State Farm members can rely on claim service that's fast and fair.

Suave
FOR MEN
the luxury hairdressing

men who care "Suave" their hair

SUAVE the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing with secret-formula Curtisol* insures perfect hair grooming naturally, without greasiness. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use SUAVE daily.

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1
Travel size 60c (plus tax)

Suave*
FOR MEN
The Luxury Hairdressing

*TRADEMARK

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

EVERYBODY has had this experience: a parent, or someone else in authority, tells a shy child: "Just go up and introduce yourself."

To start what I hope will be an unending series of pieces, I have been instructed by my new bosses: "Introduce yourself." All right. And because we are all a little under the influence of Sergeant Joe Friday these days, just the facts.

Most authors seem to have had something to do with medicine; either they're doctors themselves, or their fathers were doctors. My father was a doctor. In fact, my eight-year-old daughter's grandfathers were doctors, both of them.

Most authors come from small towns. I come from Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Most authors have done newspaper work. I have done just about everything you can do on a newspaper.

Most authors, even today, are plugging along without a college degree. I didn't go to college at all.

Most authors are Democrats. I am a Democrat.

Most authors drink. I am on the wagon.

Most authors have lived in New York, but move away. I lived in New York and now live in a pleasant suburban town with a built-in university called Princeton. I live in Princeton because I like the sports program and because it is a nice, comfortable feeling for an author to know that if he wants to look up something, the university has a good library. (However, I've spent much more time in Palmer Stadium than in the book pit.)

Still trying to stick to the professional facts, I have had ten books published—eleven, if you count the libretto of Pal Joey, which I wrote and which had a score by Rodgers and Hart. I have done a lot of work for the movies, with pride of authorship in one script: Moontide, starring Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino, Claude Rains and Thomas Mitchell. I have written about 400 short stories, which may explain why the name is familiar: one or two appeared in this magazine. I have been a reporter, rewrite man, sports reporter, sports columnist, managing editor, press agent, feature writer, war correspondent, funny columnist and—this has been kept fairly secret—writer of advertising copy.

For glamor purposes I might mention that I once acted the part of a journalist in a movie, The General Died at Dawn, starring Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll. I hasten to add that while I received $400 for four days' work, the experience does not belong in my professional record any more than the fact that I received pay for firing a locomotive. The locomotive ran, and the picture is still running, but my acting and my stoking belong properly in the amateur class.

The agreed policy for these pieces is that I will write about the theater, movies, radio, television, music and anything else that comes under the heading of Entertainment that can safely pass through the mails. I am going to do this without using the words valid and rewarding unless I am talking about valid passports and sheriffs paying rewards. Focus and integrate are a couple of other words that will be used here sparingly. My bosses consent to my theory that the pieces should be written for a semimythical friend who doesn't get to New York much, and who has no connection with show business. Through the years I have met literally thousands of actors and actresses, playwrights, directors, singers, composers, lyric writers, press agents, box-office people, managers, cameramen, circus people, agents, angels, musicians —and husbands, wives and mothers of the aforesaid. Most of them I am pleased to call my friends; some of them I don't like, and of course there are other thousands I don't know. I have a brother-in-law who is a first-rate movie and stage director, but I am not related to any actors, and therefore nepotism here should be no problem.

★ ★ ★

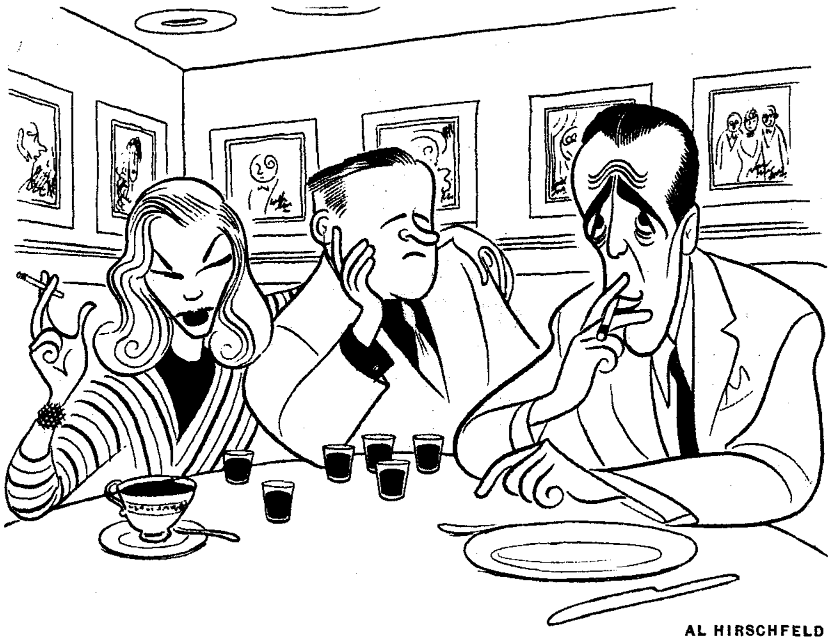
SPEAKING of family, one of my favorite female in-laws gave me a combination present for Christmas and my birthday, which are close together. The present is a radio with good short wave, and the first overseas program I got was, of course, Radio Moscow. This is a form of entertainment that I'm sure is not quite what the Russians had in mind.

There was a harangue by Nikolai Somebody, read by a girl with an Ohio drawl, which was amusing because she insisted on calling one of our Navy brass Admiral *Red*ford. The lure on Radio Moscow is not as sexy as Tokyo Rose, whom I occasionally heard during the war; she is a dead-earnest young woman. Whoever picked the numbers the night I listened did so with beautiful unconscious humor, considering where the program originated. The titles played, in this order: This Can't Be Love, Sing for Your Supper, My Heart Stood Still, Someone to Watch Over Me, and A Kiss in the Dark.

The Voice of America couldn't have picked better.

★ ★ ★

TWO OR THREE times a year the word gets around, something like the Thurberian word that the dam has burst: "The Bogarts are in town." From long experience I have learned to take the news with pleas-



AL HIRSCHFELD

The Bogarts arrive and all's well. I'm at peace with the world

WESTERN ELECTRIC

TELEPHONES . . . and things we can't talk about

We at Western Electric don't like to be secretive . . .

But at the present time we're working on some of Uncle Sam's newest electronic weapons of defense. Radar systems — guided missile control systems — special military communications equipment — things about which, naturally, we can say little or nothing.

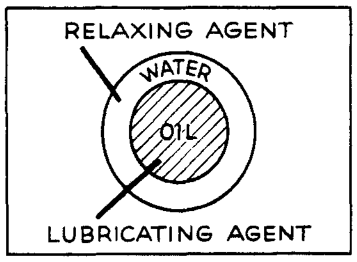
In the past 72 years as manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System — Western Electric has developed unique skills and manufacturing techniques that fit us for the important defense work we have been called upon to do. We're going full speed ahead on it along with our regular job. That job is to make dependable telephone equipment that will help your Bell telephone company to serve you well, at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

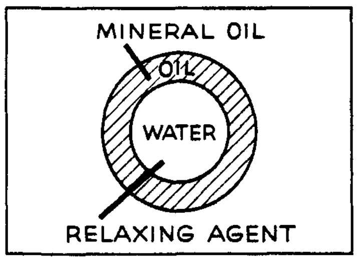
A new kind of relief for DRY HAIR!

The microscope shows new secret of hair grooming in every molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream!



A molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream.

Water is the ideal agent for temporarily "relaxing" your hair and making it manageable. Observe water on *outside* of molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream. When the water evaporates, the exclusive lubricating agent *inside* goes to work on dryness, *keeps your hair in place all day*. Try a bottle!



A molecule of ordinary hair cream.

The oil is on the outside, making it sticky and hard to "work in." Hair shaft is coated *before* water on inside can affect it. This causes greasy blobs, slicked down, unattractive appearance. For handsomer hair, more effective control of dryness—switch to Vitalis Hair Cream! At all drug counters.

NEW Vitalis® Hair Cream

VITALIS
HAIR
CREAM

A product of Bristol-Myers

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

ure, but *calm* pleasure. It is no longer necessary to call the movie press agents to find out where the Bogarts are staying. They always stop at the same hotel, which is three and a half blocks from a certain table at a certain restaurant. I call the florist, order some blooms to be sent to Mrs. Bogart, then I cancel all appointments and at 12:45 P.M. make my way to that certain table, going early in the hope of getting a good seat near my hostess, for she is my hostess the minute she arrives in New York, and in the Bogart set we do not bother about invitations. I say good morning to Luigi, the captain of waiters, who smiles in approval of my forehandedness and takes my order, pending the entrance of Bogie and Betty. (Is it possible that there is someone among the Flathead Indian tribe who doesn't know that Betty Bogart is also Lauren Bacall?)

They come in, I get my kiss from Betty and my mild insult from Bogie (it has never been the other way), and for a few hours I am at peace with the world. I am at peace because I have nothing to worry about. David Niven sits down, starts eating my scrambled eggs while I try to eat his eggs Benedict. Betty says, "Luigi, you're not forgetting Mr. O'Hara, are you?" So Luigi adds a fourth Scotch to the line of unconsumed Scotches. Niven asks me for a funny joke to tell on a television show, and I try to think of a funny joke. Sharman Douglas sits down and I am introduced to her. "I met your father at—" but nobody cares where I met her father (I don't myself, frankly). "When are you coming out to the Coast?" says Bogie. "When you pay me and pay all our expenses," I reply. "What the hell should I pay you for?" he asks, reasonably enough. "Luigi, you're not forgetting Mr. Niven, are you?" says Betty. I take a forkful of eggs Benedict. "There's Delehanty!" says Betty, and it is, too. Delehanty gets his kiss and takes one of my Scotches. "I saw Bromfield last week," says Bogie. "Kindly don't talk about other authors," say I. A corporal's guard of waiters gather round as a cake with a single candle is placed on the table. "Happy birthday, dear Betty," they sing. "Ah, sweet," says Betty. It isn't her birthday, they know it isn't her birthday, and she knows they know it isn't her birthday, but the cake is cut and it goes very well with eggs Benedict. "Luigi, you're not forgetting Mr. Rawson?" says Betty. "He isn't here yet," says Bogie. "Well, he better be," says Betty. All is well, I am at peace with the world. "Let me buy a drink?" I say. "What for?" says Bogie. "I don't know," I say. "Didn't take long to talk you out of that one," says Bogie. Nothing to worry about; Bogarts are in town.

* * *

TO MY complete surprise, for I had had no advance notice of her new radio program, Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer engaged my attention for a few minutes recently over New York's station WOR. Her voice is remarkably like that of Greer Garson, and of course her enunciation is cultured because she once attended Eden Hall Convent of the Sacred Heart, Torresdale, Pennsylvania—as did my mother and one of my sisters and several of my aunts. All Sacred Heart alumnae all over the world are cultured, and I wouldn't say otherwise even if I thought otherwise. I will say things against the National Geographic Society, the Knights of Columbus, the Garden Clubs of America, Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Newcomen Society, the Military Order of the World War and the United Hot Clubs, but I know better than to start any real trouble. However, this distinguished Eden Hall alumna has entered the field of entertainment, so I may now consider her performance without reference to the school she went to.

It seems she and Millie Considine and Betty Betz and Cobina Wright went to Washington together and caught the Katharine Cornell play and "a wonderful but *small* party" given by Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, whose husband is charming and a wonderful dancer. Busy Miss Simpson also encountered the Panamanian ambassador, who is "an old friend from Mexico City," and then with her companions flew back to New York, where they encountered traffic problems ("the traffic problem gets worse in New York"). Miss Simpson sincerely believes that "the present law should be better enforced."

I caught Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer's radio show for a few minutes

I do not think I will listen any more. I don't need to. I now know what set Miss Simpson moves in. I know that there is a Mr. Cafritz (first name Morris) and that Mrs. Cafritz does give *small* parties. I believe that Certain Wounds have healed, because Miss Simpson, through the Panamanian ambassador, seems to remember Mexico City pleasurably. And best of all, I know that she continues to take an interest in New York's municipal affairs, to the extent of feeling that at least the traffic laws should be better enforced. Unless and until she makes her debut as, say, a singer, I have all the material I need on Miss Simpson, and all in one short broadcast. ▲▲▲

No other cigarette gives you this assurance...this smoking pleasure

PHILIP MORRIS
KING SIZE
KING SIZE
PHILIP MORRIS
REGULAR

Only one cigarette... PHILIP MORRIS... is made with "Di-GL"*.. the great scientific discovery that protects you from certain harsh irritants found in every other leading cigarette

• • •

No other cigarette... with or without filters... can remove all these irritants

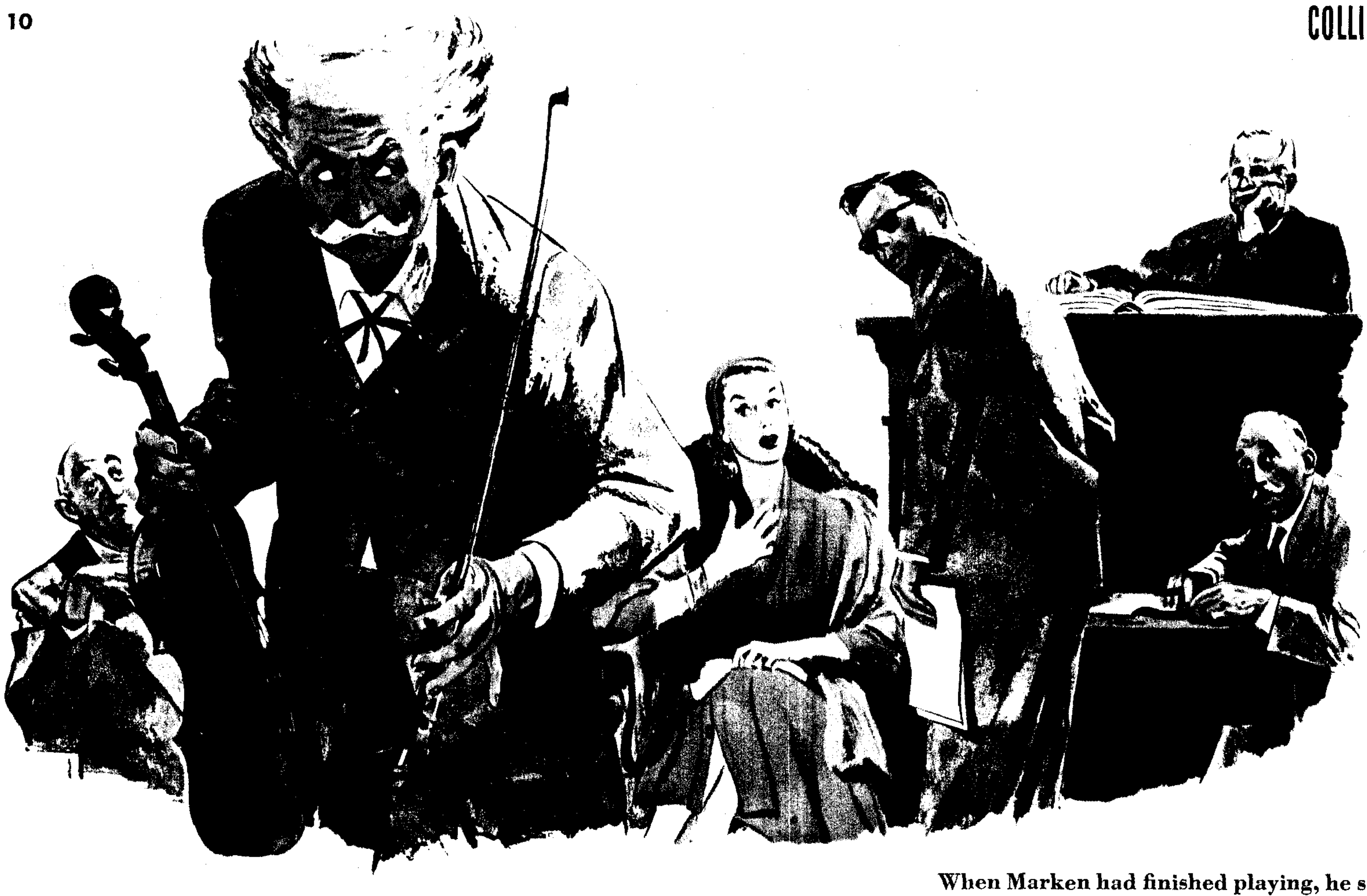
**The exclusive, modern ingredient "Di-GL" for gentler smoking that has always been used in Philip Morris.*

Other important refining steps add greatly to the **mildness**... **aroma**... **richness** and **rare smoking pleasure** of Philip Morris!

All the rich flavor and aroma are yours... ***without the need for taste-destroying gadgets or filters.*** Only Philip Morris offers you this record of safety. For your *pleasure*... for your *protection*... try a carton!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette... Make It Yours!



When Marken had finished playing, he stalked away. I hoped he wouldn't speak out and cause a mistrial

Shakedown

By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

IF IT had not been for Uncle Sam's help—via ROTC—I would not have got through law school. But I had repaid him in Korea, and now I had hung out my shingle: *Robert Standish, Attorney at Law.* I was spending my time reading Braille—and waiting for my first client to telephone or come into my office.

Then one morning the telephone rang. It was Elias Marlowe, who was chief counsel for a local insurance company. He made his offer casually, the way I wanted it—and would always want it. "My staff is overworked, Mr. Standish," he said. "If you can help us out, I'll send over the Gertie Jarrett file."

I knew my card was before him:

Standish, Robert. Age: 26. Law School Grades: straight A. State Bar Examination Standing: second. Lieutenant, A.U.S., Korea. Wounded in action: totally blinded. Wife: Marjorie Lowe Standish. Professional Experience: none.

"This will be my maiden effort," I warned.

"I know, Counselor," he answered warmly.

I thanked him and hung up. I knew that Elias Marlowe checked law-school records and then turned cases over to fledgling lawyers; the first ones were usually settled out of court, but if the maiden effort proved successful, it was followed by important cases complete with jury. And success in those meant favorable public attention, and clients.

I leaned back in my chair, a prayer in my heart—and on my lips—for the wonderful people in the world. There was the helicopter pilot who had flown through hell to rescue me; and the surgeon who had said, "We did our damnedest to save your vision, Lieutenant. Sorry," and then had done all he could to orient me for the dark trail ahead. And there was also the wonderful nurse who had taken the letter I dictated to Margie breaking our engagement.

"What's your Margie like, Lieutenant?" she had asked. I had answered that she was fabulous, and then described her: brown eyes, honey-blonde hair, quick mind, a wonderful sense of humor and completely devoted. "She won't buy this, Lieutenant," the nurse had said. "She never fell in love with Robert Standish as a dark, handsome, all-Coast fullback, or as a war hero. She fell in love with the man inside."

Margie hadn't bought it. She'd put in a transpacific call. "I won't have any of this nonsense, Bob—even if Dad has to nudge you to the altar with his shotgun," she'd said, and then we'd both laughed. When I finally came home she had completed wedding plans, rented an apartment, brushed up on her typing, bought a recording machine and was now learning to prepare law briefs. Why shouldn't I have a prayer in my heart and on my lips?

I took the Jarrett file home that evening. It was a simple, personal-injury case. Hank Dawson, the insured, had driven past a stop sign. Gertie Jarrett had run into him. She claimed a shoulder injury, but the company doctor found only bruises. It seemed to me that the company's offer of five hundred dollars for car repairs and a thousand dollars for supposed damage to the shoulder and the plaintiff's nerves was generous. Nevertheless, Elias Marlowe authorized me to go to three thousand dollars, if necessary. . . .

Gertie Jarrett seated herself in my office and immediately threw me for a loss. "On friends' advice, Mr. Standish, I consulted a lawyer, a Mr. Tremper, and he was shocked at your company's offer. I can't raise my left arm above shoulder level. My plans for a career as a concert violinist are ruined. Mr. Tremper feels I shouldn't settle for less than—twenty thousand dollars."

I knew Tremper. He had grown rich specializing in personal-injury cases on a contingent-fee basis. With this kind of money involved I wondered why Elias Marlowe hadn't assigned an experienced counsel to the case. I wished terribly that I had the vision to study her eyes, expression, gestures and attitude, so that I might determine whether this was a shakedown. I lighted a cigarette and said, "I'll take it up with Mr. Marlowe and then telephone you."

I heard the sounds of preparation a woman makes before going out onto the street: opening her purse, getting out her comb, uncapping her lipstick—all the bits of routine that every bridegroom gets to know. To my amazement Gertie Jarrett hummed a little tune as she departed. I was pretty depressed, but then I remembered something the doctor had said: be alert for blazes on the dark trail.

I chain-smoked, waiting impatiently for Margie, who had gone shopping. I had a little test that I wanted to try.

"Sit down and talk," I said when she came in. We talked for fifteen minutes, and then I said, "Let's go, whenever you're ready." She fussed around and finally said she was ready. "Just a minute," I said.

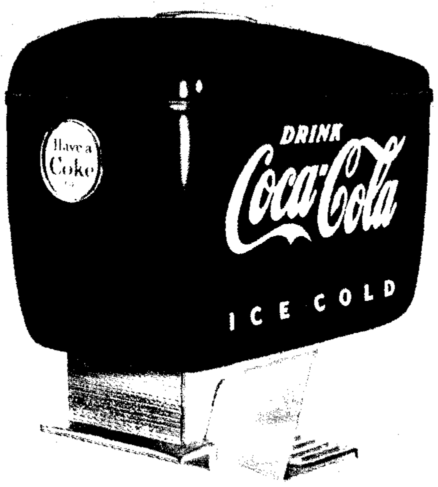
I telephoned Elias Marlowe. "I think Tremper

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

DRINK
Coca-Cola

After the prom...it's Coke Time

The party's over, but not the fun. Now it's Coke Time... time to savor the flavor of the world's most popular soft drink. Sparkling Coca-Cola, blend of delicious good things from nine sunny climes. A matchless taste, a supreme quality. Have a Coke and be happy.


Have a Coke
DRINK
Coca-Cola
ICE COLD

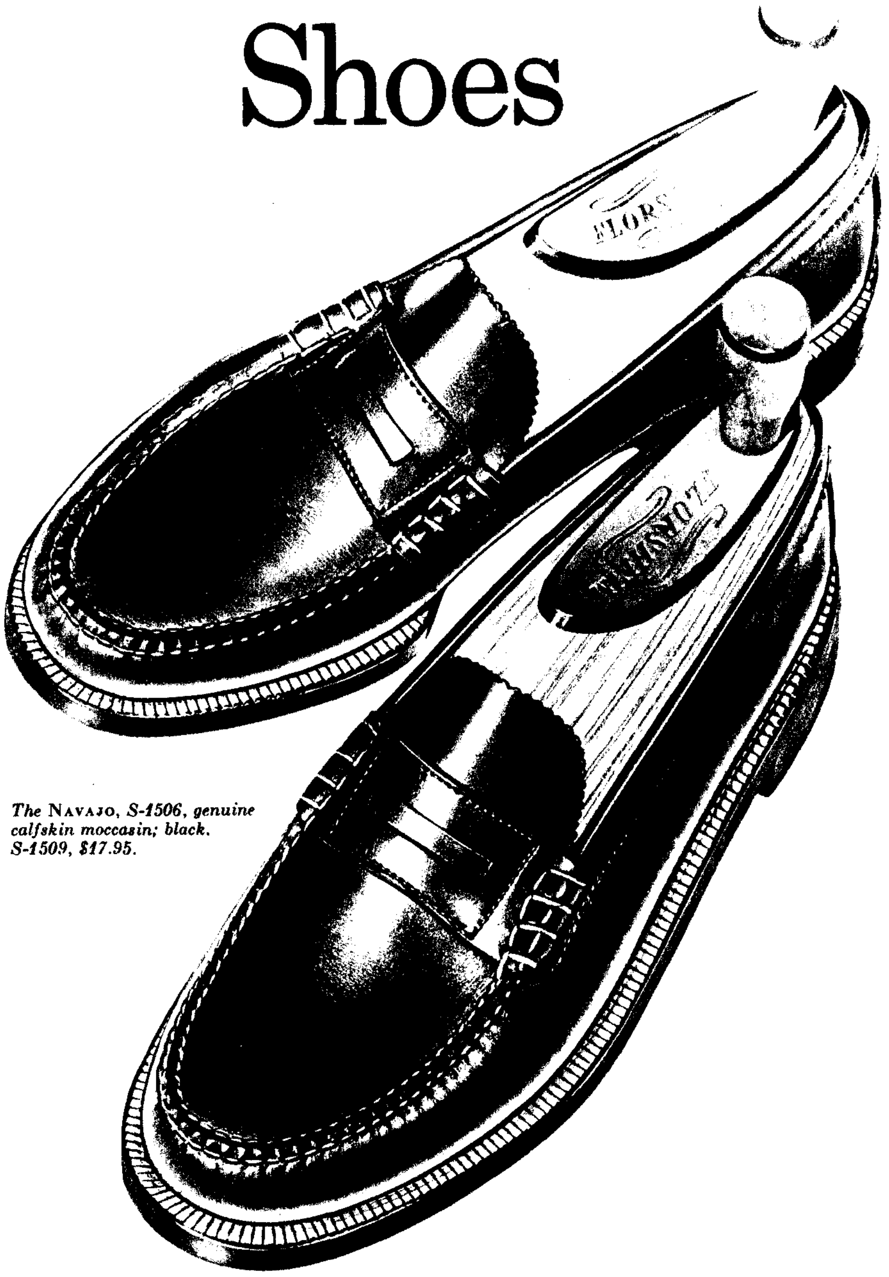
"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Long Wear Performance

Long Run Economy

Florsheim Shoes



The Navajo, *S-1506, genuine calfskin moccasin; black. S-1509, $17.95.*

Florsheim Shoes are made better to last longer and cost less—by the month and by the mile. That's why, for 62 years, Florsheims have been America's standard of fine shoe value.

Other Florsheim Styles $17.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

has talked Gertie Jarrett into a shakedown; she insists she can't raise her left arm above shoulder level and that her career is ruined." I supplied details. "Are you a married man, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Forty years."

"Remember what your wife does before going out?" I asked.

He was silent for several seconds, then laughed. "I see what you mean. Telephone Tremper that you'll accept service. We have to fight these shakedowns. Remember, Tremper rehearses his clients so that they can weather the severest cross-examinations. You'll never trick her into raising her arm above shoulder level. The award will be based on her potential earnings as a concert violinist. Tremper will have her primed to identify classical numbers, so you won't trap her there. And, finally, he will contrive to place on the jury at least one music lover, whose heart will bleed for the plaintiff when Tremper finishes his address. Good luck, Standish."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Marlowe, that—"

"Yes, it's still your case," he assured me. "Don't hesitate to call on us for assistance, and I'll be on hand for the trial if you need me."

Later I got in touch with Professor Marken, the city's foremost violin teacher, a concert violinist in semi-retirement. I explained what I wanted him to do, but his refusal was emphatic.

"I could not do what you ask, Mr. Standish," he said. "If I stooped to your request, it would be an insult to my art."

"Gertie Jarrett and Tremper are using your art to obtain a large sum of money unjustly," I said.

After a moment, he said, "Very well, but I don't like it."

TREMPER sued for fifty thousand dollars, and I sensed he was surprised and puzzled—but put on guard—when I made no effort to settle out of court. His placing of two music lovers on the jury was maneuvered brilliantly, and when I failed to challenge either, I suppose he credited it to my inexperience.

Everyone is usually sympathetic with a lawyer's maiden effort. The judge is patient and the opposing counsel is considerate. Tremper was no exception. He completed the plaintiff's direct examination, then said, "Your witness."

I stepped toward Gertie Jarrett's voice. "You testified that your teachers, Marchetti and O'Neil, predicted a profitable concert career, Miss Jarrett," I said. "Why weren't they brought into court to testify?"

"Mr. O'Neil is dead. Mr. Marchetti has returned to his native Italy," she answered. "But both spoke with praise for my sensitiveness to touch and tone."

"Miss Jarrett, will you identify certain numbers I shall ask Professor Marken to play?" I asked.

"Gladly," she said.

I knew from her tone that Tremper had prepared her for such a test. She had probably listened to records by the hour.

Marken began to play. "Schubert's Serenade," she said dreamily, "exquisitely performed."

I knew Marken suffered as he played parts of the next three classics, which she easily identified. He attacked the final selection with repressed fury. "Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, movingly rendered," she said.

As Marken stalked from the courtroom I hoped he wouldn't speak out and cause a mistrial.

"Thank you, Miss Jarrett," I said. "The defense rests."

There was a murmur of surprise, and I knew that many of the people present were probably thinking there hadn't been much of a defense.

Tremper addressed the jury, and Margie whispered that he shed real tears. I shed no tears in my brief address, leaving the music lovers Tremper had placed on the jury to advise their fellows as to the damage to Gertie's musical career. "The defense contends that Miss Jarrett's sensitivity to tone is so poor that her career lies in other fields," I concluded.

SEVERAL hours later I sat with sweating palms as the jury's verdict was about to be read. "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff . . . in the sum of seven hundred dollars."

Gertie Jarrett broke the tense silence. "Tremper! You—you shyster. Mr. Standish offered me fifteen hundred." The bailiff banged his gavel and Miss Jarrett's friends hurried her from the courtroom.

Court adjourned and several lawyers congratulated me—men who would be opposing counsel in the future. It was heart-warming and I tried to link each name with a voice. And then Elias Marlowe complimented me on my handling of the case.

Later, in the judge's chambers, the judge said, "Your brevity left little on which Tremper might base an appeal. I suspect there's a story behind this, young man."

"The Army doctor assured me there was something he called compensatory perception, which aids those who have lost their vision," I said. " 'Compensatory Perception will be your law partner, Lieutenant,' he said. Then when Miss Jarrett called at my office, I felt a sense of defeat, because I couldn't study her face. I wondered when my partner would join the firm. But then, quite suddenly, I realized my blindness had caused the woman to lower her guard.

"From the sounds she made and which, as a young married man, I recognized, I knew she was using lipstick, fussing with her hair and adjusting her hat—movements requiring the arms to rise above shoulder level," I continued. "Then I knew it was a shakedown. As she left, still playing her role, she hummed a well-known violin number. When I heard her I realized that any violin teacher worthy of the name must have told her long ago that she could never play that instrument. I knew that she had probably given up all thought of continuing her studies—until Tremper gave her ideas.

"I suddenly knew my law partner, Compensatory Perception, was very much on the job," I said. "All I had to do was to leave the music lovers on the jury. They would be convinced of Miss Jarrett's lack of tone recognition when she failed to comment on numbers that Professor Marken deliberately played offkey."

—FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

Brand New for '54

Yes, built *this* year—with all the latest features—and selling at a history-making new low price made possible by Admiral's unequalled TV manufacturing facilities—largest in the world!

lowest price ever for 21" *Admiral* TV!

$\$179^{95}$

Model T2211—Ebony Matching base or wrought iron stand optional

Why Settle for a "Close-Out" When So Little Buys a Brand New 21" Admiral?

Why settle for an out-of-date, discontinued TV model—even at a drastically reduced price—when this fabulous, '54-built 21" Admiral costs no more! Here, for your enjoyment, is big-picture television at its brilliant best . . . a powerful advanced-design chassis with famous Turret Tuner that permits easy, one-dial tuning—UHF or VHF . . . all in a compact, beautifully styled cabinet! Truly the "buy" of a lifetime—the greatest value in nationally advertised 21" TV! Your money's worth and much, much more!

Only from Admiral this great . . .

DOUBLE FEATURE*

80% Brighter Picture

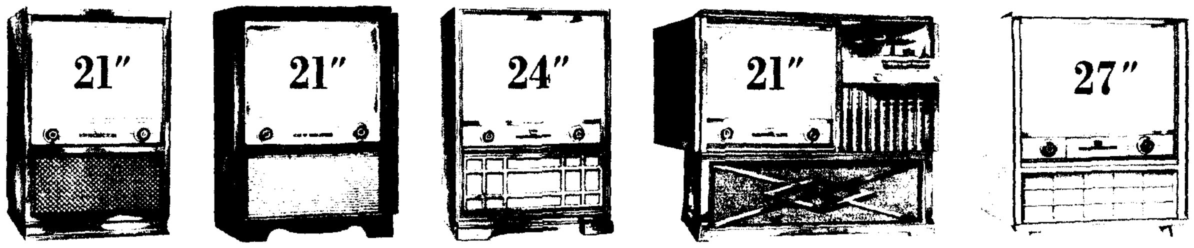
"Magic Mirror" Picture Tube beams forward all light formerly lost inside the tube, resulting in 80% brighter picture!

Vivid, Lifelike Contrast

Anti-glare "Optic Filter" Screen intensifies deep tones, clarifies light tones, just as a photographic filter "screens out" haze.

GREATEST VALUES IN TELEVISION . . .

Again in '54 Admiral brings you television's greatest values . . . bigger pictures . . . more beautiful styling . . . the ever-advancing performance features that have made Admiral TV the choice of over 3,000,000 American families!



*Available on most Admiral TV models for '54

Prices subject to change without notice . . . slightly higher South and West.

On TV—Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Life Is Worth Living." See local paper for time and station.

Something Pleasant to do with your spare dime!
MARS Toasted Almond BAR
MARS
TOASTED ALMOND
SWEET MILK CHOCOLATE WHITE SUGAR CORN SYRUP
EGGS VEGETABLE OIL
Like a chocolate nut sundae!
MARS Toasted Almond BAR 10¢

Happy, happy moment . . when you unwrap a Mars Bar. Thick milk chocolate . . . crisp, crunchy almonds . . . fluffy, creamy nougat. All put together—in Mars' sunlit kitchen—as only the Mars people can. All *yours* for just a dime.

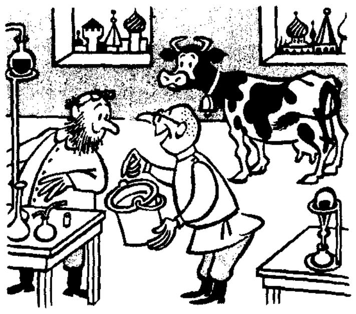
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Sorry you weren't with us to see what we saw near Syracuse, New York. Grand, satisfying sight. An ordinary family sedan was towing a wrecker car to the garage. Applause was loud and prolonged.

* * *

Incidentally, old 48's reliable pipe line through the Iron Curtain has it that Russia has just invented milk bars.



In fact, several hundred of them have been erected, and it is planned to have freshly invented milk in them by 1960. Hard to keep up with those guys.

* * *

And in Vermont there's a country-store proprietor who recently installed a combination cash register and computer. But he still keeps a record of each sale in a book. Twice a day he tots up his own figures and compares them with the machine's totals. They're always the same but he vows he'll "ketch that durned thing yet."

* * *

Somebody told Mrs. Lucida Cohesse, of Butte, Montana, that the government was scratching around for some new way of raising money. She suggests a rummage sale. "They must have a lot of stuff down in Washington they don't need," she says.

* * *

A platoon of fast-buck boys from Texas recently invaded Lusk, Wyoming. Wanted to sell advertising space in Lusk's school, church and library books. Thus, you see, everyone from the kids to gramps would be constantly aware of where in Lusk you could get most for your money, if any. But one of the solicited merchants called the cops, and the enterprising boys lit out for the Dakotas, muttering about people who resist progress.

* * *

While the Agriculture Department and old 48 were knocking themselves out figuring ways to keep the farmer happy, the editor of the Sioux City, Iowa, Journal worked it out on the back of an envelope while waiting for his lunch. "It's so simple," says he. "Just rig up a deal whereby the producer gets all he wants, where the consumer pays as little as he wants, but which doesn't cost the taxpayers anything, creates no surplus and preserves enough food in storage to care for everybody." Next question.

* * *

If you're thinking of writing a short short story (a fiction feature originated by Collier's, by the way), you can do worse than work on a theme we've just received from Mr. Jim Jolliffe. Once a year, says Mr. Jolliffe, who is a private eye and not a literary fellow, a tidy little old lady visits the Birmingham, Alabama, public library and reads the newspaper story of her wedding in 1900. Her cheeks are right pink when she leaves, he says.

* * *

Mr. Toby Bassband notifies us that he has mailed us a good book to curl up with. It's hot off the Louisiana State University Press, written by Mr. Fred D. Cochran and succinctly titled Cytogenetic Studies of the Species Hybrid Allium Fistulosum x Allium Ascalonicum and Its Backcross Progenies. Mr. Bassband warns us not to be deceived by the flip title. Those Backcross Progenies are a real problem, he says, and something has got to be done.

* * *

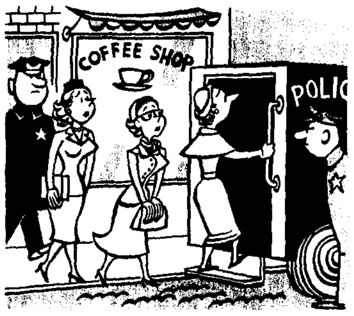
The able Bill Lee, Nebraska newspaperman, was recently named editor of the Ord (Nebraska) Quiz. In a sketch of his career announcing the appointment, we took special note of this mention of his Army record: "His Army citations include the Court Martial Medal with clusters."

* * *

Good news. You can stop worrying about the A- and the H-bombs. Seems they're piddling toys compared with science's latest dream, the C- or Cobalt bomb. As we understand it, drop a C-bomb anywhere and that's it. No more anybody, anywhere.

* * *

Should you be contemplating moving to Corvallis, Oregon, you should know in advance that in Corvallis young women are forbidden by law to drink coffee at evening meals except on Fridays and Saturdays. A miss signing herself Percolator Prue doesn't say why. We're investigating. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

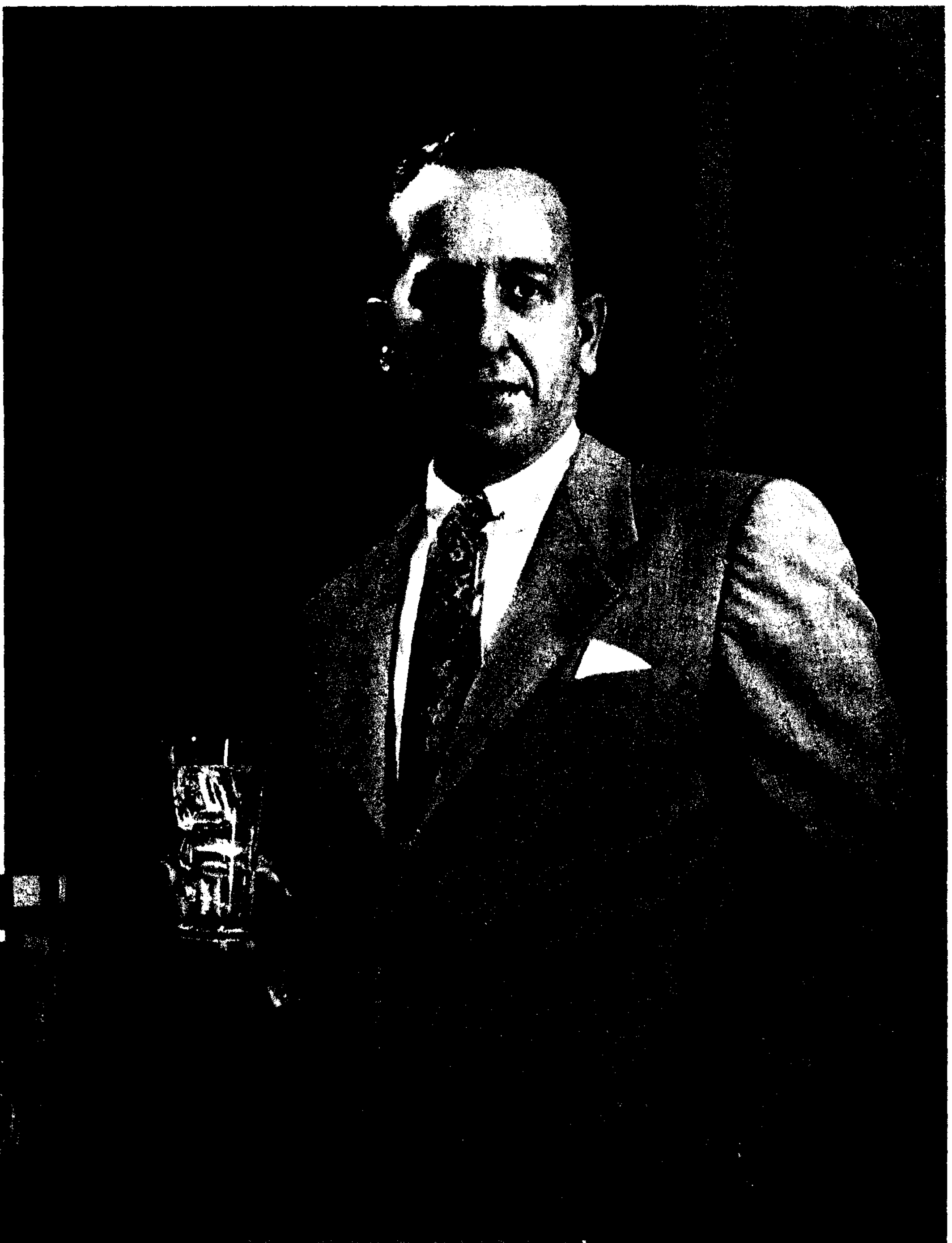
Lord Calvert invites you to meet

Mr. Caleb Hammond

Man of Distinction...

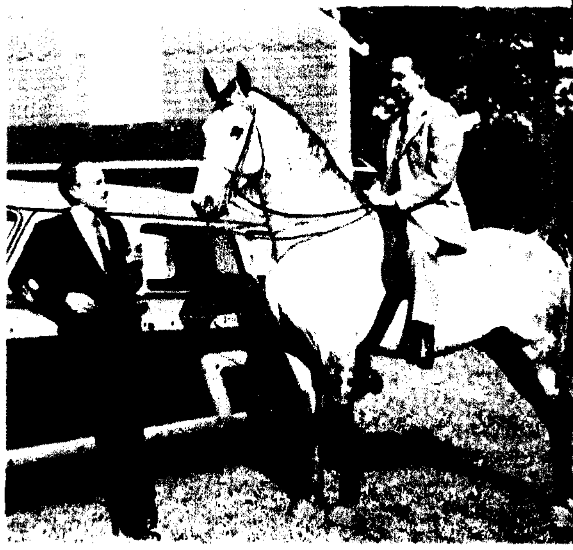
President, Hammond Map Company

It is for men who, like Mr. Hammond, are distinguished by good taste and keen judgment, that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled.* The result is a perfection of flavor, bouquet and lightness unmatched in any whiskey, *anywhere.* So jealously is Lord Calvert's quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. We hope you'll try *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert soon. It costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.



While studying engineering, Caleb Hammond worked, during vacations, as a deck hand on an oil tanker—then became a sales engineer. Three years later he joined the map company (started by his grandfather in 1900) and was soon experimenting with magnetic naval wall maps—which later saw wide wartime use. He set a wearing work schedule for himself, which he maintains to this day. Mr. Hammond is shown (above) discussing a map revision with vice president George Davis.

President since 1948, Mr. Hammond has maintained a scholarship in cartography at Northwestern—and made Hammond Map Co. one of the largest in the U. S. A gracious host, he enjoys entertaining in his comfortable Maplewood, New Jersey, home—where he treats guests to expert amateur color movies, and to *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert.



"In 1945 I persuaded Caleb to take up riding for relaxation," says his brother Stuart (with whom he's shown), "but even then he was planning new products and more modern business procedures." As a result, Mr. Hammond has doubled his company's business.

LORD CALVERT

Custom Distilled for Men of Distinction

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

6 New reasons why "See your Kelly

Superlative New
Celebrity
by KELLY
Nylon Cord!
Tubeless!
Special Tread!

① **Now! Nylon Cord blowout safety.. a tubeless tire that stops quicker, safer.. all in one superb tire!**

The new Kelly Celebrity combines *three* great new tire-safety developments! All-Nylon Cord for blowout safety! Tubeless with the greatest stopping qualities of any tire. Kelly's new, exclusive tread design—with thousands of sharp-angled biting edges like those shown above—for quicker, safer stops! New, scuff-protected white walls *stay* white for the life of the tire! The Celebrity is the safest, smartest tire money can buy today! Also available in improved Rayon with conventional tube.

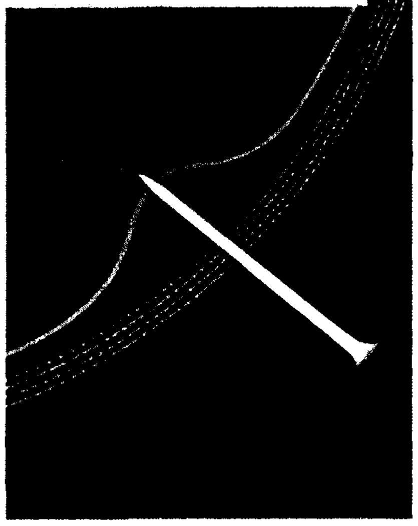
folks are saying— Dealer first!"

You'll find greater safety—greater mileage—greater value for your family and your business in this "Kelly Leadership Line"!

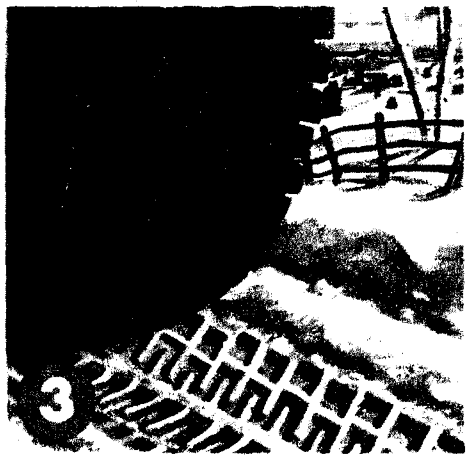
KELLY'S New "Puncture-Protector"

② Puncture safety on all 4 wheels for only $1895 installed!

A WIDE BAND of specially perfected, extra-thick butyl rubber seals right onto your *present* inner tubes! No new tubes or tires to buy! You save ½ to ⅔ over any other "puncture safe" method!

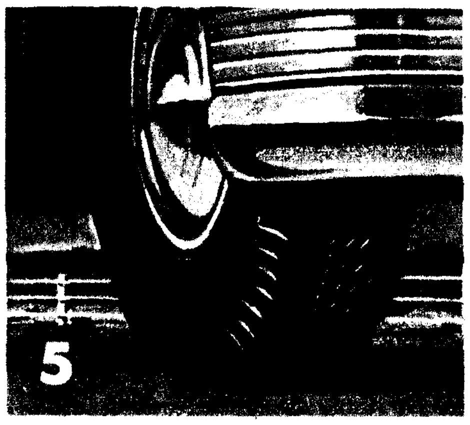


SAFE! EFFECTIVE! "Puncture-Protector" c-l-i-n-g-s to any object piercing tire—*seals* puncture—keeps air in—ends dangerous roadside flats and repairs, lets you keep right on driving with safety!

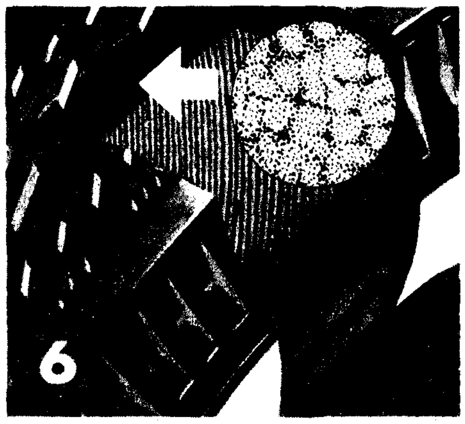


QUIETEST SNOW TIRE MADE! Now you can get real *dig-in and pull* in deep snow and still avoid "whine" and "whistle" on bare roads! The new Kelly Grip Trac Extra gives sure, safe grip and better control on ice and hard-packed snow, better traction in mud, less corner weave and slippage!

50% MORE TRUCK TIRE MILEAGE with this flatter, heavier-pulling tread in many kinds of operation! New super-flat road profile of Kelly's Super Armor Trac truck tires puts more "working rubber" on the road—gives you slower, more even wear, lower cost-per-mile on all trucking jobs!



NOW! NYLON CORD TIRES AT BUDGET PRICE! Now the blowout protection of an All-Nylon Cord tire costs you only a few dollars more than regular tires! It's the new Kelly Nylon Cord Super Flex! Tough! Impact-resistant! Gives you up to 100% more safety . . . up to 25% more mileage!



NEW TREAD OUTWEARS STEEL! Kelly's amazing Armorubber tread compound has newly-developed, finer carbon black more thoroughly blended. This tougher, denser tread runs cooler, gives far greater mileage! An *exclusive* feature on all Kelly Tires for passenger cars, trucks, buses, tractors!

60th Anniversary

KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

A banner year for Kelly—
A safer year for You!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

everybody
loves ♥ ♥ ♥
Butterfinger
CANDY ... enriched with dextrose
a food energy sugar
...buy the
BAR
or
buy the
BOX
Butterfinger
Butterfinger
6 BARS
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
6 BARS
Baby Ruth NUGGETS

CURTiSS

CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Baby Ruth, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars,* Sof-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Kalischer and General Mark Clark

EVERYBODY will recognize General Mark Clark in the photograph above. Not so many will know that the man with him is Peter Kalischer (accent the Kal), whose name winds up our masthead on page 4 and who helped General Clark prepare his timely articles, the first of which, The Truth About Korea, makes its bow on page 34.

Collier's reasonably new (March, 1952) staffer was one of the few reporters who saw the Korean war through from start to finish. He was on the scene June 27, 1950, as a United Press staff correspondent and commuted between Korea and Japan for the duration. In the first pitched battle between Americans and North Koreans he was reported captured. This North Korean radio flash was phony but it took Pete two days to hike back 40 miles from behind enemy lines.

Our associate refers to this incident as ancient history. More current is the news that General Clark's articles for Collier's will form the basis of a book that is to be published by Harper & Brothers late in May.

* * *

THIS department was standing here, red carpet unrolled, champagne iced, ready to welcome and introduce Mr. John O'Hara, when—*plop*—a carbon of his first column landed on the desk. Since you doubtless have already completed your initial Appointment with O'Hara a dozen pages prior to this one, you will understand our dismay at the admirable manner in which O'Hara introduced himself; but our welcome still holds, and since we are in possession of certain bits and pieces about the man, perhaps a supplementary preamble will put a puff of wind back in our sails.

Among John O'Hara's enthusiasms are his fire-engine-red MG, the Philadelphia Orchestra, golf and, of course, the theater, which has bestowed upon him many well-deserved honors. Although he has fostered various ambitions such as knocking out Mickey Walker, being a ship's surgeon, governing Pennsylvania and getting a D.S.C. with the Marine Corps, none of these worthy goals ever hatched, owing to a misdeal by the mills of the gods.

We feel better now and have no apology to make for the metaphoric mélange in the preceding paragraph.

* * *

A FREE-LANCE writer since 1943, with 18 published plays (coauthored by his wife, Marrijane) to his credit, Joseph Hayes is represented, on page 98, by the second installment of his first novel, The Desperate Hours, which Random House will distribute to bookstores later on. Meanwhile, the author has six more novels on the fire he keeps fanning with a typewriter that clicks steadily.

Mr. Hayes's letterhead bears the name Obtuse Hill, in a small Connecticut town. Our dictionary defines the word obtuse as "greater than a right angle; dull; stupid." We tried vainly to reach the author, now in Florida with his wife and two sons, for a clarification of the term; but on second thought, an imaginative and creative clan like the Hayeses wouldn't be living on a hill that's anything but greater than a right angle. Our query would have been merely obtuse.

* * *

HANGING in our art department, through which pass the most magnificent magazine illustrations obtainable, is a single, framed water color. It is signed by Pellew, the surname of John C., our assistant art director, whose chief chores are to (1) pat some artists on the back for a job well done and (2) admonish other deadline-ridden wretches to do the whole layout over by tomorrow.

The Pellew painting occupies the only available spot on walls otherwise plastered with essential notices, because everybody decided the space should be covered with an artistic work by a Collier's-family man. Jack was the logical candidate. He joined the staff just 10 years ago this month, has been represented in all major American fine-arts exhibits since 1934, and his newest one-man show of 30 water colors will open February 2d for two weeks at New York's Grand Central Art Galleries. More permanently hung are his contributions in the Metropolitan and other eminent museums.

Without being esoteric, we might describe his office decoration as a smoky-day representation of a red-bottomed tanker in a dingy Staten Island repair dock. We all like it, so don't pay any attention to the over-the-shoulder remark made one May day in 1952 by a small-fry bystander as Jack was recreating the scene. "If you improve," observed his critic, "you ought to be able to sell them things."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

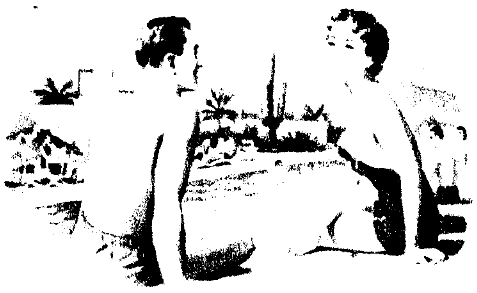
JOE COVELLO

Jack and couple of Pellew pictures

JACKSTON 25
SDALE
U
9

Sign of a good time to fly

No snowdrifts, no icy roads when you travel along TWA's "fair-weather level." Just a smooth, relaxed, easy-going atmosphere as your swift TWA Constellation speeds you to your destination. You nap, read, catch up on work – feast yourself on delicious complimentary meals while snow-covered roads and surface storms pass unnoticed below. Try it on your next trip. You'll discover there's every good reason to fly . . . every season of the year.



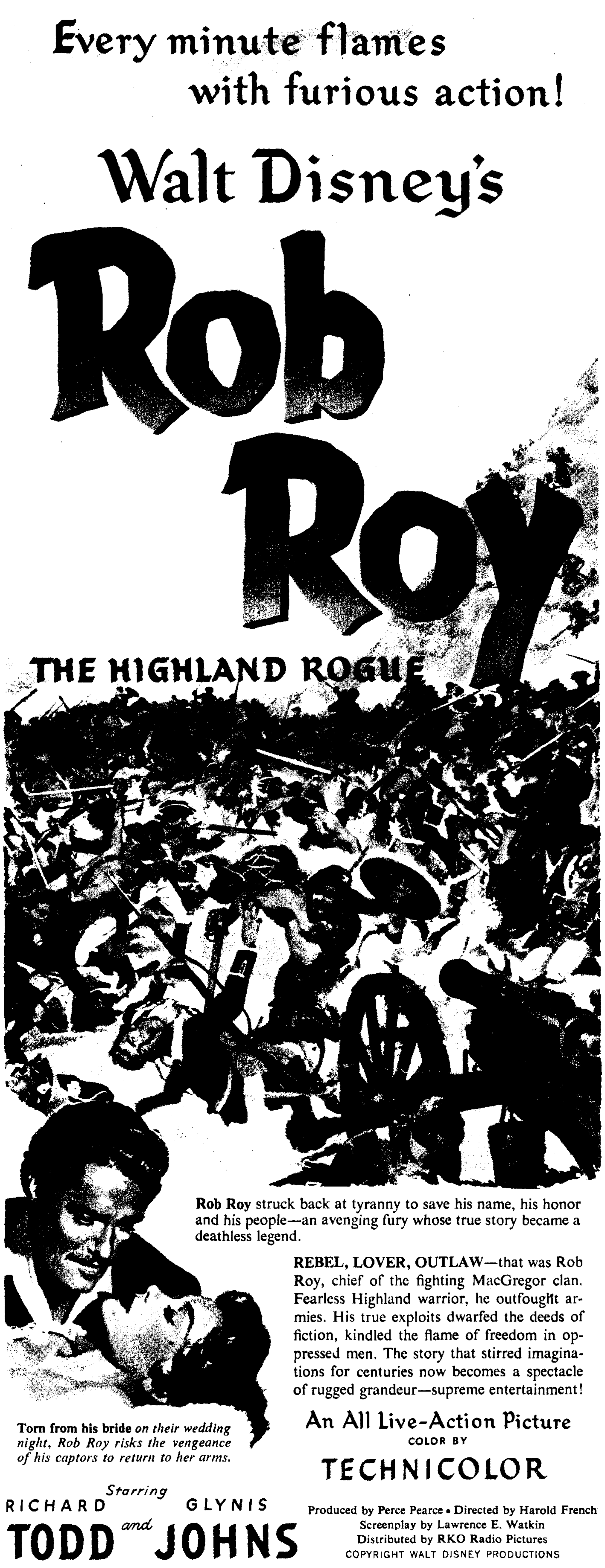
Sun and fun *are only hours away via TWA. Big fare savings with TWA's economical Sky Tourist service to California, Arizona, the Mediterranean and India.*

Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA, or see your travel agent.

Fly the finest... **FLY**

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

SHANNON
CHICAGO
DETROIT
PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
ALBUQUERQUE
COLOMBO
BANGKOK
TWA


Every minute flames
with furious action!

Walt Disney's
Rob Roy
THE HIGHLAND ROGUE

Rob Roy struck back at tyranny to save his name, his honor and his people—an avenging fury whose true story became a deathless legend.

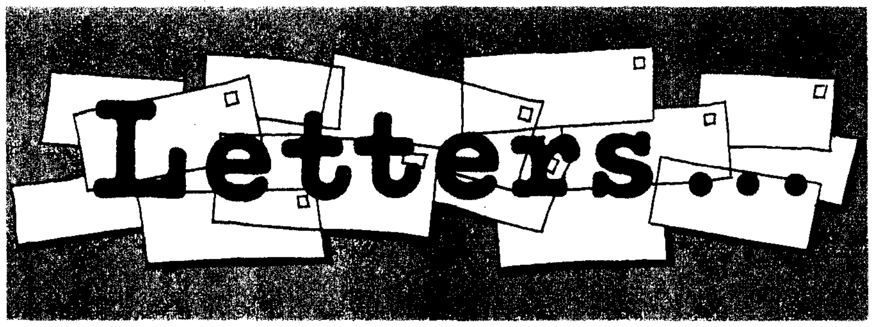
REBEL, LOVER, OUTLAW—that was Rob Roy, chief of the fighting MacGregor clan. Fearless Highland warrior, he outfought armies. His true exploits dwarfed the deeds of fiction, kindled the flame of freedom in oppressed men. The story that stirred imaginations for centuries now becomes a spectacle of rugged grandeur—supreme entertainment!

Torn from his bride *on their wedding night, Rob Roy risks the vengeance of his captors to return to her arms.*

An All Live-Action Picture
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

Starring
RICHARD TODD and GLYNIS JOHNS

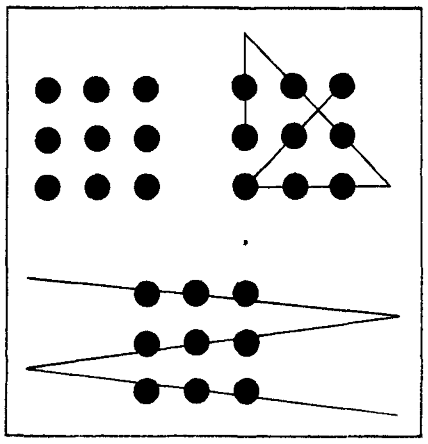
Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Harold French
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



Letters...

Dots & Circles

EDITOR: The author of the inhibition test in A Peek at Your Personality (Dec. 25th) must be badly inhibited or lacking in simple originality. Only three straight lines are required—not four. LLOYD NELSON, Chicago, Ill.



Top left, the problem: connect the dots with four straight lines without taking your pencil from the paper. Top right, solution by problem's author. Below, solution by our uninhibited reader Lloyd Nelson

. . . Pardon me for pointing, but your interesting personality quiz proves that I am luckier than one person in a million, according to your statement. And, I am not lying.

When I tried the Are You a Liar? test, I put five X's in the circles. I put two in the first circle, two in the second, and one in the third. I could have placed as many more as I wished. You see, your instructions did not specify that only one X had to go into each circle.

Thus, staying with the first circle, and writing very small, I could place quite a few X's therein. Am I a liar?
DAVID SHULMAN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Not if you kept your eyes closed, as directed, during the whole operation.

Jealousy

EDITOR: The splendid article The Vice Nobody Talks About, by Margaret Blair Johnstone (Dec. 11th), however erudite, cannot escape criticism. I have a very high regard for Mrs. Johnstone, as I know her through the Collier's pages of late months. But I'm afraid this last subject was in the nature of a sermon and, from my viewpoint, its scope was rather superficial.

My question is: How can jealousy and envy be classed as vice? Are pain, mental anguish and sex desires to be considered vices? Because people go on from day to day envying those who enjoy life the better, who are free from debt and worry, who have acquired much nicer things without apparent effort, because the effects of witnessing these good fortunes in others lie inside the sufferers' chests like chunks of lead—is that to be considered vice?
ROY E. BABCOCK, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . The article on jealousy seems full of truth. But since when is "intelligence" (bottom of column 1, page 32) attributed more to professionals than mechanics? I feel "knowledge" was meant.

Even though I maintain that so long as human thought is provoked, so long will jealousy prevail, nonetheless I intend to apply the paragraph on what to do about it to help a personal situation.
S. BORASH, Lynn, Mass.

They Rolled

EDITOR: As I was reading my New York Times, I was drawn to a front-page story titled: Samish, Lobbyist, Gets 3 Years, Fined $40,000 for Tax Evasion.

As I remember, it was your magazine which first exposed the underworld activities and connections of Mr. Samish (The Secret Boss of California, Aug. 13-20, 1949). Sometimes it takes years for the wheels of justice to roll and, in this particular instance, Collier's is to be congratulated for starting the wheels to roll.
SAM J. MUJAIS, New York, N.Y.

Working Holiday

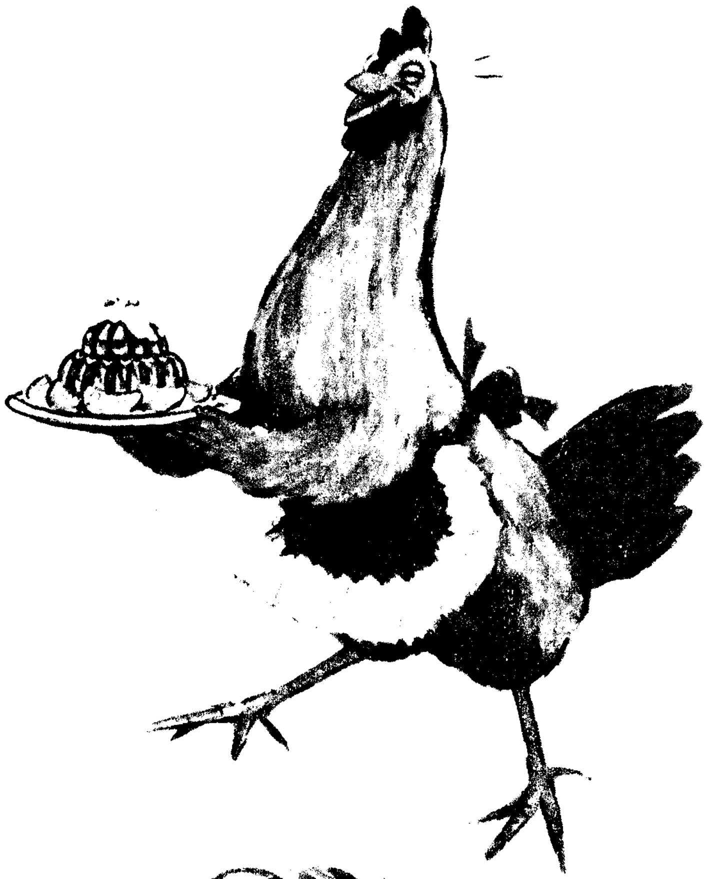
EDITOR: While I enjoyed your article They Work on Christmas (Dec. 25th), I feel that you omitted one of the most important people of all: the telephone operator.

I'm sure many people will agree with me that, without her, Christmas wouldn't be nearly what it is. What nicer gift than to hear the voice of a loved one who is unable to be at home Christmas Day, thanks to the girls who operate the nation's switchboards 24 hours a day.
MARY L. BRUNS, Douglas, Ariz.

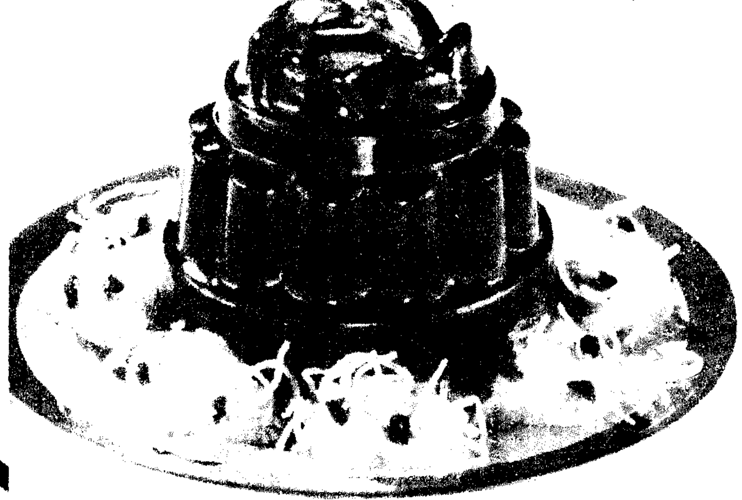
Collier's Color Camera editors not only remembered but also photographed telephone operators, but they couldn't include all holiday workers—such as policemen, railroad, airline and city transit workers, radio and telegraph personnel, and many others besides the telephone girls. Collier's gratefully salutes them all.

When I'm eating
Jell-O, I wish
I were a rooster

...because then I could
crow from dawn to
dusk about my
favorite dessert!



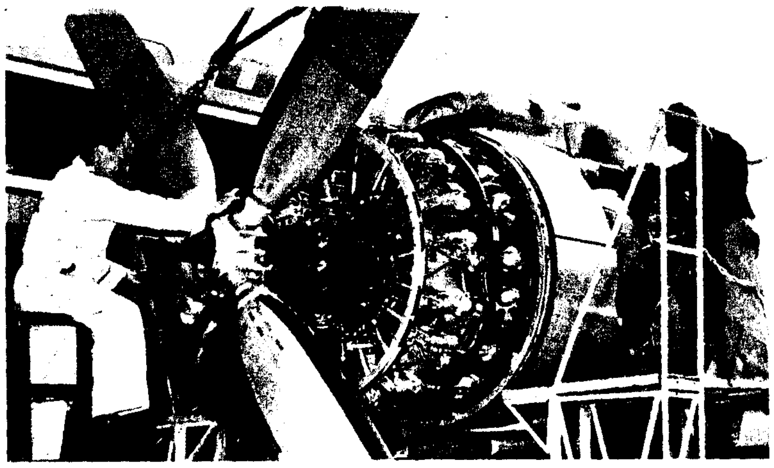
Now's the time for **JELL-O** GELATIN DESSERT SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

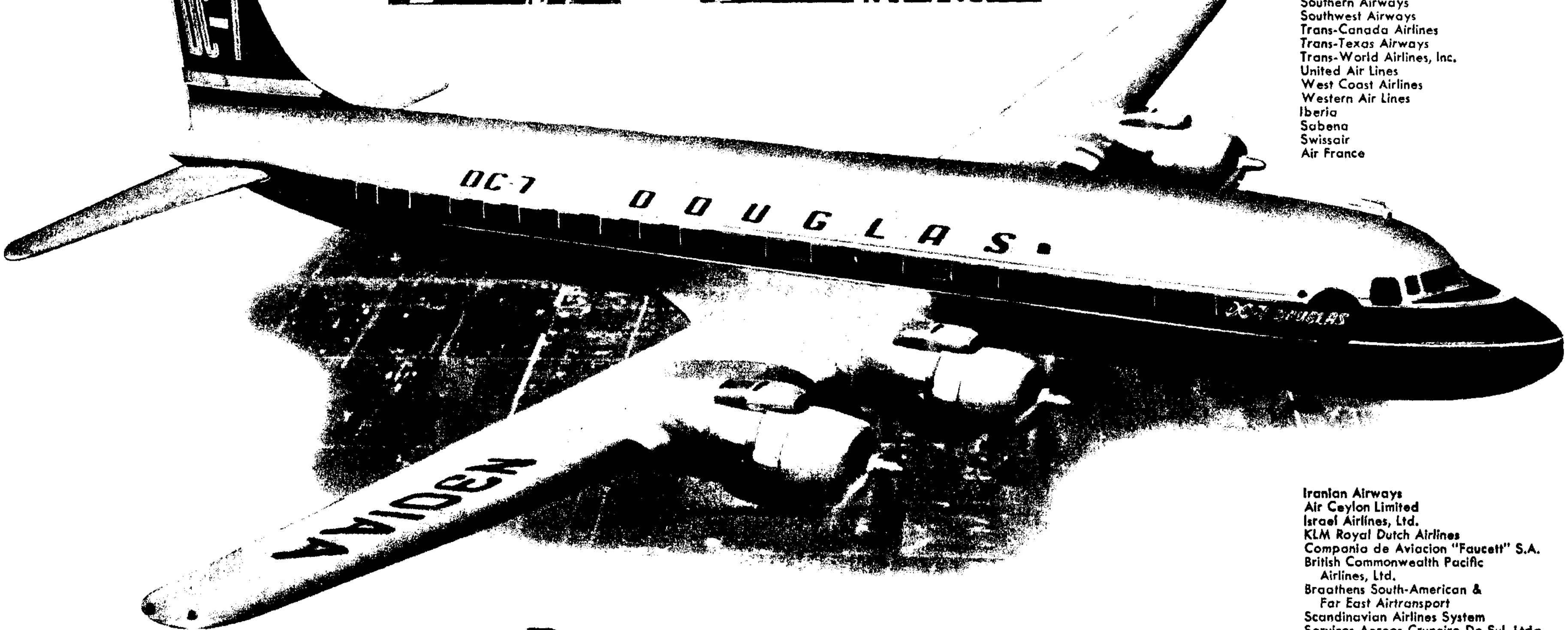


JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

Copyright 1954, General Foods Corp.

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM THE AIRLINES ABOUT CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS FOR YOUR CAR!





THESE AIRLINES FLY CHAMPIONS!

Allegheny Airlines
American Airlines
Braniff International Airways, Inc.
California Central Airlines
Capital Airlines
Central Airlines
Colonial Airlines
Continental Air Lines
Delta-C & S Air Lines, Inc.
Eastern Air Lines
Flying Tiger Line
Frontier Airlines
Maritime Central Airways
National Airlines
North Central Airlines
Northeast Airlines
Northwest Airlines, Inc.
Pacific Northern Airlines
Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc.
Pan American World Airways, Inc.
Piedmont Airlines
Pioneer Air Lines
Slick Airways
Southern Airways
Southwest Airways
Trans-Canada Airlines
Trans-Texas Airways
Trans-World Airlines, Inc.
United Air Lines
West Coast Airlines
Western Air Lines
Iberia
Sabena
Swissair
Air France

Iranian Airways
Air Ceylon Limited
Israel Airlines, Ltd.
KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
Compania de Aviacion "Faucett" S.A.
British Commonwealth Pacific
Airlines, Ltd.
Braathens South-American &
Far East Airtransport
Scandinavian Airlines System
Servicos Aereos Cruzeiro Do Sul, Ltda.
Linea Aeropostal Venezolana
Canadian Pacific Airlines, Ltd.
Caribbean-Atlantic Airlines, Inc.
Linee Aeree Italiane S.P.A.
Lloyd Aereo Boliviano S.A.
Aerovias Guest, S.A.
National Greek Airlines
Orient Airways Ltd.
Trans-Australia Airlines
Turkish State Airlines
Aerolineas Argentinas
Air-India International, Ltd.
Air-India, Ltd.
Philippine Airlines
Hawaiian Airlines Limited
Aeronaves de *Mexico*, S.A.
Panair do Brasil, S.A.
Airways (India) Ltd.
CAT Incorporated
Aer Lingus
Aero O/Y Air Services of India, Ltd.
Cathay Pacific Airways, Ltd.
South African Airways
Ethiopian Airlines, Inc.
Compagnie Air *Algeris*
Garuda Indonesian Airways N.V.
Transportes Aereos Mexicanos, S.A.
Union Aeromaritime de Transport
Flugfelag Islands, H.F. (Iceland
Airways Ltd.)
Air Tahiti
Qantas Empire Airways, Ltd.
Aerovias Nacionales de Colombia
Aerovias Venezolanas, S.A.
Compania Cubana de Aviacion, S.A.
Lineas Aereas Unidas, S.A.
Serv. Aereos de Chiapas, S.A.
Transp. Aereos de Yajalon, S.A.
Companhia Itau de *Transportes* Aereos
Empresa de Transportes
Aerovias Brasil
Loide Aereo Nacional S/A
Real S/A-Transportes Aereos
Transportes Aereos Nacional Ltda.
Viacao Aerea Sao Paulo, S/A
Societe des Transports Aeriens de
L'Extreme Orient (Cosara)
Bharat Airways Ltd.
Deccan Airways Ltd.
Aerovias Reforma, S.A.
Thai Airways Co., Ltd.
Central African Airways Corp.
Cia. Mexicana de Aviacion, S.A.
Aerolinee Italiane Internazionali (Alitalia)

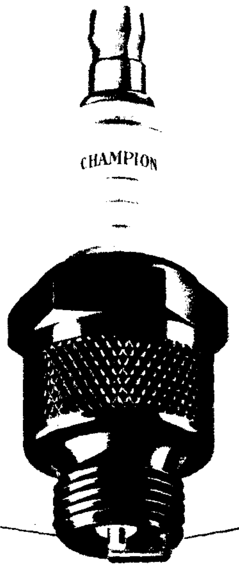
Because you want the very best for your car the selection of Champion Spark Plugs by every major airlines is an important fact for you.

The airlines continually put every make of spark plug to the most scientific tests in laboratory and in flight. *And they buy Champions because they prove superior to all other spark plugs!*

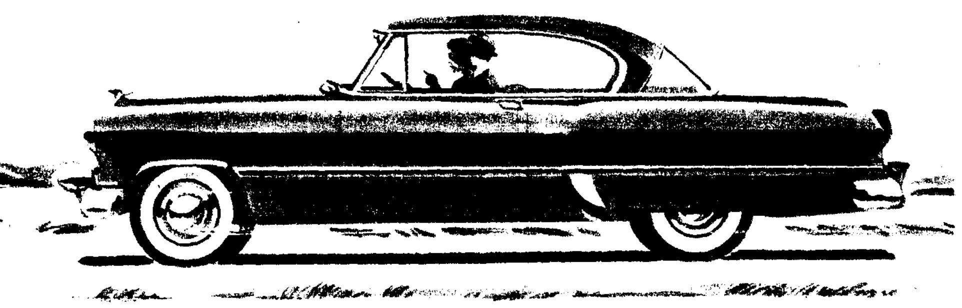
When you install Champions you get the advantages of the same engineering, research and manufacturing skills that the airlines demand and get. This means peak performance, complete dependability and lower operating costs—whatever car you drive and however you drive it.

Stop at your nearest Champion Dealer and let your engine prove why Champions are the world's largest-selling spark plugs.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS



THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S MINDS

SPEAK OUT, SILENT PEOPLE

Are public schools falling down on the job? Are our children getting the education they need and are entitled to? A top reporter begins a searching look at America's schools—and finds some startling answers

By HOWARD WHITMAN

AMERICAN EDUCATION has drifted into the gravest crisis in its 300-year history. The future not only of our public schools but of our country may depend on what all of us do about it now.

Deteriorating buildings and the shortage of teachers are only a part of that crisis. Most important is what is being taught our children and how it is being taught. Subtly, unnoticed by most Americans, highly organized left-wing and right-wing extremist groups are exerting unprecedented pressures on the public schools in a struggle to capture the minds of our children—the minds of the future citizens of the United States. The pressure groups already have gained a foothold in a number of communities across the country and are reaching out for others. Parents in many of these cities and towns are discovering that their children no longer are being given the basic education needed to face today's problems, let alone enter college. Some children no longer are taught how to write. Censorship is reaching into the classrooms to ban objective study, even of such American-supported organizations as the United Nations.

Never before have our schools what they believe in, what and how they teach, needed such a searching inquiry. Never before have the health and strength of the nation more critically demanded it.

Just what is happening to our educational system? Who are the people responsible for the changes? What are they trying to accomplish? What can or should be done to bring about reforms? Collier's has assigned writer Howard Whitman to make a long-term, continuing study of the situation.

Whitman has talked and will continue to talk with educators, administrators, teachers, parents and children throughout the country. He has visited and will continue to visit schools in every section of the land.

His first article begins on the next page. It points up the importance of the problem, reveals some of the excesses that are creeping into our schools, and reports what has happened when alarmed parents tried to bring about reform. His findings may startle, even frighten you. But we hope they will show why you should take a close look at the schools in your own community, why you should speak out when you find abuses.

In future articles, appearing at intervals, Whitman will report on such timely questions as an ideal school, the pros and cons of progressive education, laxity of discipline, the evolution in report cards, what makes good teachers, and the growing centralization of ideas in education.

We begin this series with no preconceived solutions. We do not expect to complete it without some solutions in our minds. We believe you, too, will decide certain steps should be taken to improve your schools. Whatever you decide, speak out, make known your opinions. In a democracy, silence may be the greatest wrong of all. —THE EDITORS

HANS KNOPF

Howard Whitman

Story Starts on Next Page ▶

Mrs. Marion M. Wilkins, chairman of parents' group, appears at meeting to protest the failure of Brookline, Mass., schools to teach handwriting

BOSTON GLOBE PHOTO

. . . *SPEAK OUT, SILENT PEOPLE*

HOW much bunk and nonsense have crept into our American educational system while we've been busy watching the rest of the world—too busy to see what's been going on under our noses. How effective are our public schools at their basic job—teaching?

Millions of parents would like to know the answers. And from coast to coast a good many are trying to find out. Never before in the long evolution of American education has so acrid a struggle been fought over our public schools. It is a struggle ranging all the way from windy debates by professors at educational forums to virtual hair-pulling matches in the neighborhoods. Over it all hover the pressure groups, right wing and left wing, waiting their chances. The prize in the middle is rich and rare. The prize is your child and mine.

Education has become a subject of increasing public controversy for good reason. Our schools are the key to tomorrow. What seems like a surface argument over, say, the three R's, actually goes to the core of our constantly evolving philosophy of living. A debate over abolition of report cards stems from fundamental views about competition, incentive and reward, not only in school but in life. Wrapped up in arguments over laxity of discipline are the most pointed divergencies in philosophy and morals.

Politically, this country declared itself preponderantly conservative at the last national election. But we hold no national election to determine the philosophy of education; the question must be worked out locally in each city, town or school district. Thus the struggle for our children's minds has broken out in community after community across the nation, from Pasadena, California, to Port Washington, Long Island.

I have seen some of the struggle at firsthand. In the long run, one must believe—or at least hope—that these vociferous fights are good for our country, that they represent democracy working out its problems. Yet for the present, the implications of the battle are frightening; some of the skirmishes I saw were spine-chilling.

I have seen innocent people castigated, ostracized in their communities, simply because they insisted that their children learn more in school. I have heard them called reactionaries, even Fascists, because they objected to the abandonment of report cards, or to lack of discipline, or to neglect of fundamental studies. With appalling frequency I have heard conscientious citizens branded "enemies of the public schools" simply because they opposed the strangle hold professional educators have achieved on some of our nation's schools.

At the other end of the battle line, I have seen hatemongers try to prostitute a struggle for better education into a throttling of all that is American. As usual, they do it in the name of patriotism. I have heard loyal American teachers—as fine a segment of our people as can be found—unjustly smeared as "Reds" and "Commies."

That is why I call this first report Speak Out, Silent People. If you and I—parents, believers in the best in education, believers in our country—remain silent, we are beaten. We lose by default to the far left or far right.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, Lloyd A. Moulds, a businessman and father of three school children, went to a parent-teacher association meeting in 1951 to find out about a new report card being introduced in St. Paul high schools. It eliminated the grading system, A,B,C,D and F, and substituted Satisfactory and Unsatisfactory.

"At the meeting," Moulds told me, "bigwigs got up and said this new system would eliminate competition. Students weren't to compete with one another for grades any more; each would compete only with himself. We were going to mark them only on whether they were satisfactorily doing what they were able to do.

"I couldn't believe it," Moulds went on. "I decided someone was being sold a bill of goods."

Moulds thought competition and achievement should be encouraged, not discouraged. It seemed to him that the adult world rated people on what they accomplished—not on how satisfactorily they were doing what they were able to do.

Several other men at the meeting shared Moulds's beliefs. They got together with him later and decided to look into the new-type report cards and the philosophy behind them. In September, 1952, after lengthy research, they presented to the school board a 3,000-word bill of particulars.

Said one paragraph: "The abolition of grades is contrary to an age-old truth—that man's incentive to work is for reward. Competition is a stimulus for achievement whether in sports or in school. Football, baseball and basketball games are played with the main objective—to win. Eliminate the scoring from these events, and the players and spectators would lose interest. Eliminate scoring in golf—how many people would continue to be enthused about golf?"

The protest and the brief were taken under consideration by the school board. Eight months later, with the matter still "under consideration," the Murray High School P.T.A. held a panel discussion on report cards. More than 500 parents attended. Mothers and fathers who wanted a return to the incentive grading system ran away with the meeting—until the gavel-banging chairman stopped the discussion. He would not permit a vote.

"That was when I started getting it in the neck," Moulds recalled. He said he was accused of being a Fascist, a paid agent, a crackpot, and—of course—of trying to wreck the school system. "I think the worst moment of it all," he remarked, "was the day my own child came home and asked, 'Daddy, are you an enemy of the schools?' "

Moulds submitted further arguments for a grading system in a letter to the school board. It concluded: "It is my sincere hope that the committees and the individuals concerned with a review of this subject will confine their efforts to the subject at hand—namely, report cards. If developments disclose a disposition to put *me* on trial and let the report-card system remain 'under consideration,' then indeed the pattern revealed in other cities is also being followed here."

Housewife Opposes "Half-Baked" System

Across the Mississippi River in Robbinsdale, a suburb of Minneapolis, Mrs. Harley Moxness, a housewife and mother, also had the temerity to stand up and oppose what she considered a half-baked reporting system. The Robbinsdale schools had abandoned grades and were rating students Marked Achievement, Satisfactory Progress or Improvement Needed, according to each child's ability. The joker, Mrs. Moxness felt, was that there was no standard of achievement for each school grade. Moreover, the mediocre student could get as good a report card as the best student, and the worst student could get a better report card than either of them.

When I called on Mrs. Moxness at her home, she was suspicious and edgy at first. Opponents had probed into her past, accused her of sinister connections, branded her an "enemy of the schools."

After I convinced her that I wasn't investigating her, Mrs. Moxness told me the price she had paid for questioning school policies. "One anonymous phone caller accused me of collaborating with some man in New York named Zoll I'd never heard of," she said. (The reference was to the extremist, Allen Zoll.) "I tried to ask who was calling. Instead of an answer, I heard myself called an uneducated dummy. Then I heard that, on account of me, my little girl didn't have a friend left in school.

"After that phone call I was bewildered," Mrs. Moxness said. "I was numb for a few minutes. Then I sat down and cried."

Later a P.T.A. leader phoned her and asked, "What about those secret meetings you've been

In one Washington, D.C., junior high school, there are 100 children who don't

holding in your basement?" There had been no such meetings, secret or otherwise.

In Minneapolis, a representative of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools (a nonprofit corporation dedicated to the improvement of public schools and financed by such organizations as the Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation) received a call from Robbinsdale to "come out here and see if Allen Zoll is involved in this." Zoll, a onetime associate of hate fronters, entered the education field in 1948 with an organization called the National Council for American Education. He probably would have been forgotten by now, but for left-wing propaganda machines which conjure him up as the mastermind of every citizens' group which criticizes the schools.

The Minneapolis man went to Robbinsdale and investigated. His advice: "You're just jumpy. The thing for you to do is put your own house in order and stop seeing spooks under the bed."

Brookline, Massachusetts, has been another battle front. This thriving Boston suburb last spring suddenly discovered that its 6,700 public-school children were not being taught how to write, but only how to print. That the discovery took Brookline by surprise indicates how blind many Americans have been to what's been going on under their noses; the Brookline School Committee had been eliminating script writing for nine years.

Many school systems teach printing in the first two or three grades—as an aid to reading, chiefly—and then switch to script. But Brookline threw out script completely—with one slight exception: children were taught how to write their own names. The concession may have resulted from the fact that when the pupils set up a school bank, a student teller refused to accept the check of another student because he couldn't write his name.

Last May, six parents formed a Parents' Research Committee and sweated out the summer gathering research on handwriting and the teaching of it. Then they took their case to school officials. In reply they got only what Mrs. Marion M. Wilkins, chairman of the committee, described as "sickeningly evasive letters."

When Brain Surgeons Control Schools

"We found out what many other parents have found out when they tried to make their voices heard by school authorities," said another member of the parents' committee. "We found that schools no longer belong to the people, the parents, the taxpayers who foot the bills. The 'professional educators'—I call them the 'brain surgeons'—have taken over, and the public be damned!"

Hot tempers reached a boiling point last October, when an open meeting on handwriting was held in Pierce School, one of Brookline's eight elementary schools. Some 450 parents jammed the old New England open-beamed auditorium, with standees two and three deep along the frescoed walls. Within 10 seconds of the call to order, chairman Carl Seltzer, a School Committee member, banged his gavel and clamped on a gag rule, limiting each speaker to five minutes. Attorney Joseph Robinson, the parents' research director, stomped in the aisle shouting, "I object! I protest!"

Words tumbled over one another as parents told of their experiences with children who had been taught only to print. "My son, twelve years old, got a post card from a cousin in New York," said one father. "It was written in script and he couldn't read it. He had to bring it to me and say, 'Please read it to me so I can answer her.' "

"Only this morning a letter was brought into a fourth-grade class and only one child could read it—a transfer pupil from New York," another father related.

"Our children can't even read letters from their parents," a mother complained. "All we want is for our children to be able to read our handwriting and for us to be able to read theirs."

Another mother said her teen-aged son had taken a job as a grocery clerk but couldn't read handwritten orders. A father told how in despair he had bought a book on script handwriting and begun teaching his son at home.

As the meeting ended, with no decision but certain promise that the battle would continue, Mrs. Wilkins and School Superintendent Ernest Caverly came face to face near the exit. The flashing-eyed woman and the austere superintendent stood 10 inches apart, color welling in their faces.

"You can't tell me to keep quiet, *sir!*" she said.

"Yes I can—and I will!" said the superintendent.

"Oh, no, you won't. This is a democracy, *sir!*"

"Well, I will tell you to keep quiet!"

Illiteracy rate among Washington junior-high pupils dismayed Principal Muriel Alexander

James R. Miles charged Arlington, Va., school board used trick procedure to shut out public

H. A. Anderson, Minnesota farmer, said that school discipline has gone "down the drain"

Dr. Clark Kuebler, Ripon College president, said schools may produce cult of mediocrity

Lloyd Moulds was called "enemy of schools" when he protested new St. Paul report cards

Attorney Joseph Robinson helped lead battle in Brookline, Mass., to restore handwriting

"I dare you, *sir!*"

"I can and I will—KEEP QUIET!"

The superintendent and the lady, each numb with rage, were led their separate ways by friends.

As I was packing my brief case to leave, the husband of a member of the School Committee thrust his head forward from a clump of people and said: "It isn't just handwriting these people want. They want to *wreck the schools.* Zoll will be moving in."

Allen Zoll, whose name is dragged into nearly every local controversy, has been described as a man of mystery. Actually he is not mysterious at all. He has been associated with Merwin K. Hart and other right-wing extremists; he was described at a hearing of the House un-American Activities Committee as a "very strong anti-Semite" and he was co-founder and commander of American Patriots, Inc., an organization listed by the Attorney General's office as Fascist and subversive.

He is executive vice-president of the National Council for American Education, which maintains headquarters in New York City and lists as its aims, "to eradicate Socialism, Communism and all forms of Marxism from the schools and colleges of America, and to stimulate sound, American education." Its principal activity has been to ferret out what it regards as subversive references in school textbooks and call them to the attention of local school boards.

Zoll and others like him have moved into areas where there is discontent over schools and tried to get their own ideas incorporated in the curriculum. But the existence of this handful of right-wing extremists with an un-American taint should no more be distorted into a smear against all critics of the schools than the existence of a few Communists in our school systems should be twisted into a smear against all educators.

The Fact That Worries Parents Most

What disturbed parents most in the numerous communities I visited was not extreme right-wing or left-wing hysteria, but this fundamental fact: children were sent to school to learn and many of them weren't learning as much or as fast as they should.

In Washington, D.C., Mrs. Muriel Alexander, principal of Kelly Miller Junior High, told me: "We have one hundred children in this school who can't read and write. Imagine—in junior high school!"

Other principals and teachers complained that today's schools "teach only sight reading and neglect phonetics so that children stumble over new words and spell badly," "don't require a standard of accomplishment to pass from one grade to another," and "go overboard on this business of 'letting them learn at their own rate of speed'—so that lots of children loaf along and don't learn at all."

One fourth-grade teacher in Minneapolis, determined to find out just how much or how little her students knew about writing and spelling, gave them a standard achievement test which included the following paragraph:

"We have a tiny white kitty we call Snowball. She is very wise and gentle and learns many tricks which make us laugh. She likes to hang across the back of a chair and slap at her tail as she swings it back and forth. Snowball likes to climb into the branches of a tree and then drop softly into our arms below. She hides when she hears thunder but comes out when the angry storm is over."

The teacher dictated the passage slowly and asked the children to write it. I saw six samples of what they wrote. Here is one sample—and not the worst one:

"We have a teine weit keite we coldit sowball. She is var weis and gant and lers meane tris wait make us leaf. Shie like to haaing acoras a sear and slap at her teal as shie swing it ba-k and atoth. Sowball like to lin in to the brais of a tree and then drup sefle in to the arens beloi. Shie haids we shie heirs thader. buh coms oat wen the aingre stom is over."

BOSTON GLOBE PHOTO

Children of Mrs. Rita Mahon, a member of Brookline, Mass., Parents' Research Committee, practice their hand printing. From left to right: Donna, 10; Pauline, 11; and Claire, 8

While inability to handle our basic tool of living, the English language, may shock many a parent, it does not shock some educators. In the Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals, one enthusiastic supporter of the new teaching methods wrote: "We shall someday accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on a violin, that it is no more reasonable to require that each girl shall spell well than it is that each one shall bake a good cherry pie." He acknowledged that the idea would take "a lot of selling."

In my travels I met a great many parents who weren't buying.

In Arlington, Virginia, Washington's neighbor across the Potomac, one troubled parent told me: "School ought to be a place where a child goes to learn, not to fritter away his time on all kinds of 'projects' and 'activities' and nonessentials at the expense of learning." Another complained: "If you ask me, the three R's in our schools today stand for Rest, Relax and Receive." These were everyday parents—not experts—speaking from their deep intuitive feelings about what education ought to be. But many experts share their misgivings about some of today's schools.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, writes in his new book, Conflict in Education, that the modern trend "has ended in the concept of the educational system as a gigantic playpen in which the young are to amuse themselves until we are ready to have them do something serious."

In Wisconsin, Dr. Clark Kuebler, president of Ripon College, has found—as has many another educator—that playpen preparation hardly equips a student for college. He told me, "All this folderol in our schools can produce only one thing: a cult of mediocrity. We have students at Ripon who resent the schools they attended for not equipping them with the basic tools of learning."

Students at the college confirmed Dr. Kuebler's remark. One said, "I went to a high school where you could tinker with your car and get credit for it. That sure isn't helping me hit these freshman courses." An upperclassman said, "The thing that gripes me is that they didn't teach us any English grammar in high school. How can they expect you to learn a foreign language when you don't know the grammar of your own language?"

Like scores of other colleges, Ripon has had to establish special courses to bring some of its freshmen up to the level where they can start college work. In subfreshman math ("dummy math," the students call it), an instructor told me, "We've had students who can't even add and subtract when the numbers are complicated. We have to start at about the sixth-grade level to teach them."

"In subfreshman English," commented another faculty member, "we have to teach them a vocabulary before we even can talk to them about the English language. Their preparation is staggeringly bad. Some of them don't know a verb from a noun. They have no idea of a complete sentence."

One instructor showed me such gems from freshman themes as, "Years pasted (for 'passed') by," and "While in high school, the college would leave us use the library," along with such novelties of spelling as "steaples," "effert," "difinetly," and "nessesary."

"Oh, well," sighed a farmer with whom I talked in Maple Plain, Minnesota, "they say the only goal of education today is to teach children how to 'get along.' " He ran a hand through his flaxen hair and added, "That'd be all right—except they don't teach them that either."

This farmer was Harold A. Anderson, dairyman and turkey grower, who was elected to the school board of the Orono Consolidated District last spring. Orono embraces several rural villages with a population ranging from commuting Minneapolis millionaires to grass-roots countryfolk.

"I don't see that modern schools teach children to 'get along,' " Anderson continued. "From what I've seen, they teach just the opposite. Here at our high school, we've had the kids fighting in the classroom, throwing stuff around. Why, they even shot off firecrackers in the schoolhouse and put fish heads in the ventilating system."

One day, Anderson related, his fourteen-year-old son, Wayne, took a cousin, Bruce, to Orono High School as a guest. When Bruce was presented to the teacher, she said, "You'd better go up to study hall. The boys get pretty rough in here."

"Whereupon," Anderson went on, "the boys started pulling Bruce into the room and the teacher began pulling him out. They had him at the door there, pulling him by the arms—a regular tug of war. The boy told me later, 'I thought I'd be torn apart.' Well, the tug of war ended when one of the boys picked up a book and threw it at the teacher. She let go."

To Anderson, a forgotten virtue called discipline—whether in the form of law and order in a community or rules in a football game—is the real key to "getting along."

"Modern educators have thrown discipline down the drain," he complained.

But what rankled most—and led Anderson to run for the school board—was being shut out of school-board meetings. For two years he had been attending every meeting, holding to the basic American idea that public schools belong to the people. "I went to the meetings," he said, "but whenever anything important came up, the board would go into 'executive session' and ask me to go out. At five out of six meetings I was sent home."

In one of his campaign speeches, Anderson promised that, if elected, he would "not be a party to sending home people who are interested enough to give up an evening to visit a school-board meeting. In fact, I feel attendance should be encouraged."

Anderson was not alone in his belief. In many communities, I found strident objection to school boards operating behind the curtain of "executive sessions"—in effect, shutting the public out.

In Claremont, New Hampshire, Mel Wax, managing editor of the Daily Eagle, took up the cudgels against a school board which went into executive session whenever it felt like it and shut the door on his reporters. "Any outfit which is spending money that belongs to the public has no right to do it in private," Wax told me.

He felt that the parliamentary prerogative of a closed session when personalities or public taste were involved had been grossly abused. "They've used closed meetings to handle public matters," he charged. "We're not going to let 'executive session' be stretched into an autocratic closed corporation. We don't like secret meetings. And we don't like the public shut out." (The board mended its ways after Wax's editorial blast.)

School Board Accused of Trickery

James R. Miles, an unsuccessful candidate for the Arlington, Virginia, School Board, charged during the election campaign last fall that board meetings had been recessed rather than adjourned to trick the public. "After the meeting was recessed, citizens went home thinking it was all over until the next regular meeting. But—and this was the trick—the board would be convened again 'at the call of the chairman,' " Miles said. "This new meeting—being technically a continuation of the old one—was not publicly announced. The board thus by-passed the public and met in what amounted to secrecy."

Miles asked, "Do the public schools really belong to the public or don't they?"

Some of what I saw on the education battle fronts made me wonder.

In New England, an enthusiast of the new education said to me, "We don't want parents demanding things. We hire experts, and the people should let them work. You can't listen to the public whenever it wants something."

Another, in the Midwest, remarked, "We don't want people to get the idea that they can go around telling the schools what to do."

One often hears mention on the school battle fronts of "dangerous people." I think the most dangerous man I met, from democracy's standpoint, was the little man who said after a school meeting near Boston, "Parents have no business sticking their noses in. Next thing you know they'll be running the schools."

Could any remark show greater contempt for the American way? As I walked out of this meeting, it occurred to me that if parents did have a greater hand in running the schools, if our educational system were more responsive to the will, the judgment and the innate wisdom of all the people—instead of being the private preserve of self-styled experts—we might solve a good many of our school problems much faster.

Many a school bond issue has been beaten because people felt the schools were full of harebrained notions. Wouldn't citizens be more likely to spend money for schools they believed in? If schools did a better job of teaching, wouldn't the public be more responsive to raising teachers' pay?

A Suggestion Borrowed from Plato

Plato wrote, "What is honored in a country will be cultivated there." Bringing more honor to our school systems—not by breast-beating and shutting the people out, but by harking to the people's wisdom and doing a sound, effective job of teaching—might be the best and quickest way, after all, of getting the money for direly needed buildings and increased teachers' pay.

Never has public education in this country needed a more penetrating inquiry. The people have had drummed into them—and still do, almost daily—the materialistic facts of our school problem. Shortages of buildings and teachers have been blazoned in reams of headlines. Serious they are, indeed, and much is being done to cope with them. But too little is being said and thought about the philosophy of education. What goes on in the buildings and what is taught by the teachers are certainly as important, and many would say more important, than the bricks and mortar.

What *is* a school anyway? And what should it teach?

What makes good teachers? Where can we find them?

What is good education? Are we striving for knowledge, wisdom, excellence? Or are we settling for mediocrity?

What shall we do about discipline, about moral values? Does the ideology of progressive education help or harm?

Are we preparing our children for a world of individualism, personal responsibility, free economy and self-government? Or has public education been geared to "groupism," collective economy, and submergence of the individual?

Do teachers themselves believe in some of the bizarre and experimental notions they are required to bring into their teaching?

Are schools invading the province of the home? Are they trying to *raise* children instead of *educate* them? In the attempt to "educate the whole child," as it is put, are they failing to educate any part of him adequately?

Who—what body or group—determines what the educational philosophy of our schools should be? And how is this philosophy reflected in the classrooms of your children and mine? What say do we have in the matter?

These are some of the questions which need incisive examination. These and other dynamic facets of public-school education will be dealt with in this series of articles, to be published at intervals. Each of us has a vital, personal stake in these questions. And the health and strength of public education in this country have a vital stake in each of us. If the public schools are caught in a crossfire now, it is you and I who must save them. The silent people in every community, who do not want the public schools captured by either the extreme right or the extreme left, must speak out. I don't want my children fed into anybody's propaganda mill—the "expert" planners of a new "social pattern" or the reactionary little *Fuehrers*. I don't think you do, either. The taxes we pay must be for education, not indoctrination.

Let's educate. ▲▲▲

Specialist

Jim Piersall, the Red Sox' star outfielder, has mastered the art of committing grand larceny on batters. His object: homer-cide

By TOM MEANY

WHEN spring training starts a few weeks hence, dozens of strong young men will purposefully set about knocking baseballs out of sight. Clubs will be trumps, home runs cheaper by the dozen, and club publicists will use everything but a surveyor's transit to measure the longer ones. Among these mighty sluggers, Jim Piersall of the Red Sox will stand out like a white poodle on a coal barge. Nobody has yet reached for a tape measure to record for posterity how far he has belted a ball. In Boston, and indeed throughout the American League, fans have raved about Piersall, but he is hailed for his great defensive play. Only Rocky Marciano gets more mileage out of a glove.

There are only half as many ball clubs in Boston as there were before the Braves moved to Milwaukee and pitched their tepee on the shores of Lake Michigan, but there should be just as much baseball conversation this season as ever. With all due respect to Ted Williams' terrific slugging after his return from jet-piloting in Korea last year, Piersall's outfielding has been Boston's most talked-about event since the Brink's Express robbery.

There is, in fact, a resemblance, although a nonfelonious one, between Piersall and the Brink's bandits: both specialize in armed robbery. The young Sox outfielder has kept on the right side of the law, however, by confining his larceny to depriving rival batters of base hits or cutting down base runners with throws of riflelike accuracy. Both he and the Brink's heisters have had more than a nodding acquaintance with fences.

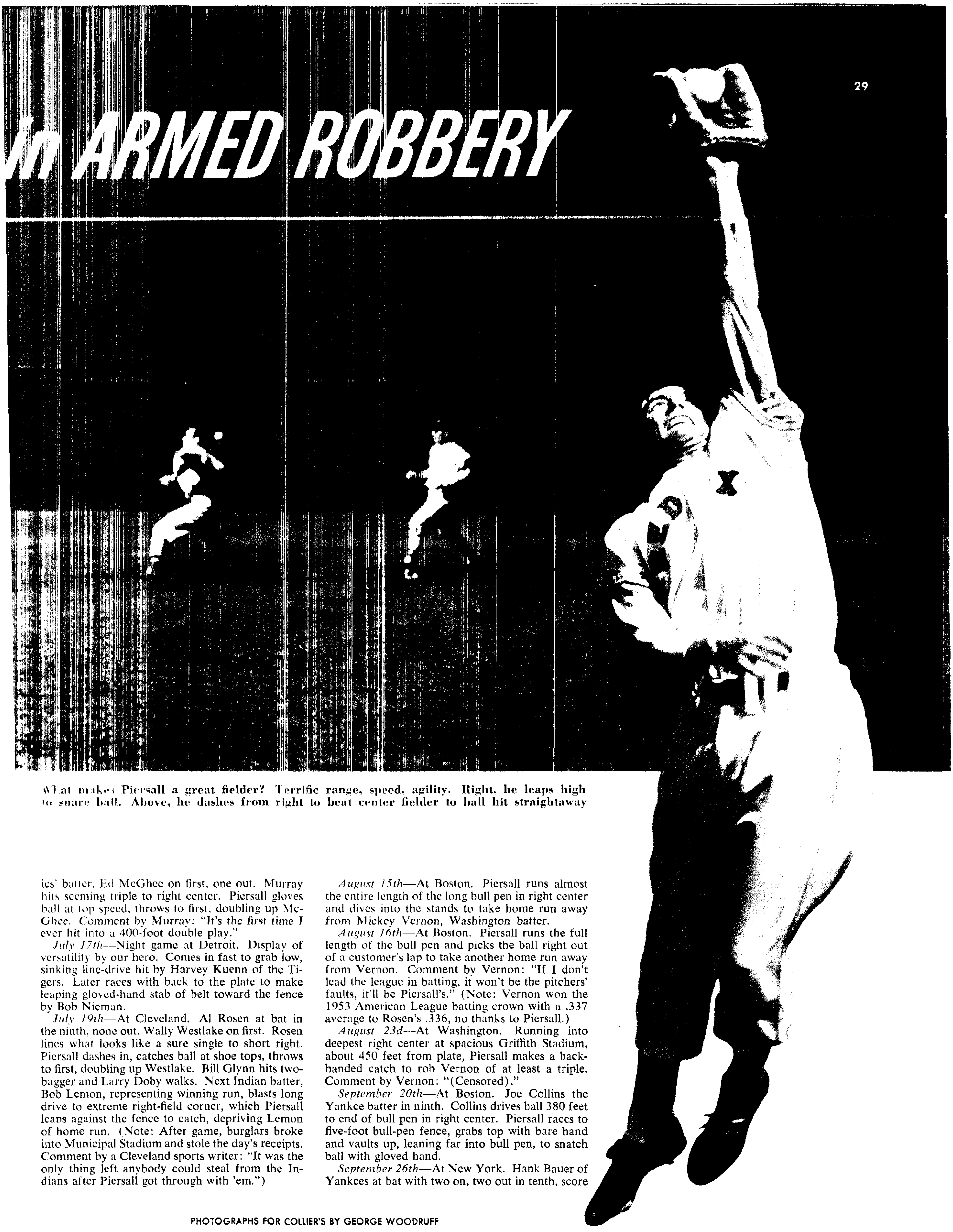
Piersall's catches have been the talk of Boston since he was installed as the regular right fielder at Fenway Park at the beginning of the 1953 season. Jim made dozens of extraordinary catches last year, and at least a dozen that bordered on the miraculous. In an effort to separate his unbelievable accomplishments from his just plain supersuccesses, I held prolonged conversations with manager Lou Boudreau, the Sox players, writers and sports casters who covered the team throughout 1953. The consensus was that the following were Jim's 10 best killer-dillers, listed in chronological order:

May 8th—Night game at Boston. Johnny Sain is the Yankee batter in the fifth. Piersall playing Sain shallow. Sain hits ball over his head. Racing at top speed with his back to the plate, Piersall makes gloved-hand catch almost at the bull-pen fence. Sox win, 2-1, in 11 innings.

May 9th—At Boston. Mickey Mantle the Yankee batter, bases loaded, two out. Piersall playing Mantle straightaway right field, about 350 feet deep. Micky hits screaming 380-foot drive to right center. Piersall makes gloved-hand catch at bull pen.

July 11th—At Boston. Ray Murray the Athlet-

n ARMED ROBBERY



What makes Piersall a great fielder? Terrific range, speed, agility. Right, he leaps high to snare ball. Above, he dashes from right to beat center fielder to ball hit straightaway

ics' batter, Ed McGhee on first, one out. Murray hits seeming triple to right center. Piersall gloves ball at top speed, throws to first, doubling up McGhee. Comment by Murray: "It's the first time I ever hit into a 400-foot double play."

July 17th—Night game at Detroit. Display of versatility by our hero. Comes in fast to grab low, sinking line-drive hit by Harvey Kuenn of the Tigers. Later races with back to the plate to make leaping gloved-hand stab of belt toward the fence by Bob Nieman.

July 19th—At Cleveland. Al Rosen at bat in the ninth, none out, Wally Westlake on first. Rosen lines what looks like a sure single to short right. Piersall dashes in, catches ball at shoe tops, throws to first, doubling up Westlake. Bill Glynn hits two-bagger and Larry Doby walks. Next Indian batter, Bob Lemon, representing winning run, blasts long drive to extreme right-field corner, which Piersall leaps against the fence to catch, depriving Lemon of home run. (Note: After game, burglars broke into Municipal Stadium and stole the day's receipts. Comment by a Cleveland sports writer: "It was the only thing left anybody could steal from the Indians after Piersall got through with 'em.")

August 15th—At Boston. Piersall runs almost the entire length of the long bull pen in right center and dives into the stands to take home run away from Mickey Vernon, Washington batter.

August 16th—At Boston. Piersall runs the full length of the bull pen and picks the ball right out of a customer's lap to take another home run away from Vernon. Comment by Vernon: "If I don't lead the league in batting, it won't be the pitchers' faults, it'll be Piersall's." (Note: Vernon won the 1953 American League batting crown with a .337 average to Rosen's .336, no thanks to Piersall.)

August 23d—At Washington. Running into deepest right center at spacious Griffith Stadium, about 450 feet from plate, Piersall makes a backhanded catch to rob Vernon of at least a triple. Comment by Vernon: "(Censored)."

September 20th—At Boston. Joe Collins the Yankee batter in ninth. Collins drives ball 380 feet to end of bull pen in right center. Piersall races to five-foot bull-pen fence, grabs top with bare hand and vaults up, leaning far into bull pen, to snatch ball with gloved hand.

September 26th—At New York. Hank Bauer of Yankees at bat with two on, two out in tenth, score

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

A veteran sports writer considered picking Piersal

Piersall, in the batting cage, is determined to better the soso .272 he averaged last year

tied, 1-1. Bauer drives ball 370 feet to bull pen between right-field stands and bleachers. Piersall leaps into air for gloved-hand catch, jackknifes over four-foot bull-pen railing, teeters briefly and falls back on playing field, holding ball for third out. (Note: In top of eleventh, Piersall drives in run which wins game 2-1 for Maury McDermott.)

He Can't Appraise His Own Catches

Piersall declines to select any one catch as the best of this best ten, claiming he's in no position to judge. "It's easier to catch 'em," Jim grins, "than it is to rate 'em. The outfielder can't judge how difficult, or how spectacular, a catch is as well as the people in the stands or on the bench. I can remember every standout catch I ever made, even back to one I made with Sacred Heart against Driggs when we won the city grammar-school championship in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1943.

"I think one of the best catches I ever made was in 1950 at Borchert Field in Milwaukee when I was playing center for Louisville. Howie Moss hit the ball and I went behind Taft Wright, who was playing left, to make the catch.

"That same season I played a couple of games for the Red Sox in center and again I went behind a left fielder named Wright—Tom Wright, this was—to catch a ball hit by Ferris Fain, who was playing then with Philadelphia.

"The only way I can tell how tough a catch is is by the bruises I get from hitting the wall and the amount of skin I peel off."

The stamp of greatness has been on Piersall since scout Neil Mahoney signed him for the Red Sox in 1947, when Brooklyn was bidding strongly for his services. When the veteran Sox star Dom DiMaggio, who retired last season, first saw Jim three years later, he remarked, "I never saw a rookie who could do so many things."

Piersall was a center fielder in those days and he shuttled around between Red Sox farms in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Louisville, Kentucky, and Birmingham, Alabama, before finally getting his first full-time shot with the Sox in 1952. DiMaggio was still roaming center field for the Sox, and Boudreau, in his first year as skipper, thought Jim would help the club most as a converted shortstop.

It was a confused, frustrating year for Piersall. Although he did play a few games in the outfield, he was shipped to Birmingham midway through the summer and finally, his nerves stretched to the breaking point, he had to quit and take a rest before the season ended. Yet, in those scattered games he played in the outfield, Piersall's talents were evident.

Roger Birtwell has been a card-carrying member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America since 1936, which means he has been around long enough not to cry "Wolf!" every time he sees a woolly dog. When this veteran writer of the Boston Globe was asked to select an all-time, all-star Red Sox team last April, he felt a strong compulsion to name Piersall as his right fielder, instead of the traditional choice of Harry Hooper, who had played that position for a dozen seasons and starred on four Red Sox world-championship teams.

A Choice Not Justified by the Record

"I had almost written Piersall's name on the ballot when the enormity of it struck home," Birtwell confesses. "Here I was about to select over Hooper a boy who had played perhaps 15 full games in right field, who had been sick and mightn't play again. Yet I was almost convinced that the Sox had never had a greater right fielder—and I had been a boyhood worshiper of Hooper when he played in the great Boston outfield with Tris Speaker and Duffy Lewis."

Hooper, who starred from 1909 through 1920, the Golden Age of the Red Sox, has perhaps been named "Boston's greatest right fielder" for the last time—even though it may seem to some of Boston's older settlers that putting Piersall in Hooper's class is like picking Eddie Fisher as a better singer than Enrico Caruso.

As the 1953 season progressed, the Piersall band wagon grew crowded, and by August the SRO sign was out. George Carens, columnist on the Boston Traveler and a sports writer for 40 years, was conducting a one-man poll among old-timers to discover if Piersall really was greater than the hallowed Hooper. He even went so far as to seek an opinion from Boston's mayor, John B. Hynes.

"I always thought Harry Hooper was the greatest right fielder I had ever seen," said Hizzoner, in tones usually reserved for the proclamation of Patriots' Day. Then, perhaps realizing that there were far more members of the electorate who were Piersall's contemporaries than Hooper's, he added diplomatically, "But now that I've seen Piersall, I'm not so sure."

Gunga Din couldn't have carried water on both shoulders more skillfully.

Hooper is not the only idol Piersall has toppled. Early last May, Casey Stengel of the Yankees took time out from the pursuit of his fifth straight world championship to call Jim the best defensive right fielder he ever had seen, adding, "Better even than Ross Young." Ross, who was known as Pep, was a teammate of Stengel's on the Giant pennant winners of the early twenties. Young was considered the best National League right fielder of his time and could play caroms off the tricky right-field fence at the Polo Grounds with the skill of a Willie Hoppe.

Another baseball veteran on the Piersall band wagon, and seated well up in the front seats, too, is Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, who has been in baseball since 1888. The Old Fox read glowing stories about the catch Jim had made against Vernon at Boston last August 15th, shook his head and decided modern writers had a great gift for hyperbole. Next day the game was televised from Boston to Washington. When Griff saw Piersall practically duplicate his catch against Vernon, he decided today's writers weren't such exaggerators after all.

Curt Gowdy, who broadcasts the Red Sox road games and telecasts their home games, saw Piersall perform daily, but still found it hard to credit the evidence before his eyes.

"Early in the season, the schedule had us on the road far more often than at home," Curt explains. "In those early home games, Piersall had nothing but routine chances. But on the road he was making sensational catches and throws almost every day. I described these away-from-home catches as best I could on the air and then mail began to pour in. 'What kind of guff are you trying to give us?' was the general theme. 'Just report the game—don't get hysterical.'

"Then the Red Sox settled down for a long home stand and Jim began making the sort of catches at Fenway Park that he'd been making on the road. That changed the tone of our mail. It was all on my side now, some even claiming I wasn't giving Piersall enough credit for his acrobatics.

"It probably was the first time an announcer ever was accused of being too conservative—and Piersall is the only ballplayer who could create such a situation."

What makes Piersall such a great outfielder?

"Instinct, I guess," says Jim himself, somewhat uncertainly.

Piersall's greatest asset, of course, is his speed; but sheer speed wouldn't permit him to cover the ground he does. Del Baker, Red Sox coach who has been around for 40 years, credits the terrific jump Jim gets on a ball.

"Piersall is going full speed with the first step he takes," Baker says. "I've never seen any outfielder get the start on a ball he does."

Nobody gets more close-ups of Piersall's catches during a season than Ellis Kinder, the veteran Boston relief pitcher. Kinder practically lives in the bull pen which, at Fenway Park, is the vantage point for watching Jim operate. "I've heard of outfielders starting with the crack of the bat," says Kinder, "but Jim actually starts *before* the crack of the bat." Piersall is in motion, he claims, when the ball meets the bat, before the sound of the impact has had time to carry across the field to the bull pen.

In addition to his speed and quick jump, Piersall is a sure judge of a fly ball (his "instinct"), and exhibits a reckless daring.

Such disregard for fences hasn't been seen in the majors since Brooklyn's Pete Reiser repeatedly fractured himself trying to prove flesh and blood stronger than steel and concrete.

Basketball Background Proves Useful

In his many collisions with the barriers—and Piersall is in the stands almost as often as the ushers—Jim is aided by a basketball background. He learned to handle himself on a jump at Leavenworth High in his native Waterbury, where he was named to the All-State and All-New England scholastic court teams in 1947. Jim relaxes in the split second before he hits the wall in much the same way as a basketball player goes limp in midair after a lay-up shot. Manager Boudreau, himself a star basketball player at the University of Illinois, is certain that this basketball training helps Piersall when he crashes into the fences.

"Makes him good on rebounds," Lou grins.

If Boudreau erred in trying to convert the rookie into a shortstop in 1952, he certainly scored last year when he put Piersall in right field. It's the most spacious of the three outfield positions at Fenway Park, which suited Jim fine because it gave him the most territory in which to roam. Here his arm, sometimes overlooked because of his great catches, also became a deadly weapon. The longest outfield throw in the park is from right field to third base, and Jim shone at balking runners who attempted to take the extra base on singles to right.

Piersall plays ground balls as if he were still playing short (in fact, he uses an infielder's glove). He charges the ball at full speed, has no hesitancy about gloving it one-handed if necessary, and fires it on a line. He was well up among the outfielders in assists and made seven double plays in 1953, leading all major-league outfielders in that department.

'or the all-time Boston team—after Jim had played only 15 games in right

"I'd have had more assists, too," says Jim cheerfully, "except that hardly anybody ever runs on me any more."

Red Sox fans who arrived at the park early always got the chance to see Piersall's arm in action whether anybody ran on him or not. When the Sox took infield practice before the game started, Boudreau fungoed three "singles" to each outfielder, always starting with Piersall in right. Jim made the first throw to third base, the next two to the plate and they were usually strikes.

Warm-Up Throws Warned Visiting Teams

The fans responded to these throws with the same gleeful howls you'd expect for a game-winning home run. These pregame demonstrations were unheard of anywhere else in the majors. It was as if a concert audience burst into bravos when the Philharmonic tuned up. Visiting players who took one look at Piersall's warm-up throws usually decided not to tempt his arm that day.

Piersall's popularity in Boston paid off in other ways. Jim covered the Yankee-Dodger World Series for the Boston Globe last October, writing a chatty, 700-word letter to his wife after each game. It drew such fan mail that he was signed up to do a weekly sports column during the winter months. Piersall purchased a home in Newtonville, a suburb of Boston, and settled down (if that's the term) to his journalism and a public-relations job with a meat products firm in the off season.

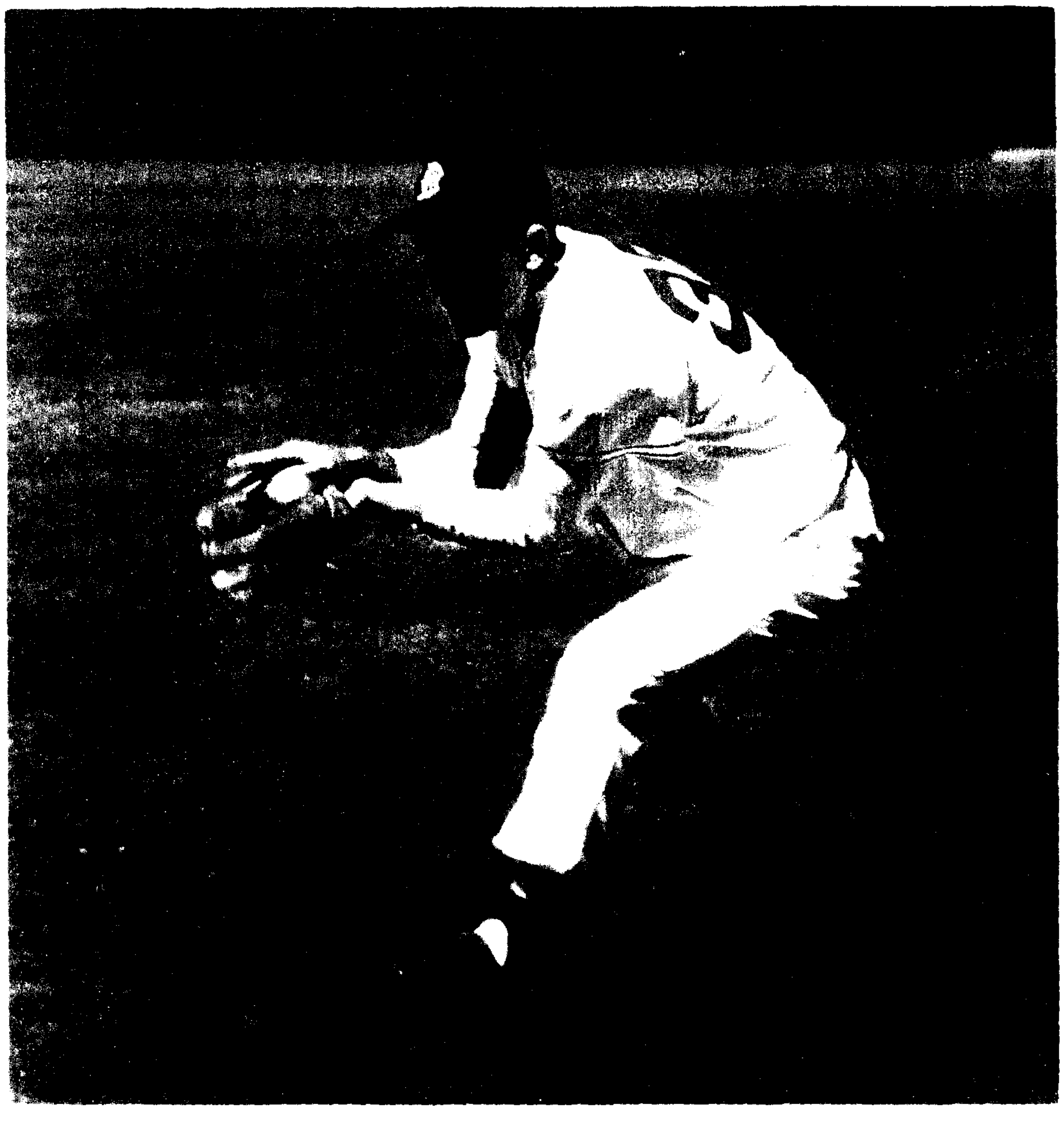
Although as intense and as impetuous as ever (he still runs into the fences even when his mates in the bull pen scream "No! No!" at him) Piersall is a changed young man from the boy who tried desperately to play shortstop for Boston in 1952.

A bundle of nerves then, Piersall was in constant hot water with the fans, umpires, rival players and his own teammates. He was too keyed up to do anybody any good, least of all himself; and he didn't improve even when he was farmed to Birmingham in the Southern Association later in the year.

A winter of complete rest worked wonders with Piersall. He wasn't chased by an umpire once in 1953. Even the gibes from rival benches didn't throw him off stride, although some of the riding was so vicious that at the July baseball meetings in Cincinnati, Red Sox president Tom Yawkey asked Allie Reynolds of the Yankees, the American League players' representative, to see if the other clubs' more savage bench jockeys would discard their whips.

"It was the first favor I ever asked of a ballplayer," says Yawkey.

Reynolds conveyed Yawkey's request to the players' representatives of the other teams; soon afterward Piersall reported a toning down in the riding. With the pressure off, he exhibited a new team spirit. A typical example occurred in a close game against Philadelphia in mid-August last year, when he was thrown out trying to stretch a single into a double—and spiked himself in the bargain. "I shouldn't have tried to stretch it with the power coming up," was his first comment. The "power" was Ted Williams, who followed Jim in the batting order.



To get the jump on the ball, he handles grounders like a shortstop, even wears an infielder's glove

Piersall was taken to Santa Maria Hospital in Cambridge. The nurse stood by with the hypodermic at the ready and the surgeon waited with his sutures, but Jim refused to climb on the operating table until he heard on the radio that the Sox had won the game.

Piersall, who missed only two games in 1953, was voted American League Sophomore of the Year by the Baseball Writers in a poll conducted by the Associated Press. He received more than half of the 179 ballots cast and beat out Whitey Ford, the Yankee left hander, by 96 to 67.

With a batting average of .272, Piersall ranked 25th among American League regulars who went to bat 400 or more times, but his defensive skills are such that his own pitchers would clamor to have him in the line-up if he hit no more than his weight: 175.

As Boudreau said after one of Jim's better fielding days, "Piersall could play on my team even if he hit into a triple play every time up."

Piersall's red-letter day in 1953, the one he treasures most, was June 10th, when he went on a batting spree. In the first game of a twi-night double header against the Browns in St. Louis, Piersall went six-for-six. His sixth hit, against Bob Cain, was a bunt placed so skillfully that no play could be made on it.

Piersall has a warm streak of affection for anybody who ever helped him. He speaks glowingly of Bob Ray and Bill Tracy, his coaches in parochial school and high school. He remembers everyone who had a kind word for him when he was beating his way up through the bushes—Mike Ryba, his manager at Scranton and Louisville, and George Toporcer, the former infielder, now blind, who once was the Red Sox farm director.

Encouraged by Red Sox Farm Director

"When the Red Sox sent me to Scranton in 1948, I felt strange and couldn't get going," Jim says. "We were playing in Albany when Toporcer visited me and talked to me like an old friend. 'I know you can play better, Jim,' George said, 'and I don't want to have to send you down to a club in a lower classification, because it'd take you that much longer to work up to the majors. I'm going to let you stay here two more weeks, and you show me what you can do.'

"That was all I needed. Mike (Ryba) had been telling me the same thing, but when Toporcer said it, it was right from the horse's mouth. He represented Mr. Yawkey and the entire Red Sox organization to me."

When Piersall was on a postseason barnstorming tour through New England with a team of all-stars last year, I caught up with him in Meriden, Connecticut. He insisted on driving me out to the baseball field of the International Silver Company, the firm for which he worked and played ball after graduation from high school.

Insilco Field, a contraction of the company's name, was far better kept than many minor-league parks I had seen, and was an eye-pleasing sight with its lush green outfield and rich brown, loamy infield.

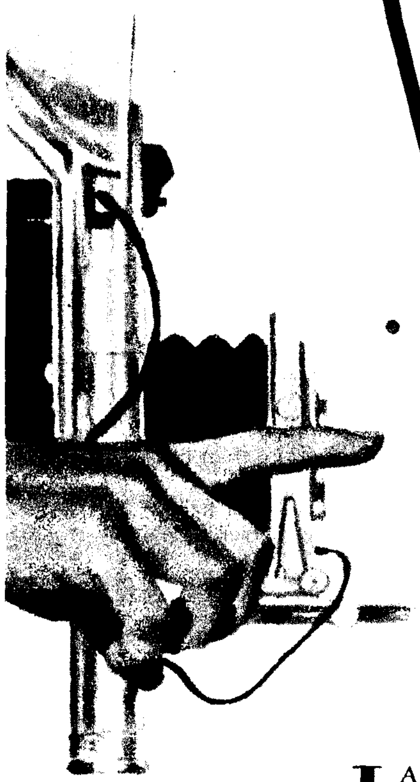
"Here's where it all started," Jim said sentimentally. "This is where Neil Mahoney signed me up for the Red Sox. I used to get up at five o'clock every morning and drive over the mountains from Waterbury to go to work and then play ball."

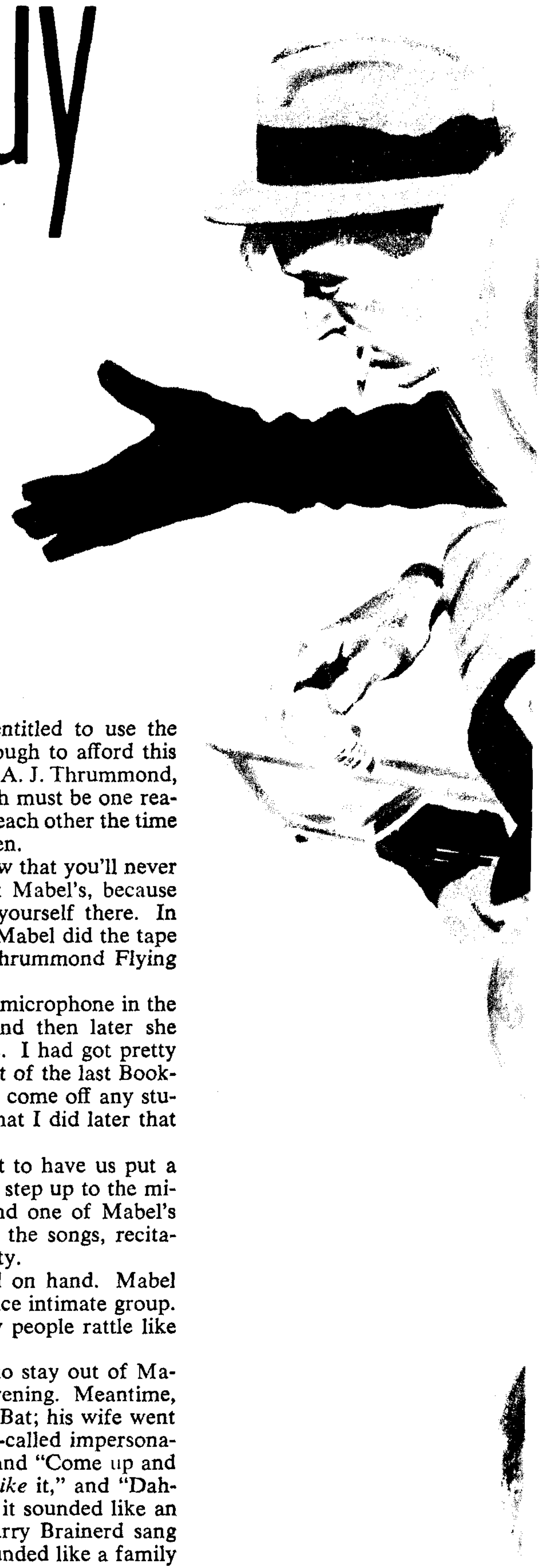
Piersall pointed to a small house behind the left-field fence, perhaps 425 feet from home plate.

"I hit that house when I was only a kid," he said proudly.

Somehow I felt that Jim, at twenty-four, still was only a kid—although I suppose Mickey Vernon and other American League hitters whom he has robbed would insist the correct term is: juvenile delinquent. ▲▲▲

Whispering Guy





By EDWARD HUTCHINGS, Jr.

It was great sport: actresses chased me, teen-agers swooned, money poured in. What could I lose— besides my job and my wits and my loving wife?

I AM The Whispering Guy—but I wouldn't want anyone to think I was proud of it. I'd sooner change my name to Malenkov than admit in public who I am. Either way my boss, Mr. A. J. Thrummond, would read me right out of the Thrummond Corporation.

My real name is James Millard—a good plain name for a good plain person, if I do say so myself, and a lot better than "Don Juan on wax," or "tawny, tousle-headed Adonis" or "bedimpled bruiser with a double ripple in every muscle."

I am actually an ordinary-sized brown-haired individual with no ripples, dimples or tousles that *I* ever noticed. There is nothing romantic whatsoever about me or my life. In fact, I am happily married and the father of two children—so I guess you could say I am no more or no less romantic than any other normal American husband and father.

I also work, just like everybody else, from eight thirty to five, five days a week, for the Thrummond Corporation—which, as everyone knows, is the world's largest manufacturer of glow-in-the-dark products. Without meaning to brag, I should add that I am a member of the training program—the Thrummond Flying Squad. And so in the near future I am likely to become—with God and Mr. A. J. Thrummond willing—an executive. And I am proud to say that I would rather be a senior executive of the Thrummond Corporation than sing all the nation's songs. Besides, I agree with Mr. Thrummond that nothing worth while is ever accomplished without hard work.

Probably it would be quite difficult for the ordinary individual to understand how such a person as I came to be The Whispering Guy. In fact, I hardly understand it myself.

It started with Mabel Thrummond. I guess you'd call her the Elsa Maxwell of Thrummondston. She doesn't just like to give parties; she likes to give knockdown, drag-out parties. I mean, you never get a chance just to sit and talk; you're always too busy acting something out, running around the property looking for secret treasure, trying to see how many words you can get out of something, or coming dressed as your suppressed desire. One fact you can always count on is that Mabel's parties will be rough on either your head or your feet.

All the same—when you get an invitation to Mabel's, you go. It's more like a summons than an invitation anyway. Mabel is not only convinced that she is the only person in the world entitled to use the word "no," but she is also rich enough to afford this conviction. Of course my boss, Mr. A. J. Thrummond, operates on this principle too, which must be one reason he and his sister have not given each other the time of day since about the age of fourteen.

Anyway, it's comforting to know that you'll never run into Mr. A. J. Thrummond at Mabel's, because you always make quite a fool of yourself there. In fact, if he'd been around the night Mabel did the tape recording, I'd have been off the Thrummond Flying Squad the next morning.

Early that evening Mabel hid a microphone in the centerpiece at the dinner table, and then later she played our conversation back to us. I had got pretty mixed up trying to describe the plot of the last Book-of-the-Month, but all in all I didn't come off any stupider than anybody else. It was what I did later that was *really* stupid.

It was Mabel's fancy that night to have us put a musical revue on tape. We were to step up to the microphone separately or in pairs, and one of Mabel's granite-faced butlers would record the songs, recitations and funny sayings for posterity.

There was the usual big crowd on hand. Mabel thinks about forty people make a nice intimate group. Of course, in her living room forty people rattle like beans in a dishpan.

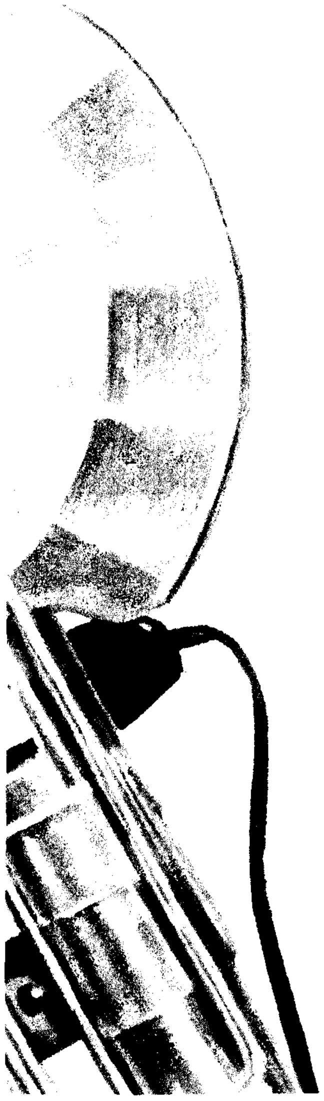
My wife Sally and I managed to stay out of Mabel's range until fairly late in the evening. Meantime, Percy Warren recited Casey at the Bat; his wife went through her whole repertoire of so-called impersonations, from "Wanna buy a duck?" and "Come up and see me sometime," to "I *like* it, I *like* it," and "Dahling"; Alice Perry sang Bill so low it sounded like an attack of indigestion; Tots and Harry Brainerd sang You're Just in Love so offkey it sounded like a family fight; Joe Swift played a stirring version of Chopsticks; Mabel sang The You-Don't-Know-The-Half-Of-It-Dearie Blues; and so on. Confidentially, it made the old Kiwanis Kapers seem dazzling by comparison.

Eventually, Sally and I were up for our stretch at the microphone. We sat on the piano bench, nervously humming one song after another, hoping to find one we could get through without my voice cracking. "They just don't write any songs in my range," I complained.

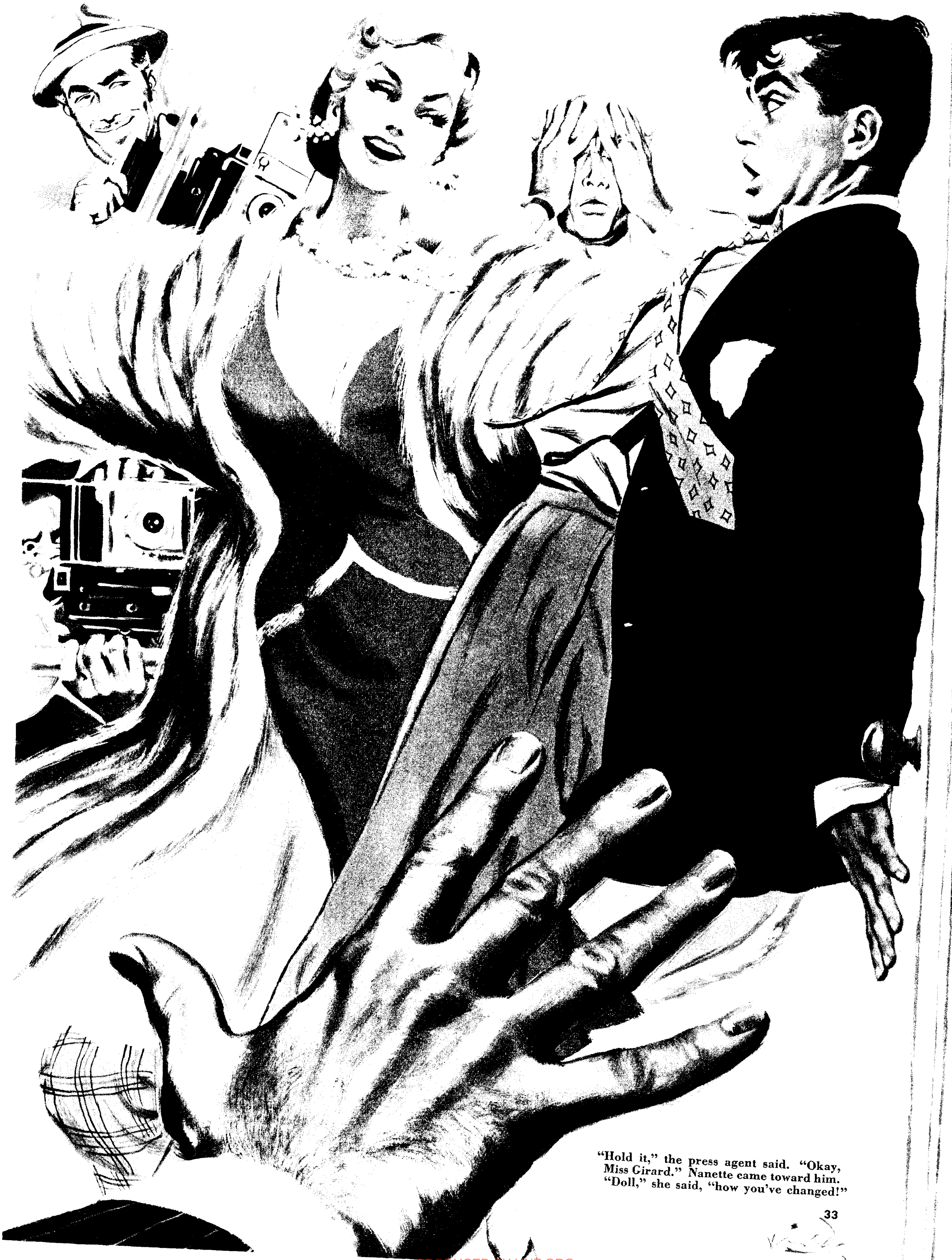
"That would be *no* range," Sally said unkindly. "But here's one you can do. Remember?"

It was a song called

(Continued on page 52)



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



"Hold it," the press agent said. "Okay, Miss Girard." Nanette came toward him. "Doll," she said, "how you've changed!"

THE TRUTH ABOUT

Could we have shortened the war? The author thinks so. The first U.S. commander to sign an armistice without victory tells the inside story of a crucial period in our history

MASON WEYMOUTH

General Mark W. Clark retired from the U.S. Army last October 31st after serving 40 years and in three wars. A Purple Heart veteran of World War I, Clark held two top commands in World War II—deputy commander in chief in Africa and 15th Army group commander in Italy. He became Supreme Commander of the United Nations forces in Korea in May, 1952, and held the post through the final days of the Korean war, climaxed by the signing of the armistice. A private citizen now, he will become president of The Citadel, a military college, March 1st

IN MAY, 1952, I was appointed commander of the United Nations forces fighting Communist aggression in Korea. Fifteen months later I signed a truce that suspended and—I devoutly hope—ended the fighting on that unhappy peninsula. For me the truce also marked the end of 40 years of military service; it capped my career, but it was a cap without a feather in it. In carrying out the instructions of my government, I gained the unenviable distinction of being the first Army commander in United States history to sign an armistice without victory.

I suffered a sense of frustration that was shared, I imagine, by my two predecessors as commander of the 17-nation forces, Generals Douglas MacArthur and Matthew B. Ridgway. I was thankful the bloodshed had stopped—but like millions of other Americans I more than suspected that the Korean war still came under the heading of unfinished business.

On a quick trip to the United States shortly after signing the truce, I was shocked to discover widespread misconceptions regarding the conduct of the Korean war and the way it ended. Now that I have retired, I believe that I can and should set the record straight as I saw it.

When the Eisenhower administration took office in January, 1953, it faced three possible courses of action in Korea. It could "hold the line"—continue the stalemate that had characterized most of the 31-month-old war. It could seek a decisive military victory. Or it could attempt to negotiate an armistice on terms it deemed honorable.

The first course was odious; no one in his right mind would advocate fighting indefinitely a war which we were not permitted to win yet was costing us approximately 30,000 casualties a year. The second course, a military decision, could be obtained only by massing and using offensively additional ground, sea and air forces, and by bombing vital targets in previously out-of-bounds China. If the ban on raids against the Red Chinese homeland were not lifted, a UN drive north to the Yalu River border between Korea and China would have incurred overwhelming losses.

That we signed a truce at all was not due to any sweet reasonableness on the Communists' part or to the logic of our arguments at the Panmunjom conference table. We got an armistice because the United States goverment wanted one and the Communists *needed* one. The Reds had been hurt on the battlefield. Moreover, I think they feared that a new administration in Washington, backed by an exasperated American people, would go all out for a military decision, whatever the cost.

I believe that the armistice was fair, by and large—considering that we lacked the determination to win the war. History may prove that President Syngman Rhee of Korea, in his desire to fight the war to a finish, was more right than we were. But he deserves severe criticism for his deliberate attempts to block the armistice and his threats to take unilateral action whenever it suited him; he might well have forced our government and the UN to continue the war against their will.

I emphatically disagree with so-called military experts who say that victory was ours for the taking at any time during my period of command with the limited forces at our disposal and without widening the scope of the conflict. We never had enough men, whereas the enemy had sufficient man power not only to block our offensives, but to make and hold small gains of his own.

KOREA

By GENERAL MARK W. CLARK

FIVE BASIC MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE

KOREAN WAR

General Clark says he was shocked on returning to the U.S. to find widespread misconceptions concerning the Korean war. Here he lists five, and replies to them:

1. ***A belief, sustained by the Monday-morning quarterbacks, that the Eighth Army during my tenure of command could have gone all the way to the Yalu River.***

We never had the means for such a drive during the last 15 months of the Korean war while I was in command.

2. ***A belief that the UN Command was guilty of "brutality" toward Communist prisoners of war, particularly on Koje.***

If anything, the UN Command deserved criticism for overbabying the POWs prior to the outbreaks on Koje; it permitted them to get out of hand. Communists believe a POW should do everything in his power, including open rebellion, to embarrass his captors, and then claim foul when order has been restored.

3. ***A theory that we would have achieved an honorable truce sooner had we made minor concessions "gracefully" early in the negotiations.***

Nonsense. Before the Communists felt it was to their advantage to conclude an armistice, nothing short of complete capitulation on every major point would have satisfied them. When they decided they could gain from a truce, almost nothing we could have done would have dissuaded them from going through with it.

4. ***A theory that President Syngman Rhee's opposition to an armistice was a "minor" problem we could have solved with a few promises and a reprimand.***

Rhee's burning desire to achieve a united Korea in his lifetime drove him to dangerous extremes in opposing any cease-fire short of that goal. With two thirds of the front manned by South Korean troops loyal to him, he had—and still has—the capability to upset the applecart.

5. ***A theory that our air supremacy in Korea should have won us a decisive victory.***

We were never permitted to use our air power to hit the enemy at his supply bases beyond the Yalu. Under such limitations, as was demonstrated under similar circumstances in the Italian campaign of World War II, Tactical Air cannot prevent the enemy from getting supplies and reinforcements to the front if he is willing to pay the price.

Air Force and Navy planes may have saved us from losing the war, but they were denied the opportunity to help win it. They gained mastery of the skies, gave magnificent support to the infantry, destroyed every worth-while target in North Korea and took a costly toll of enemy supplies.

But as in Italy, where we learned the same bitter lesson in the same kind of rugged country during my command there in World War II, our air power could not prevent a steady stream of enemy supplies and reinforcements from reaching the front.

Korea was a foot-slogger's war. To have pushed it to a conclusion would have required more trained divisions and more supporting air and naval forces, would have incurred heavy casualties and would have necessitated lifting our self-imposed ban on attacks on the enemy sanctuary north of the Yalu.

I believe, however, that we could have obtained better truce terms quicker—shortened the war and saved lives—if we had got tougher faster. Indeed, with this objective in mind, I made specific recommendations for a rapid build-up of South Korean forces, use of the Chinese Nationalist divisions from Formosa and, in the event of a decision by my government to win the war, the employment of the atomic bomb. Some of these recommendations were not original with me, but at the time I made them America was far better prepared to call the turn than in the early days of the war in 1950. In the intervening years we had pumped $100,000,000,000 into our military establishment—thereby sharply reducing not only Russia's temptation to start World War III but, failing that, her chances of winning it.

Korea was my first experience at fighting a shooting war and a conference-table war at the same time. But I had had two years of head-knocking with the Russians in Europe to teach me that Communists respect only force.

From mid-1945 to mid-1947, both in Vienna as American high commissioner for Austria and in Moscow as deputy to the then Secretary of State, General George C. Marshall, at negotiations for an Austrian peace treaty, I had taken a full course in Soviet duplicity. The Soviet objective had been first to loot Austria and then, by making it a satellite like Hungary and Romania, to turn the blue Danube Red from the Black Sea to Bavaria.

To repeat a story told before, I once said to Soviet Marshal Ivan S. Konev, my opposite number in Vienna, "You've made ten demands at this meeting that we can't meet. But suppose I should say, 'All right, we agree to all ten demands.' Then what would you do?"

"Tomorrow," Marshal Konev replied, "I'd have ten new ones."

In the concluding paragraphs of my book Calculated Risk, I wrote: "Having seen the Red Army and Russian diplomacy in action, my own belief is that there is nothing the Soviets would not do to achieve world domination. But I am convinced also that they respect force; perhaps they respect nothing in the world except force."

If I were to rewrite that last sentence today, I would strike out the word "perhaps."

Whether it was Konev in Vienna, Andrei Vishinsky in Moscow or Nam Il at Panmunjom, I found the Communists all to be the same breed of bandits. They are ruthless in their exploitation of weakness; they stop, look and listen only when confronted by force.

I returned from Europe to the United States by

Taking over during the Koje riots was like "walking into a swinging door"

PETER KALISCHER

United Nations troops, wearing masks as protection against tear gas, move rebellious Red prisoners from Koje compound, where they had held Brig. Gen. Francis T. Dodd as a hostage

ship in May, 1947, to assume command of the Sixth Army at the Presidio of San Francisco. Two days out of New York, aboard the SS America, I received a radiogram from the War Department asking me to speak on a national radio program.

When I went before the microphone in New York, I gave my frank views on my dealings with the Communists. The day after the program, on my arrival in Washington, a high-ranking Army officer told me that my remarks had shocked certain members of the State Department. He suggested that, since I was in the Army, it would be well to refrain from public utterances that might strain relations with the Soviet Union. I complied strictly thereafter, although I did not concur. I thought it important that the American people have a firsthand report on the monumental, exasperating problems we were facing in trying to do business with the Communists.

I felt vindicated when, almost two years later, General Marshall, still Secretary of State, told me during a visit to the Presidio:

"Clark, you can do a lot of good as a result of your experiences with the Communists if you tell the public of the real difficulties we are having with these people."

My two happy years at the Presidio ended in August, 1949, when I received a phone call from General Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, informing me I had been appointed Chief of Army Field Forces with the over-all responsibility of training our Army. This job assumed fire-alarm urgency less than a year later when the Korean war broke out. The ground forces expanded almost overnight and they had to be trained to fight an enemy who conformed to few of the accepted rules of warfare.

In February, 1951, I went to Korea to get a firsthand view of the situation. Stopping off in Tokyo, I renewed an old acquaintance with General Douglas MacArthur, then Supreme Commander of the UN forces. Ours really was an old acquaintanceship, dating back to 1910, when my father, Charles C. Clark, then a major, was attending the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. MacArthur, then a first lieutenant in the Engineers, used to visit our house regularly, but at the time of our meeting in Tokyo I hadn't seen him for 40 years.

As we shook hands, MacArthur asked, "How's your mother? Give her my love; I'm a great admirer of hers." I knew that the general's courtly inquiry would please my mother, who is over eighty and has had her husband or son in every big shoot from the Spanish-American War to Korea.

We discussed the Korean battle-front situation—the Chinese-reinforced Communists only a few weeks earlier had captured Seoul for the second time—and MacArthur went into considerable detail on how we had been catapulted into committing our ground forces in Korea. He was not complimentary to the Department of the Army, which, he felt, had more or less ignored his views at that critical juncture.

It was only two months later that President Truman relieved MacArthur of his command. I was at a camp in the Southern states on a field-training inspection tour at the time. Someone told me the news as I came out of my billet early in the morning. My first thought was: I wonder if I'm going to get the job. The answer was "yes"—but not until about a year later.

MacArthur's dismissal was not exactly unexpected in view of his feud with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. However, like most other officers in the Army, I was shocked at the abrupt termination of such a distinguished career.

But to get back to my first visit to Korea. While on that embattled peninsula, I stayed with the then Eighth Army commander, Lieutenant General Matt Ridgway, a former classmate at West Point with whom I have been associated through most of my military career. Never was there a finer soldier.

Plans for Fighting a Crafty Enemy

We toured the front together, returning at night to Ridgway's advance headquarters. I talked with dozens of commanders at all levels. These conversations and my own observations convinced me that more emphasis should be put on training for night operations, since the Chinese and North Koreans preferred to attack when planes could not support our troops. I also favored more work with some long-neglected close-quarter weapons—the bayonet, grenades and the M-1 rifle. Most important in a war in which we were chronically short of man power, I felt, every man in the ground forces—cooks, bakers, clerks and truck drivers—should be trained as a combat infantryman. I had no idea at the time that I would be the UN commander to reap the benefits, if any, of my own recommendations.

The sentimental high spot of this trip was meeting my son, Captain Bill Clark. Bill was aide to Major General Bryant E. Moore, commanding general of IX Corps. Moore told me Bill had asked for a rifle company and was probably going to get it. A few days later Moore was killed in a helicopter crash, but just as he had predicted, Bill was given command of G Company of the 9th Infantry Regiment, 2d Division.

I was not to see Bill again until his arrival in a hospital plane a year later at Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D.C., on his way to Walter Reed Hospital for treatment of his third and most serious battle wound, received on Heartbreak Ridge. During that year at the front, he had earned the Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, three Purple Hearts, the Presidential Citation, the Combat Infantry Badge and a battlefield promotion to major. I know you will forgive a proud father for referring to his only son, but I have another motive for mentioning Bill's record here.

Shortly after the cease-fire in Korea, I received a most abusive letter from a woman in Chicago who, among other things, demanded to know what influence I had used to keep my son out of the fighting. To the families of 137,000 Americans killed, missing or wounded in the Korean war, it is small comfort to hear of the misfortunes of others. But if anyone thinks generals' sons as well as generals die in bed, it should be pointed out that 35 of the 142 servicemen in Korea whose fathers were generals were killed, wounded or captured. Captain James A. Van Fleet, Jr., pilot-son of General James A. Van Fleet, former commander of the Eighth Army, is listed as missing in action.

After my return to Washington, I followed Far East developments with more than routine interest. It was well that I did. Although the President appointed Ridgway to succeed MacArthur, I was given the Far Eastern command a year later on Ridgway's departure for Paris to take over Supreme Command of the Allied Forces in Europe from General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

I was visiting Camp Roberts, California, in April, 1952, when I got a 5:00 A.M. telephone call from General Bradley telling me of the appointment. I had no illusions about the task. I had been in on much of the Korean planning in Washington and knew that this would be the toughest job of my career. I flew at once to Washington for a

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

Generals' sons also fought i

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

General Matthew B. Ridgway (in front seat of jeep), retiring Supreme Commander of United Nations forces in Korea, escorts his successor, General Clark, on inspection tour of front

rapid-fire round of briefings, paid my respects to UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie in New York and took off for Tokyo.

I landed at Tokyo's Haneda Airport on the morning of May 7th and was met by Matt Ridgway and another old friend, Ambassador Bob Murphy. That night I dined with Matt and his attractive wife, Penny, at Maeda House, the Far East Commander's residence I was later to occupy.

Next morning Ridgway and I took off for Korea, he to say his farewells and I to meet my old friend, Van Fleet, then commander of the Eighth Army, his subordinate commanders and President Syngman Rhee.

During the four-hour flight from Tokyo to Seoul, Matt broke the news to me of the biggest flap to hit the Far East Command since Red China entered the Korean war a year and a half earlier.

He told me that at 3:15 P.M. the previous day—May 7th—Brigadier General Francis T. Dodd, commander of the prisoner-of-war camp on Koje, an island 30 miles off the southeast tip of Korea, had been kidnaped by a group of Red prisoners while parleying with them in front of one of the compounds. He had been dragged inside the compound and was being held as a hostage.

He Hadn't Been Briefed About Koje

To me the news was astounding. Although I had been briefed in Washington about the Korean war, I had heard nothing of Koje or the critical prisoner-of-war problem existing behind our lines. Right then I got the impression I was walking into something remarkably like a swinging door.

It was understandable that I had considered POWs a relatively unimportant problem. During the North African and Italian campaigns of World War II, we had captured hundreds of thousands of Germans and Italians and all had conformed to the provisions of the Geneva convention. Under the convention, a prisoner may try to escape, but while he is under restraint he must obey his captors or suffer the consequences.

The Communists didn't see it that way. To them a prisoner was a weapon to be used to embarrass the UN command, to influence the truce talks, or simply to pin down combat troops on guard duty. As Ridgway explained it, the aggressiveness of the Red POWs had increased in direct proportion to our resistance to Communist demands in the prisoner-exchange debate at the truce talks in Panmunjom. The UN had taken the position that no prisoner should be forced to return to Communism against his will, and was screening the captives to determine which ones would resist repatriation to North Korea and China.

About 40 per cent of Chinese and North Korean war prisoners held by the UN at the time had indicated they preferred death to returning to Communism. The disaffection of about 15,000 Chinese was a particularly serious propaganda blow to the Communists; all were supposed to be fighting in Korea as volunteers.

The Communist countermeasures were typical. Specially trained Red agents permitted themselves to be captured on the front in order to relay the latest Communist instructions to pro-Red prisoners. The instructions were simple—raise hell, spill blood, and even make martyrs if necessary to give the UN command a black eye and prevent any more screening of prisoners.

After we arrived at Eighth Army Headquarters in Seoul, General Ridgway got a firsthand report on the Dodd snafu from General Van Fleet. Van was a magnificent, aggressive combat soldier who had whipped the Communist guerrillas in Greece and smashed an all-out Chinese offensive in Korea the previous spring, but his duties covered too much territory. He ran the war on a 155-mile front, maintained the complicated liaison with the South Korean government, and was finally responsible for the prisoners of war, supplies, communications and everything that happened from the battle line all the way back to Pusan. (I subsequently remedied the situation by setting up a communications zone in Van's rear to relieve him of all responsibilities except those pertaining to the battle.)

From Van we learned the amazing *initial* demands which the Red prisoners had made as conditions for Dodd's release. They insisted they be allowed to form a vast prisoner-of-war association, complete with bylaws and an intercompound telephone system, and be provided with additional tents, desks, chairs, reams and reams of paper, ink, fountain pens, duplicating machines—and two three-quarter-ton trucks!

Ridgway immediately directed the appointment of a successor to Dodd. After we visited I Corps headquarters, I learned Van Fleet had given the job to Brigadier General Charles F. Colson, I Corps' chief of staff. We flew on to Munsan to call on Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, chief UN truce negotiator. There Ridgway assembled a more comprehensive report on what was happening on Koje, but it wasn't reassuring.

The camp's 80,000 fanatical pro-Communist prisoners (an approximate number, since camp authorities had not been inside some compounds to make an accurate count) were openly defying their guards. They were flying Communist flags, stringing insulting banners on the barbed-wire enclosures and wigwagging signals from one compound to another.

Matt sent his first report on the incident to Washington and included the instructions he had given Van Fleet to use any force necessary to obtain Dodd's release. There were 11,000 troops on guard duty on Koje, one third of them South Koreans; another battalion of American infantry and a company of tanks were on the way. The camp's intelligence officer reported that the prisoners had the capability to take over the island.

Cordially Welcomed by Syngman Rhee

The next day, May 9th, we flew from Seoul to Pusan to pay our respects to President Rhee. My first meeting with the Korean president was perfunctory. Matt said good-by and President Rhee welcomed me cordially, assuring me that as the new UN commander I would receive the same support from his splendid forces as had my predecessors.

On our flight back to Tokyo later in the day, we circled low over Koje which had no landing strip big enough for our plane. The island looked peaceful enough from the air.

I spent the next two days in Tokyo at more briefings and in getting acquainted with members of the UN and Far East Command staffs. Ridgway was frantically busy with the Dodd affair. More reinforcements were sent to Koje. By the afternoon of May 10th, there were 12,000 combat-hardened troops on the island and a goodly number of tanks. Our strength was sufficient, in my opinion, to have forced the Reds to give up Dodd, dead or alive.

The Reds, meantime, were adding to their outrageous demands. They wanted Colson to sign a promise that there would be no more screening and an implicit confession that the UN command had committed a whole series of crimes against the prisoners. They threatened to kill Dodd and stage an island-wide breakout if troops tried to crash the compound. It was a rough situation, made even more difficult psychologically for Colson by frequent telephone conversations with Dodd inside the compound. The prisoners were using Dodd to relay their demands and threats.

Van Fleet made two trips to Koje, the last on May 9th, to get firsthand information. Negotiations between Colson and the prisoners appeared to be reaching a climax, and minor concessions by both sides postponed any order to rescue Dodd forcibly. The delay was interpreted—correctly—by the Communists as a sign of weakness on our part.

Dodd was finally released unharmed at 9:30 P.M. on May 10th, 78 hours after his capture, in return for an agreement signed by Colson which read as though it had been dictated by a Communist propaganda minister. Colson assured the prisoners that *"in the future* (italics mine) prisoners of war can expect humane treatment in this camp, according to the principles of international law"—broadly implying that in the past we had treated the prisoners inhumanely and violated international law. Although Colson had no authority to do so, he also promised there would be no more screening of prisoners.

On the second morning after Dodd's release (May 12th), I was sitting at Matt's desk in the Dai Ichi Building in Tokyo waiting to take over actual command that afternoon coincidentally with his departure from Haneda Airport. The telephone rang: it was Matt. Would I, he asked, please formally take over at 10:00 A.M. instead of at the 3:00 P.M. take-off time?

My honest preference was to catch a plane myself and take off. But I agreed that a few hours one way or the other wouldn't matter. Dodd had been whisked to Eighth Army Headquarters in Seoul. He had not been permitted to see reporters, and the Colson ransom note still had not been made public—36 hours after the bare announcement that Dodd was free. The press was clamoring to get the full story from him, from the Eighth Army, from anybody.

I asked my aide to get me the Public Information Officer, for I realized some news would have to be given out. I was told that the man who handled press affairs for Ridgway was Burrows Matthews, a civilian—and he was packing to leave on the same plane as Matt.

There was a Marine lieutenant colonel, however, who had been GHQ military PIO for a short time. I sent for him. My first reaction to Don Nugent was one of reassurance, and my confidence in him increased during the next 16 months. I found him to be a sound thinker, courageous and respected by the press. I dictated a statement on the Koje situation, for release after concurrence by General Ridgway.

I didn't see Ridgway until his arrival at Haneda at 3:10 P.M. The lid was still on the Dodd-Colson business then, and the press sniping had developed into a barrage.

During the honor-guard farewell ceremony, I whispered to Matt that I felt it essential a statement be released. I slipped a copy into his hand and told him to radio me his views on it right after his take-off.

Matt walked up the plane ramp with his wife, his two-year-old son, and a broad smile on his face. As he waved good-by, I visualized him throwing me a blazing forward pass. Within minutes after take-off, I received a message from the plane that he concurred in my proposed press release and felt it was necessary.

An Amazing Statement by Dodd

That evening at Van Fleet's headquarters, Dodd read to the press an account of his capture and release, closing with the extraordinary statement: "The demands made by the POWs are inconsequential and the concessions granted by the camp authorities were of minor importance." Van Fleet expressed similar sentiments in a message to me.

My own press statement reviewed the history of Dodd's capture and gave the text of the POW demands. It also contained the text of Colson's agreement, which I denounced as follows: "The reply by General Colson was made under great duress at a time when the life of General Dodd was at stake. The Communist demands were unadulterated blackmail and any commitments made by General Colson as a result of such demands should be interpreted accordingly."

I was amazed soon thereafter when a board of officers, convened to determine the responsibility for the affair, found that General Colson had displayed coolness and excellent judgment in handling negotiations and recommended that no blame should fall on Dodd for being captured.

Van Fleet did not concur in the finding and recommended administrative action against both officers. By this time there was a crossfire from another direction—Washington. The Pentagon sounded as though it wanted someone's head on a pike.

I had no sleep for 72 hours after I assumed command. I was either preparing messages to Washington or participating in telecon communications (using a device which flashes incoming and outgoing teletype messages on a screen for ready reading). One telecon conference was called by General Bradley at midnight, Tokyo time, the night of May 12th-13th. My staff and I sat in the communications room all night answering questions from Washington.

Washington or Tokyo Time?

When we finished at 5:00 A.M. (4:00 P.M. Washington time), Brad said, "Well, thanks so much, and good night." I flashed back on the screen, "Good night, hell, it's morning here."

Midnight in Washington was only 1:00 P.M. in Tokyo—so I called the next telecon conference at that hour. We soon established reciprocity on minimizing midnight conversations.

I appointed a new board of investigation, headed by Major General Blackshear M. Bryan, Jr., then my deputy chief of staff. He had served with distinction in the earlier Korean fighting as commander of the 24th Division.

I sent Brigadier General Haydon L. Boatner, stocky, cocky deputy commander of the 2d Division to replace Colson on Koje. He was given additional reinforcements, including the 187th Regimental Combat Team, and firm instructions to clean up Koje and keep it under control. Boatner did the job with the loss of one American life and 40 deaths among the prisoners of Compound 76, where General Dodd had been held.

On the findings of the new board of investigation, I recommended that Dodd and Colson be reduced in rank. These recommendations were approved in Washington.

It should be made clear that my investigation of the Dodd incident was confined to the reasons for his capture and the events leading up to his release. I informed the Department of the Army I did not feel it within my sphere of command or responsibility to dig deeper into the lack of control that had prevailed in the POW camps during the previous eight months.

It is interesting to note that, two days before Dodd's capture, General Ridgway called this situation to the attention of Van Fleet, voicing his concern "over the possibility of increasing boldness on the part of the Communist leaders." However, it is apparent that the POW problem had been soft-pedaled in the hope that a quick armistice would resolve everything. The first few days in my new command had taught me one lesson—prisoners in the Korean war were not just pieces that had been removed from the chessboard, but a burning issue that would crop up more than once in the weary months ahead.

In the next issue, General Clark will discuss the truce talks and answer the question: Did Soviet pilots take part in the Korean air war?

Me...*spoiling somebody's life?*

IN ALL my life I've never been so shocked. I, who have made a thousand sacrifices for my husband and my children . . .

My hand went up to my throat. I found the strength to whisper, "What do you mean?"

Jean is my oldest, my dearest friend. She leaned forward, the knuckles of her hands showing white on the chair arms, her eyes screwed up with apprehension. She was afraid, you see . . . afraid I'd never forgive her. "Right now, Alice," she said very slowly, "I'm talking louder than I usually do. I'm straining my voice. You're not deaf, but you're hard of hearing."

"Oh, a little," I agreed.

She smiled. "Much more than you think. So much so that other folks – your husband, your children, your friends – can't be in the same room with you without a constant sense of strain . . . wondering whether or not you catch what they say. Repeating, again and again. Raising their voices . . . or afraid you may think they're whispering behind your back. The atmosphere here is as tight as a bowstring. You're spoiling their lives. I tell you: I know. If you needed glasses, Alice, and were foolish enough not to get them, whom would you hurt? No one but yourself. But now you're hurting everybody else. You're an imaginative woman, Alice – put yourself in their place! Oh, try! please try!" She sank back in the chair. "Forgive me!"

We had a bad time then; and after that we cried a little. And then, of course, I forgave her. Much later, I remembered that my husband had tried, a dozen times, to get me to see about a hearing aid.

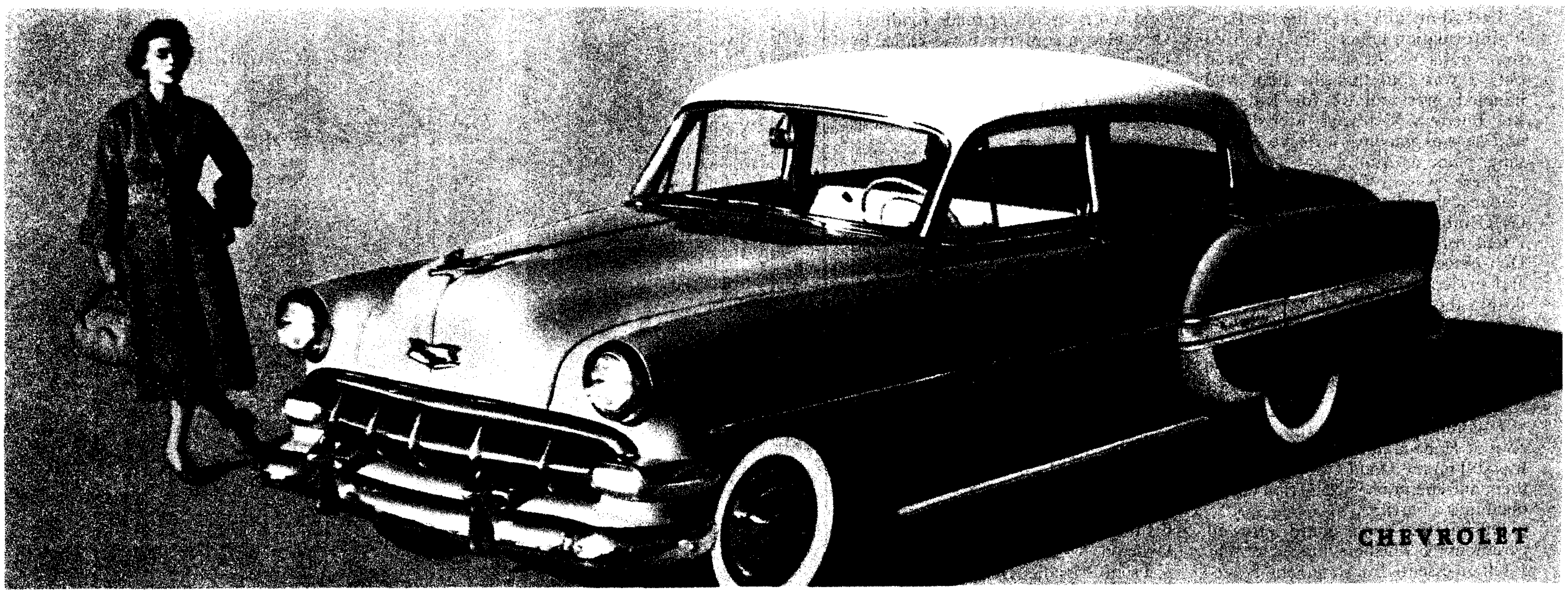
I did, within a week. I bought one of the tiny new aids that modern science has made possible. It's simply marvelous . . . the size of a pack of cigarettes. I'm happy now, not only because of my own increased awareness, but because of my home. The tension's off. We're free and casual and easy . . . as a home should be.

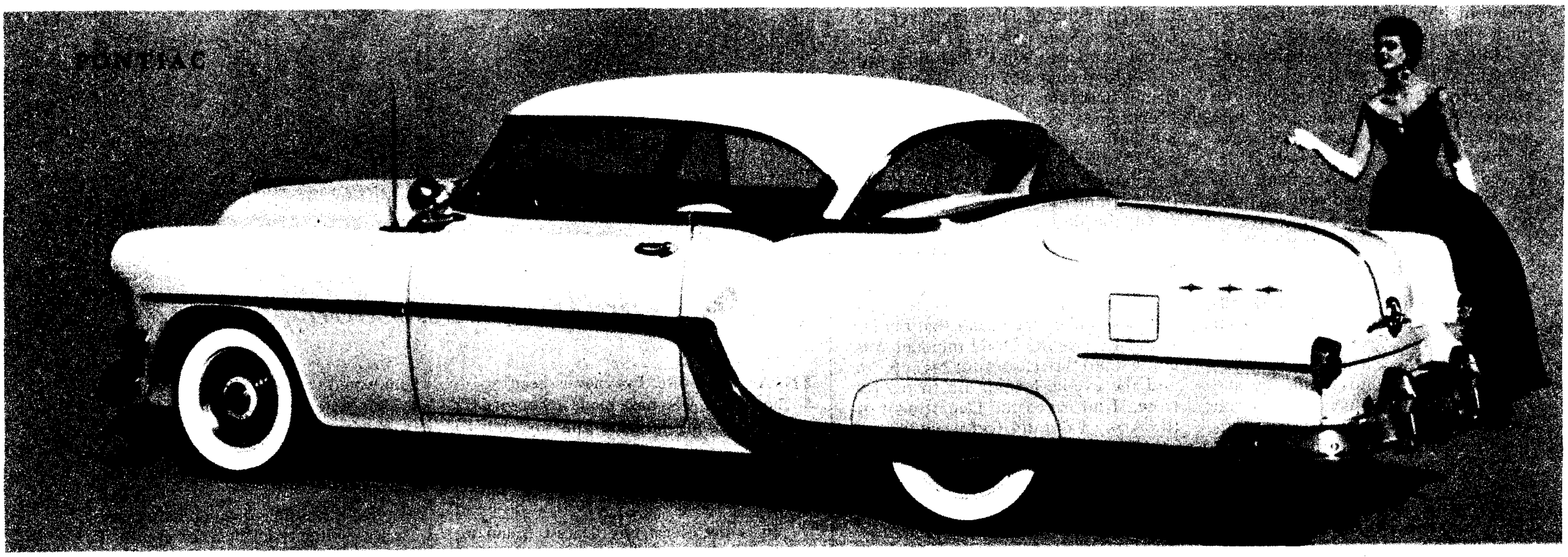
If you are hard of hearing, get professional advice without delay. There are competent physicians and highly trained hearing-aid dealers in your neighborhood, anxious and able to help you.

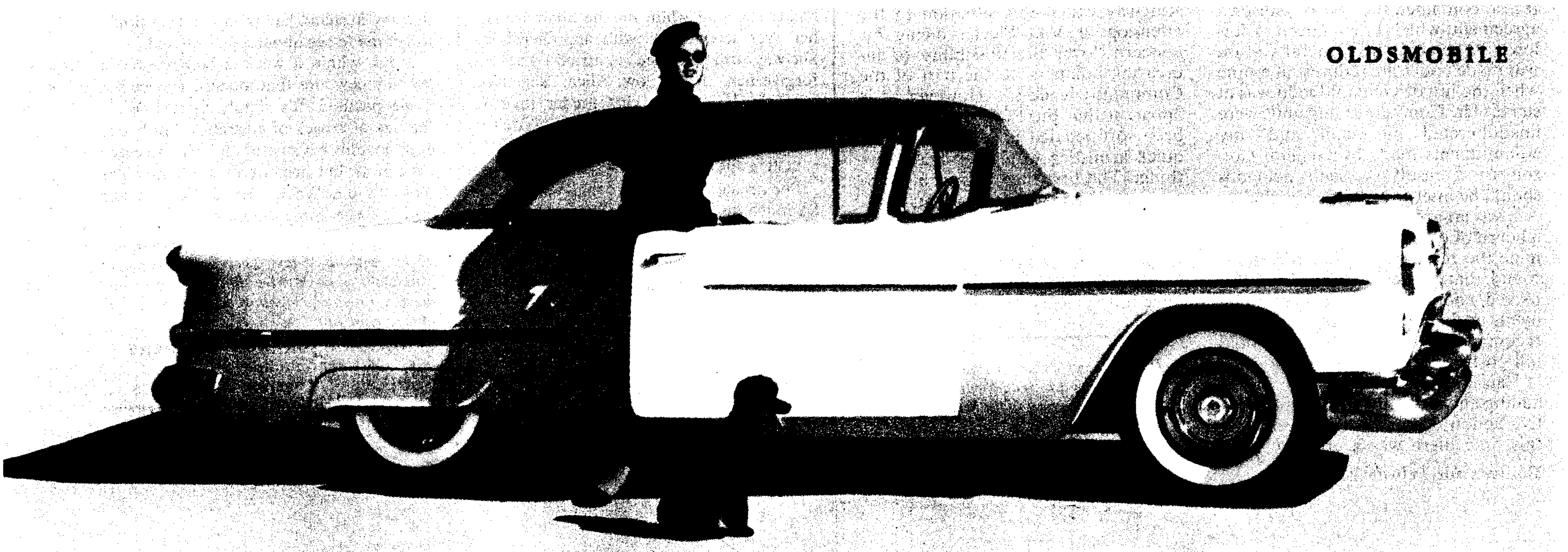
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Manufacturers of
"Eveready" hearing-aid batteries
A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The term "EVEREADY" is a registered trade-mark of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

"CAR OF THE FUTURE" IN FIVE GENERAL MOTORS






OLDSMOBILE

STYLING COMES TRUE
CARS YOU CAN BUY TODAY

Once more, General Motors leads the style parade—with five brilliant examples of what the new style trend will be for the years ahead

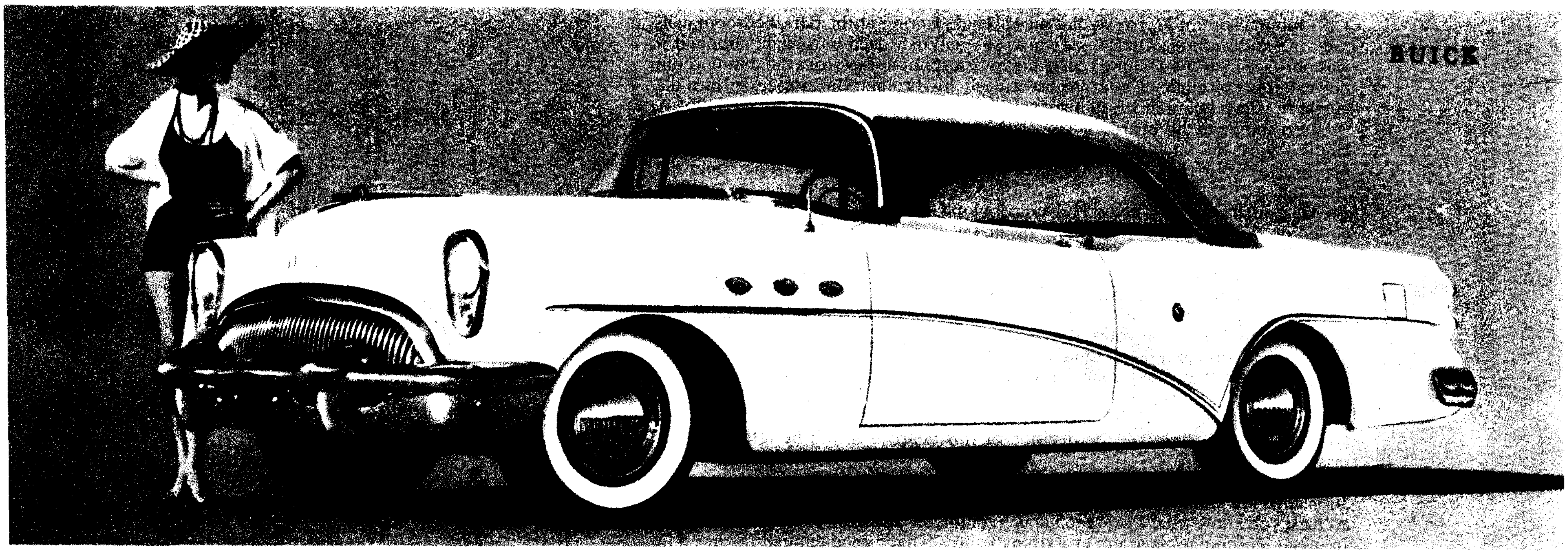
Here are the smart new sweep of line — the low, swift look — the arching new expanse of backswept windshield glass—and a host of advanced new engineering features—that were found in GM's "dream cars" only a few short months ago.

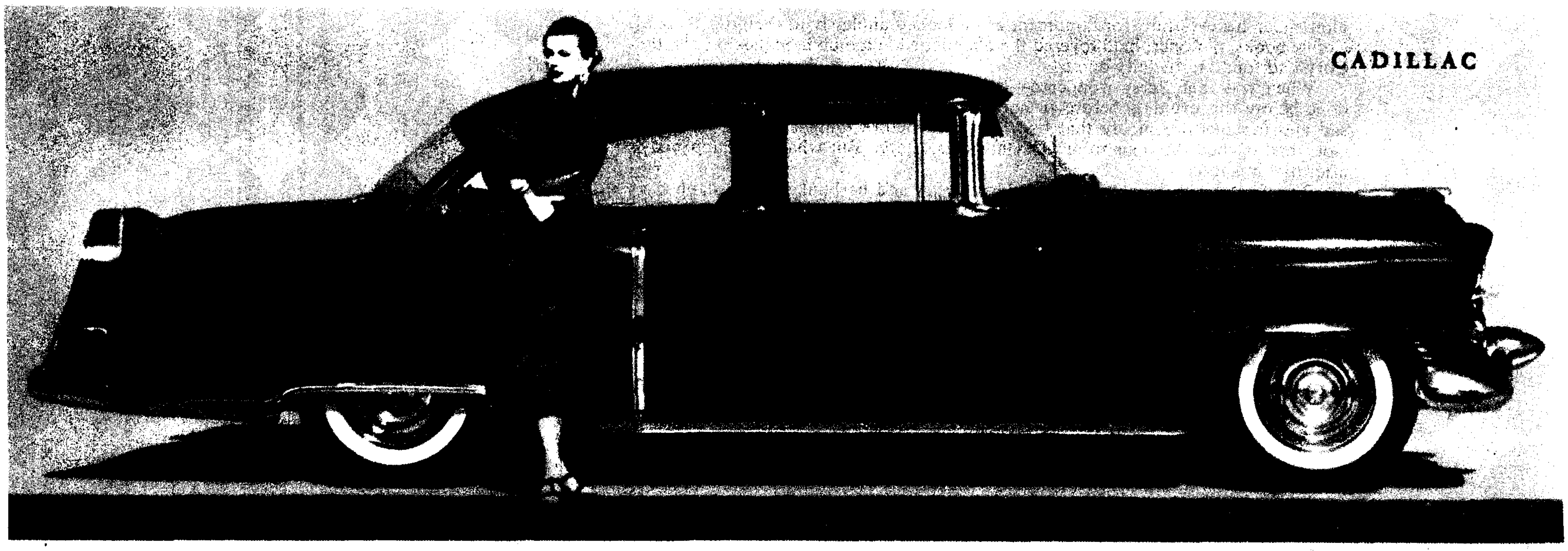
But they are dreams no longer. Today they are real. For even as people looked with longing at those "cars of the future," the toolmakers and the diemakers were busy on the tasks which turned them into production models for 1954.

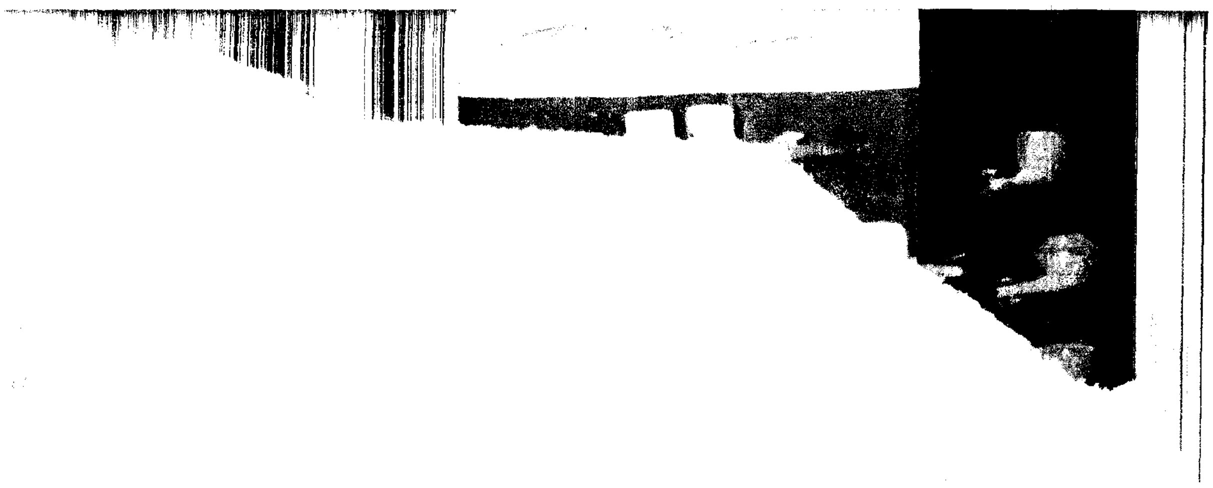
So now we have ready for your appreciative appraisal the newest, smartest, and most advanced line of automobiles that has come to market in many a year.

Come see them, and we think you'll agree.

GENERAL MOTORS



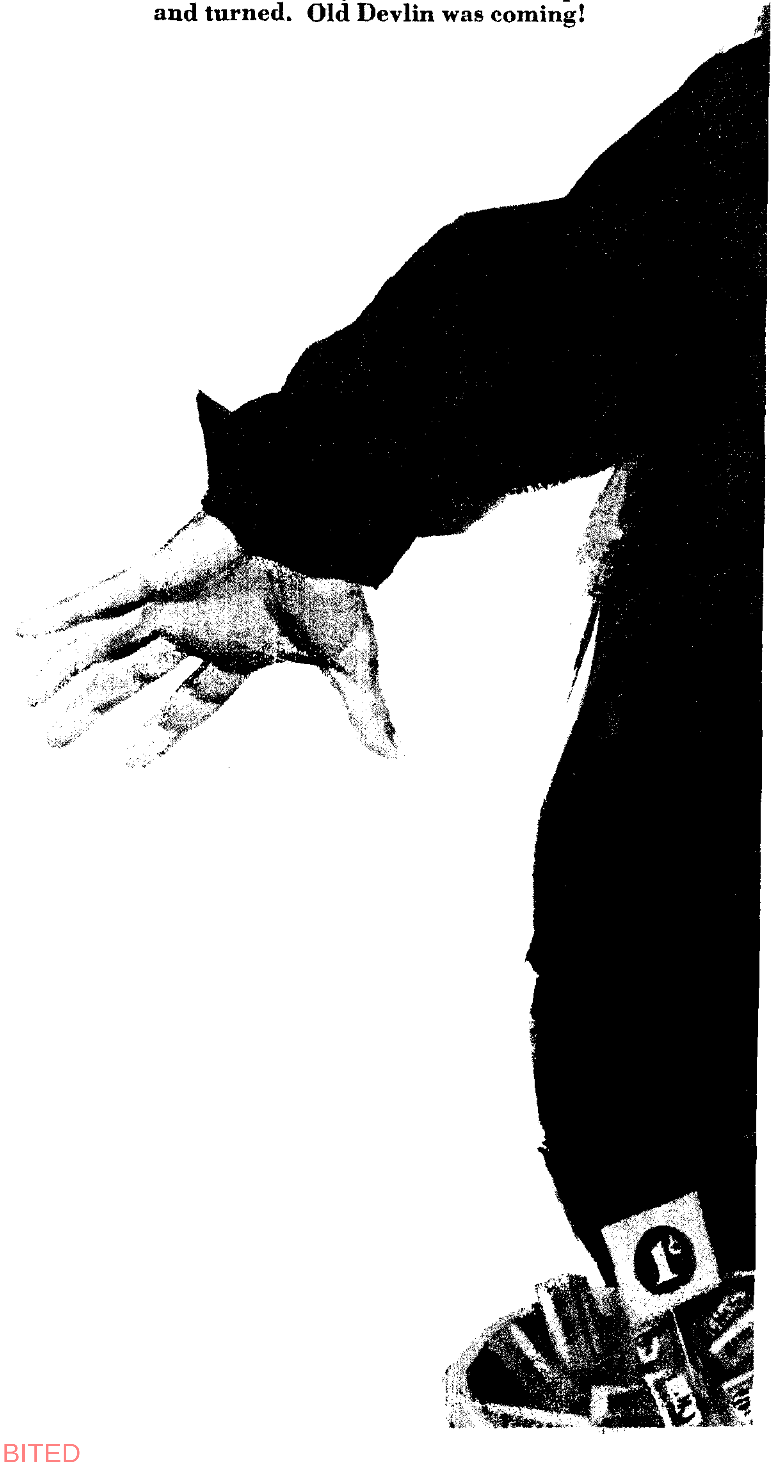




A revealing story of three bo
who were bored stiff waiting
to make something happen—

The Restless Ones

By LESLIE WALLER



Cory scooped out the money, his fingers trembling. He had the cash in hand when Jerry heard the footsteps and turned. Old Devlin was coming!

THEY wouldn't electrocute somebody my age, Jerry thought. I'm still a minor—or am I? He lay flat on his back, staring at the dark bedroom ceiling and waiting. Outside, the gray sky had darkened into black although it was only seven in the evening. Jerry could hear faint noises from the dining room downstairs: the clink of cup against saucer, his brother Buzzy's crazy birdlike laugh, the deep boom of his father's voice.

In a moment, he heard Buzzy's laugh again, joined this time by his sister Emily's pleasant, ladylike tinkle. What're they laughing at? Jerry wondered nervously. What's the joke? Me, probably. Some big old joke. You could die laughing.

He grimaced and turned on his side, looking at the faint line of light under his closed door. You got the electric chair, he decided, for first-degree murder. But what was it for second-degree? Or for manslaughter? A life sentence, probably.

He sighed heavily and felt suddenly, strangely, at peace with himself. "We find the defendant guilty as charged," the jury foreman said.

The judge's gavel knocked twice. "I sentence you to life imprisonment and may God have mercy on your—"

No, that was for a death sentence.

I won't get that, Jerry told himself now. I'll get stuck away in prison somewhere. It won't be so bad. Three crumby old meals a day and I'll work in the machine shop—model prisoner, with time off for good behavior. "In view of your excellent record, it is the decision of this board that you be released from prison to—"

Oh, no. Suddenly Jerry sat up on the edge of the bed. Not that, he thought. Just leave me alone. The food's no good, but at least you know where you are. At least you know what's going to happen tomorrow and next week and next year. In prison nothing's mixed up; everything's sure. That's good enough for me.

He got up off the bed and switched on the lamp over his desk. The sudden glow made his eyes hurt for a moment as he looked aimlessly at the litter there. Comic books, old ones, half covered the abandoned automobile magneto he and Cory had found in the city dump.

When was that, Jerry wondered—last week? Yesterday? Nothing he had done before this evening, before an hour ago, seemed real. It all belonged to a sad and nervous dream life that had happened before tonight, before he and Cory had opened the door to old Devlin's cigar store. But what had happened after that was too real.

Buzzy's staccato laugh echoed in Jerry's ears and he blinked as if slapped. What were they laughing about?

He picked up the magneto and remembered that Cory and he had planned to take out the permanent magnets in it. You could have a lot of fun with magnets. Almost sadly, he laid the magneto back on the desk. That's all over, he decided, all done with. He leafed idly through one of the comic books: Rats of the Underworld.

He sighed and sat down on the edge of his bed, trying to get interested in the first story. Slowly, he ran his fingers through his crew-cut hair, back and forth, back and forth. After a moment he let the comic book fall to the floor and was

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

Collier's

If your car feels like this... it's time for MARFAK chassis lubrication

That "cushiony" feeling lasts longer with – MARFAK *Lubrication*

Even in wet and slushy winter driving, you can count on *Marfak*. It's built to *last*. It resists wash-out, squeeze-out and jar-out for 1,000 miles or more. *Marfak* really stays on the job, fighting wear and friction . . . gives you that *cushiony* feeling. Drive in – today – for longer lasting *Marfak* chassis lubrication. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS
in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

TUNE IN: METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.

lying on his back again, staring at the blank ceiling, warily, tensely, waiting again.

Downstairs, Buzzy laughed much louder and Jerry's mother's voice sounded sharp. "Stop that," she said. "Jerry's not feeling well."

Oh, brother, Jerry thought, you can say that again. He heard himself sigh again, heavily, as though his lungs couldn't get enough oxygen out of the air he breathed. He closed his eyes and wondered how long it would be before they came and got him.

It was funny: he couldn't remember a day when he hadn't felt like this—tensed-up, expectant, jumpy, never sure what would happen next. Well, this was the last of those days, he thought. After this, there'd be no more waiting; after this, jail.

How fast everything happened. They had been in old Devlin's cigar store not more than a minute, maybe less, and in that minute the whole world had died and been born again, differently. What, Jerry asked himself, if I hadn't met Cory and Harold this afternoon? What if we hadn't taken that ride? What if pigs had wings?

The funny part was that none of them had seen it coming. In the movies and the comic books there was always some guy who could see it coming: "I tell you, Ed, if you pull a caper like this you'll swing for it." But that wasn't how it happened in real life, was it? what had happened was awfully real.

He suddenly felt a little chilly in his white T-shirt and jeans, but he couldn't seem to muster the strength to get up and put on his jacket or close the window. He felt as if he were lying at the bottom of the ocean, gasping, held down by tons of inky water.

EASY, he told himself. It'll all be over in a little while. They'll come for you. Then the trial, the sentence and jail—and you can start breathing again.

He closed his eyes, trying to see himself at peace, finally, in prison. Instead he saw himself, with painful clarity, going into the drugstore this afternoon and heading for the booth where Cory and Harold sat.

"Arise, varlet!" Cory told Harold. "A noble knight approacheth."

They got up and salaamed vigorously three times, Harold upsetting his glass of water. Jerry put on a dead-pan expression, the bored aristocrat. "Be cool, men," he said. "I'm a pretty democratic sort of guy. Just call me Bill."

"Hiya, Bill," Cory said, equally dead pan. "Seen anything of Jerry?"

"That square," Jerry said, "was last seen astride a winded pinto, making tracks for the pass." He sat down beside Harold, who was mopping up spilled water with a paper napkin.

With a flourish, Cory handed Jerry a bowl of sugar cubes. "Be my guest," he said pleasantly.

"Listen, Jerry," Harold said, "what'd you get in the geometry quiz?"

"Ninety-one."

All Things Come to Her Who Dates

After years of politeness, I'm at last off the shelf.
My rule for success? Every man for myself.

—CINDY CURRY

Harold looked disheartened. "Seventy-seven for me."

"You crumbs ordered yet?" Jerry asked.

Cory shook his head and said, "We were waiting for you." He handed Jerry the menu. "What strikes your fancy, old man?"

Jerry frowned. "They do a quite decent black-and-white soda here," he said. "Domestic, of course, but of a good vintage year."

"The steward informed me," Cory confided, "that they've—"

"All right," the waitress cut in, "what'll it be?"

Jerry looked straight ahead. "Three black-and-white sodas, madam," he said in a prim voice. When she had left, the boys burst into laughter.

HAROLD unfolded another paper napkin and carefully sponged off the last drops of water. "What's with you?" Jerry asked.

"Just neat."

Jerry looked incredulously at Cory. "Are you this guy's keeper, Mac?"

"If you want to know," Harold said then, carefully stuffing the damp napkin in Jerry's pocket, "I'm getting in practice for swabbing barracks floors."

"Huh?" Jerry pulled out the napkin and solicitously placed it in Harold's pocket.

"I got my draft call," Harold said flatly. In the silence that followed, he took the napkin out of his pocket and let it fall to the floor.

None of them said anything. When the waitress brought their sodas they picked up their spoons and began eating slowly. Jerry watched the brown-colored liquid rise slowly in his straw, hover for a moment as he held his breath, and then drop back down into the glass as he took his mouth away. Well, he thought, well. He hadn't known Harold as long as he'd known Cory, of course. But still and all—and Harold was only a few months older than they were. That meant—

He shifted restlessly and began sucking up the soda. Then with his spoon he attacked the ice cream almost savagely. In a moment the glass was empty. It's like I never had any soda at all, Jerry thought, like she brought me an empty glass.

He pushed the glass away with an irritable gesture. He had the feeling that he ought to be on the move, that he was wasting his time waiting here looking at an empty glass. A lot was happening in the world and he was missing it. Something had to be happening somewhere, because nothing at all was happening here—just the same old waiting.

"Awful dead joint," Cory said abruptly. "Let's blow."

"Yeah," Harold agreed. "Let's hit the road."

"Yeah," Jerry heard himself add, almost mechanically, "let's make with the heel and toe."

Outside, the winter sun was bright. The three of them stood for a moment, trying to decide where to go. Jerry looked in the plate-glass window of old man Devlin's cigar store and saw three versions of himself standing there in jackets and narrow-hipped jeans. The triple illusion was almost perfect, he noticed, except that Cory's jacket was blue, his own was red and Harold wore an old faded-green Army field jacket of his brother's.

Getting in training, Jerry thought. Man, it gave you the jumps: Harold now, me and Cory next. But how soon? And where to? Doing what?

"Awright, you guys," Cory growled in his Humphrey Bogart voice, "let's get a move on. Let's have a little action, see?"

"Yeah," Jerry said, grateful for the interruption. "A little action." He thought for a moment. "Let's go up to my joint and take the magnets out of that old—"

Harold made a face. "That's action?" he said.

They stood there, unable to make up their minds, and again Jerry felt the same overpowering desire to be on the move. "Where's your heap, Cory?"

"My what?" Cory asked in an offended voice. "Are you referring to my internal-combustion machine?"

"Let's ride out to the crossroads," Harold suggested.

"Nothing doing there."

"How do you know?" Harold insisted. "Anyway, what's doing here?"

They got the hot rod out of Cory's father's garage, moving stealthily because they had been forbidden to use the car for a month. Cory's father had made that clear after last Saturday night, Jerry recalled, when the right-rear wheel had spun off the axle as they were coming back from the Soph Hop with their dates. "It's only the cotter pin, Pop," Cory had pleaded. "No," his father had said grimly, "it's the nut that holds the wheel."

JERRY made a pained face as he remembered the corny joke. They pushed the car out of the garage and around the corner onto Walnut Street, where there was a slight downgrade. Climbing in, they let the car coast for two more blocks until they were out of earshot of Cory's house. Then Cory turned the switch, shifted into high and let the clutch out. The car bucked violently as the motor caught.

"Awright, you guys," Cory said, reverting to the Humphrey Bogart voice, "a clean getaway, see?" He glanced behind him. "Hey, Lefty," he barked, "is that black sedan follering us?"

"Cripes, boss," Jerry said, making his voice quaver with fright, "it's the johns."

"Hey!" Harold cried, "you nearly hit that dog."

"Whut dawg, pahdnuh?" Jerry asked. "That thar li'l ole varmint ovuh yonduh theah, pahdnuh?"

Cory stared suspiciously at him. "Ain't you the new schoolmarm?" he drawled.

"Smile when you say that, stranguh."

"This town," Cory announced in a tight voice, "ain't big enough for both of us—effen y'know whut I mean."

"Boy," Harold said thoughtfully, "you ain't kidding. This town—"

A kind of pall seemed to settle over them then. Jerry felt his shoulders squeezed between Cory's, on the left, and Harold's, on the right. It gave him a peculiarly constricted feeling, as if he were in a trap of some kind, or as if he were trying to push through a doorway that was always too narrow for him. It was a familiar feeling. I ought to be used to it by now, he thought.

The car shuddered wildly as it tore along the road. Harold's body stiffened. "Whatsamatta, solja?" Jerry asked in a gruff, top sergeant's voice. "No guts?"

"Don't chicken out, Joe," Cory said grimly. "This is the big push. At zero-zero-zero-two we move up behind a mortar barrage."

"Yeah," Harold said nervously, trying to grin. "Okay, Sarge, okay."

"Get in there, Joe," Cory ordered. "Give it all y'got, boy. This one's for ice-cream sodas," he added, "and the Sunday funnies and a refrigerator in every pot, boy."

THE old car trembled as it roared along the highway. But after a few moments Jerry felt the sudden burst of excitement dwindle inside him. "Where are we going?" he asked them.

"The crossroads."

"What for?"

"I don't know," Cory said. "It's Harold's crumby old idea."

"What for, Harold? What's happening there?"

Harold shrugged. "How should I know?" he said.

"What's happening anywhere?" Jerry asked suddenly, his voice high.

"Okay," Harold asked somberly. "What?"

"Nothing!" Jerry cried. "Nothing but sitting around waiting."

"I'm not waiting any more," Harold reminded him.

"I'll tell you what's happening," Cory said. "We're running out of gas, that's what's happening." Without warning, he stamped on the brake and sent the three of them banging against the windshield as he turned the car off the road and stopped it beside a filling-station pump. An attendant came out of the shack and eyed them sourly.

"Fill 'er up, my good man," Cory said airily. "Your finest imported petrol."

"You got any money?" the attendant asked.

The three of them reached into their pockets and pooled the last of their odd change. "We have," Cory said. "Old man, give us ninety-five cents' worth of gasoline. There's a good fellow."

Waiting now while the gasoline pump whirred, Jerry began to feel restless again, hemmed in. The front seat of the car was cramped and, he knew from experience, the milk crate that served as a back seat was uncomfortable. It didn't make any difference, he decided. They weren't going anywhere anyway.

He shoved himself up onto the back of the seat and eased himself over until he was sitting on the crate in back. "Keep y'motor running, Lefty," he told Cory.

"Yeah," Cory growled. "Now, listen here, you guys. What I say goes, see?" He turned to the waiting attendant and dropped the money, coin by coin, into his hand. Then he gunned the engine until its roar was deafening. "So long, sucker!" he yelled, turning back onto the highway. The three of them laughed uproariously.

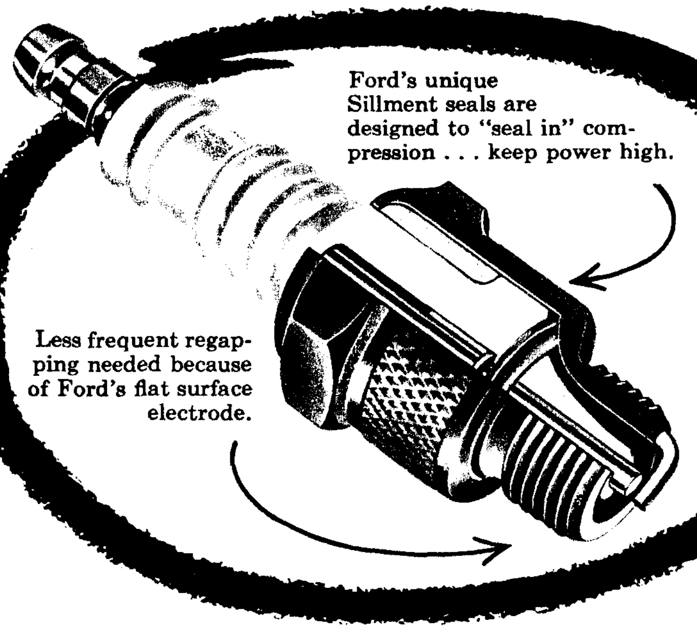
"You're headed back to town," Harold said.

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't, see?" Cory said. "What's it to yuh?"

"We sure knocked over that filling station neat, boss," Jerry said.

"A clean caper," Cory agreed. "You guys stick with me, see?"

"You know something," Harold


Ford's unique Sillment seals are designed to "seal in" compression . . . keep power high.
Less frequent regapping needed because of Ford's flat surface electrode.

Get the right Spark Plugs for your FORD

All Genuine Ford Parts—like the spark plug above—are made right . . . to the same standards set by the men who originally built your Ford!

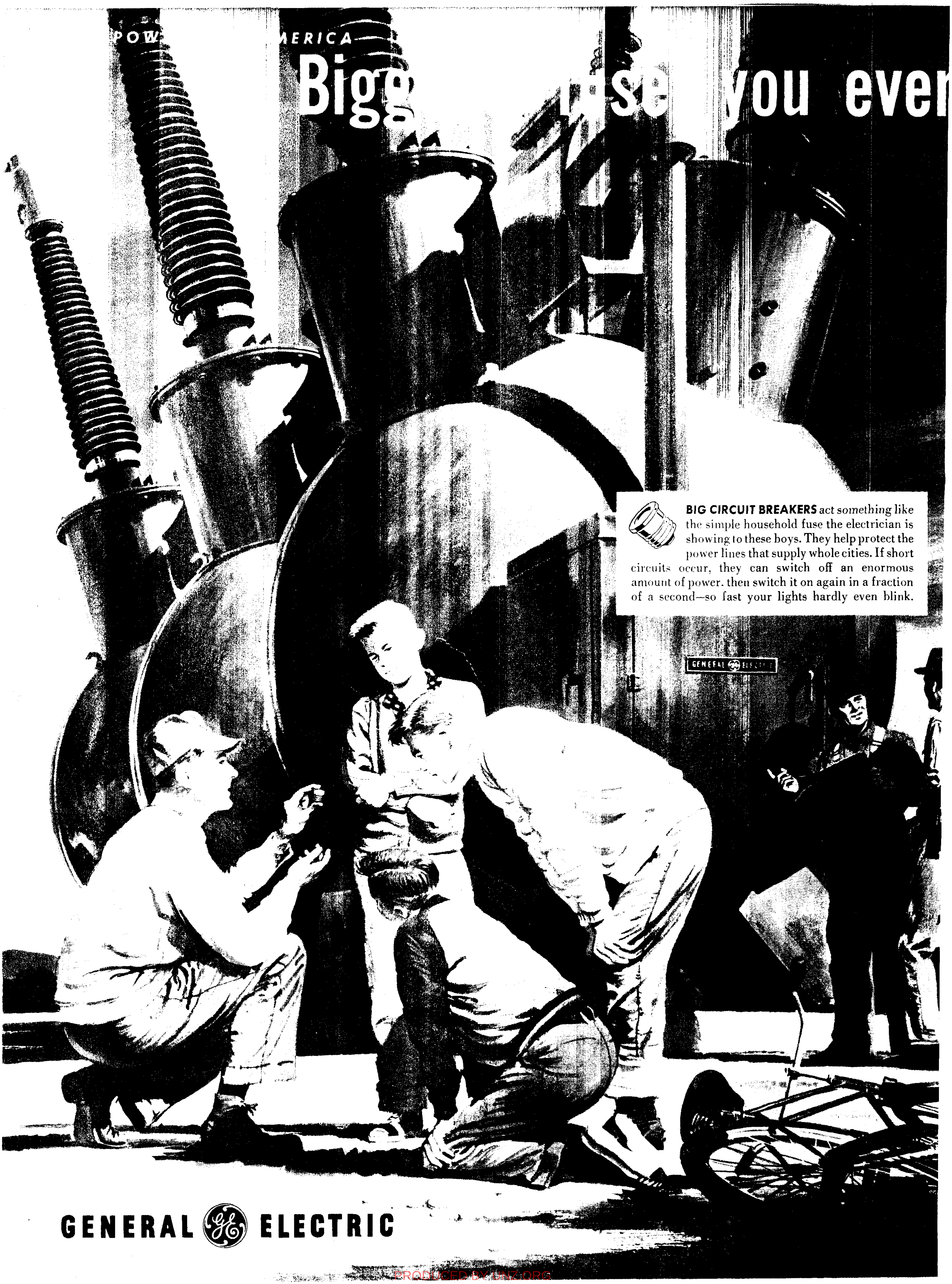
Genuine Ford Spark Plugs are manufactured to *exact* Ford specifications. They're designed and balanced to your Ford's ignition needs to give your engine smooth performance and high gasoline mileage. And, like all Genuine Ford Parts, they're made right to fit right to last *longer* in your Ford!

KEEP YOUR FORD ALL FORD WITH

GENUINE Ford PARTS

POW ERICA

Bigg use you ever



BIG CIRCUIT BREAKERS act *something* like the simple household fuse the electrician is showing to these boys. They help protect the power lines that supply whole cities. If short circuits occur, they can switch off an enormous amount of power, then switch it on again in a fraction of a second—so fast your lights hardly even blink.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

helps make electricity today's greatest bargain

Huge General Electric circuit breakers help electric utilities to bring you more electric power for better living

SHORT CIRCUIT TEST EXPLOSION at General Electric's multi-million-dollar Switchgear Development Laboratory at Philadelphia shows what can happen when tremendous amounts of electricity get out of control. High power tests at this laboratory assist G-E engineers in designing all sizes of circuit breakers and other switching equipment to help keep your electric supply dependable under all conditions.

The towering circuit breakers pictured at left will help to make possible new progress by far-sighted electric utilities in bringing you today's economical, dependable electric power.

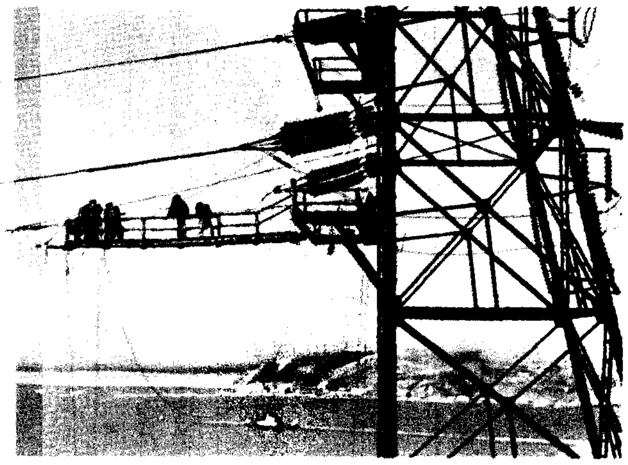
Like giant fuses, they will protect new super-power 330,000-volt transmission lines for the American Gas and Electric Co. system. Operating at the highest voltage ever used in America, these lines will be able to carry more electric power than any others in existence and so help to keep down the cost of delivering electricity.

In a twentieth of a second, if overloading or short circuits occur, the circuit breakers will switch off enough electric energy to hurl a 100-ton locomotive 460 feet in the air. Then, just as quickly, they will switch the power on again when the danger has passed. Fast action like this not only safeguards expensive electric equipment, but also keeps electricity more dependable through the hazards of storm and accident.

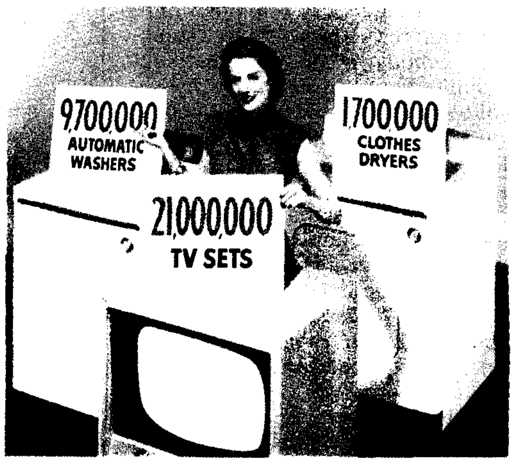
Huge circuit breakers such as these are just one of the many kinds of "switchgear" made by General Electric to help protect and control the enormous amounts of electricity required today.

Engineering enterprise and the financial daring of electric utilities in undertaking a 20-billion-dollar program of expansion since the war, are outstanding reasons why the supply of electricity continually keeps ahead of our growing demands. And thanks to constant technical progress, electricity comes to you at prices that make it the greatest bargain your dollar can buy. General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York. 954-1

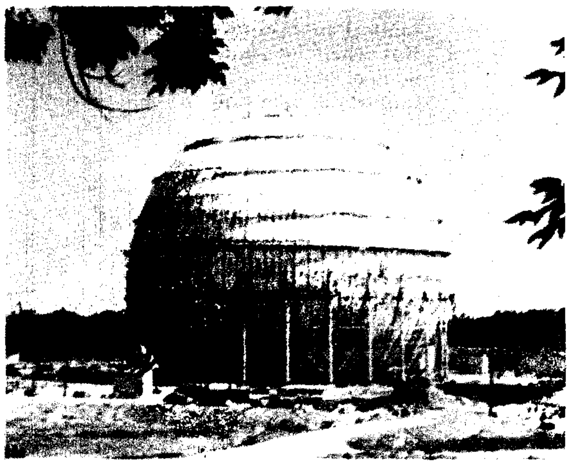
Engineering enterprise and financial daring make America strong



OVER 60,000 MILES of transmission lines have been built by electric utilities since World War II as part of a 20-billion-dollar expansion program. Protecting these lines are G-E circuit breakers and other control equipment.



THREE REASONS why electric utilities must now supply more electricity are shown above. Operating at the same time, all the TV sets, automatic washers and dryers bought since 1946 would use electricity equivalent to 25 million horsepower.



HUGE STEEL SHELL, called a "Hortonsphere," will house the prototype of an atomic power plant for a U. S. submarine. The power plant is being built by General Electric. G-E research and engineering work constantly to keep America strong.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

In Collier's Next Issue

WRITE ME A LOVE STORY

By PAT FRANK
author of Mr. Adam

A hilarious, heart-warming tale of a young flier in hot water. He *had* to get himself court-martialed; it was the only way to save his bride's reputation

●

THE WIFE WHO LIVED TWICE

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

The stranger's unusual request made Paul Anglin fighting mad. But when he cooled off, he saw he was about to make the most important decision of his life

●

THE TAMING OF BIGAMY JONES

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

Bigamy Jones was usually a man who liked to get married, but when he found out what Mistress Della expected of him, well, he wasn't doing *that* for any woman

said, "we *could* have, as easy as not."

"Sure," Jerry agreed. "Lonely road, three guys to one. A cinch."

"Happens all the time," Cory said. "What does it take?"

Harold began to tap his fingers on the outside of the door nearest him, beating out a peculiar tattoo. "The main job," he said, "is planning. There was this story I read once where they had one of the guys phone the store so the owner'd be in back. Then the other guys moved in and cleaned out the till."

"What does it take?" Cory repeated his question. "Any square could do it."

"Squares," Jerry said scornfully, "wouldn't think of doing it."

"That's true." Cory began to toot his horn in time with Harold's drumming tattoo, catching the offbeats.

Jerry was watching Harold's shoulders jerk forward and back, his head nodding to the rhythm. Jerry started to slap the flat of his hand on the milk crate under him. "Yeah," he said, "yeah, yeah. Go. Go, go."

"Going to the Army," Cory chanted, "going to the Army now. Yes, yes, I'm going to the Army, going to the Army now."

"Wow!" Jerry shouted. "I'm going in the Army, going in the Army, I said." Harold, his lips pursed, was imitating a trumpet. "Man, I'm going in the Army, going in the Army, I said. Yes, I'm going in the Army and I hope they kill me dead."

"Hey!" Cory yelled. "Cool, man, cool."

THEY were driving fast down a tree-lined street on the outskirts of town. It was getting dark; Jerry saw that people were turning their porch lights on. He felt the crazy jive words die in his throat, and his hand stopped drumming on the rough wood of the milk crate. He heard Harold's trumpet fade slowly away. Only Cory went on, beeping the horn erratically as he swung down a side street, turned another corner and brought the car to a screeching stop beside a flashing traffic light. "Where to?" he asked then.

For a moment nobody answered. Jerry shifted nervously on his crate. "Man, this is the deadest town in all the forty-eight," he said finally.

"And Hawaii," Cory reminded him.

"Somewhere," Jerry said, "somehow, somebody is doing something. Something's happening. I know it is—it's got to be. We aren't the last people left on earth, are we?"

"I'm afraid so," Cory said in a deep voice. "After the plutonium reactor by-passed the fortistan, we reached a critical mass and imploded the transverse foithboinder. The rest was history, and I alone lived to tell the tale. My name is—" He stopped short and clutched his heart. "Agh! My heart! It's turning into platinum-iridium!"

"I thought we were going to the crossroads," Harold persisted.

"Be cool," Jerry told him. "This man is dying."

"I'm sinking fast," Cory gasped. "Tell Little Nell the deed to the ranch is hidden in the—"

"Are we going to sit here all night?" Harold demanded. "Let's *do* something."

"Yeah," Cory agreed, suddenly sitting up straight. "Let's hold up old man Devlin."

"Right," Jerry snapped. "Lefty," he said to Harold, "you call him up, see? Whilst he's on the phone, Slats and me will rifle the till. The rest is history."

"Listen," Harold said heavily, "I'm tired of chewing the rag. I'm due for my physical Monday. In the meantime, I'd like a little action."

The three of them were silent for a moment. Then Cory sighed. "You talk like you were the only guy in the world getting drafted," he said.

It didn't seem real, any of it, until they dropped Harold around the corner from the drugstore. Lying on his back now, staring at the ceiling, Jerry realized that it had still been a big joke up to that point.

They'd parked the car, with the motor running, two doors down from Devlin's. When they saw Harold go into the drugstore telephone booth, they stood just out of old man Devlin's sight. He sat behind the cash register, puffing on that crumby old pipe of his, looking at nothing the way he'd done ever since they could remember. Then they heard the telephone ring. Old man Devlin grunted as he got to his feet and padded slowly back into the rear of the store.

That's Different

The modest winner always states:
"I guess that I was lucky, mates."
But woe betide your life and limb
If ever you agree with him.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Cory opened the door and the two of them slipped inside. They got behind the counter, both of them, and pressed the "no-sale" key, wincing at the bell's chime as the cash drawer sprang open. In the back room they could hear the old man talking on the telephone: ". . . no, we ain't got none, son. We don't even carry that brand."

Cory scooped out the money. He swept the bills into his hand and then started to grab out the half dollars and quarters, his fingers trembling.

". . . matter of fact, I never hear of it," old man Devlin was saying. "You sure there's a brand like that?"

"Hurry up!" Jerry whispered. "He's getting suspicious of Harold."

". . . must be a joke," Devlin said irritably. "Stop wasting my time." He hung up.

LYING on the bed in his room now, Jerry felt perspiration start out all over him as he remembered that terrible moment when old man Devlin had hung up the telephone. His footsteps had sounded like those of a giant. They had the cash in their hands when Devlin saw them. "Hey!" he'd cried.

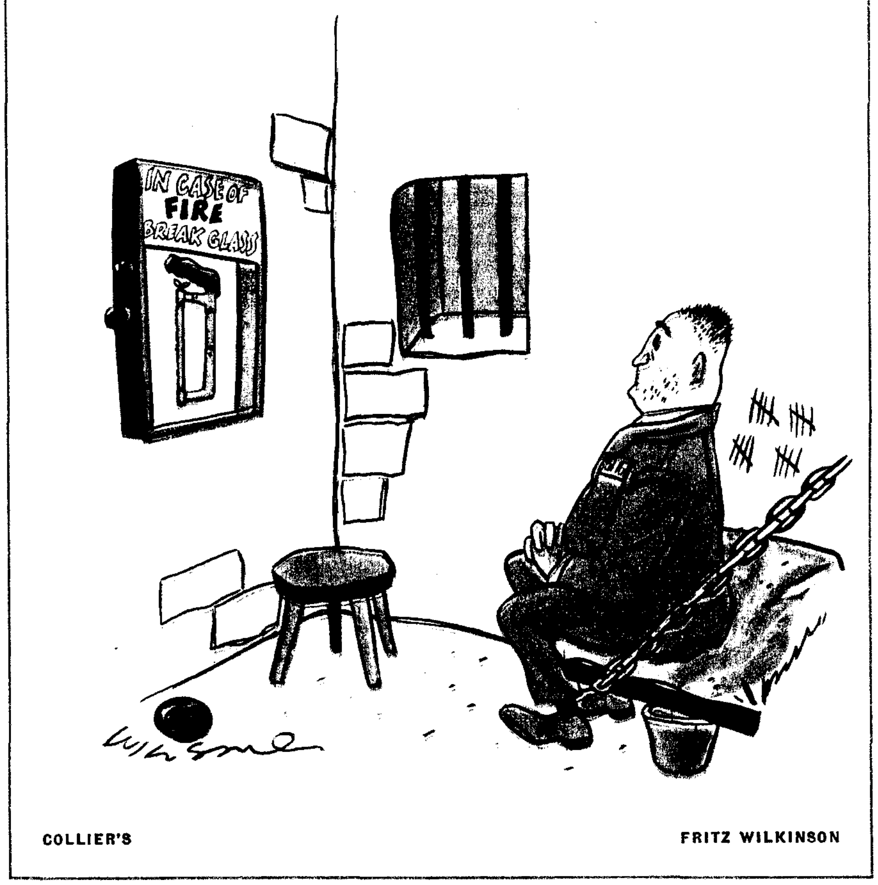
Damp with fear now, Jerry twisted sideways on his bed, seeing again the look of horrified surprise on old man Devlin's grayish face. Devlin had caught Jerry's sleeve, and pulled and then grasped both his arms. Jerry had yanked away, but he was unable to free himself. They had gone down with a hard thud, rolling over each other. Suddenly old man Devlin's grasp had loosened, and Jerry had scrambled to his feet, shocked.

Old man Devlin lay on the floor, clutching his chest, his eyes rolling back into his head. Then he was still.

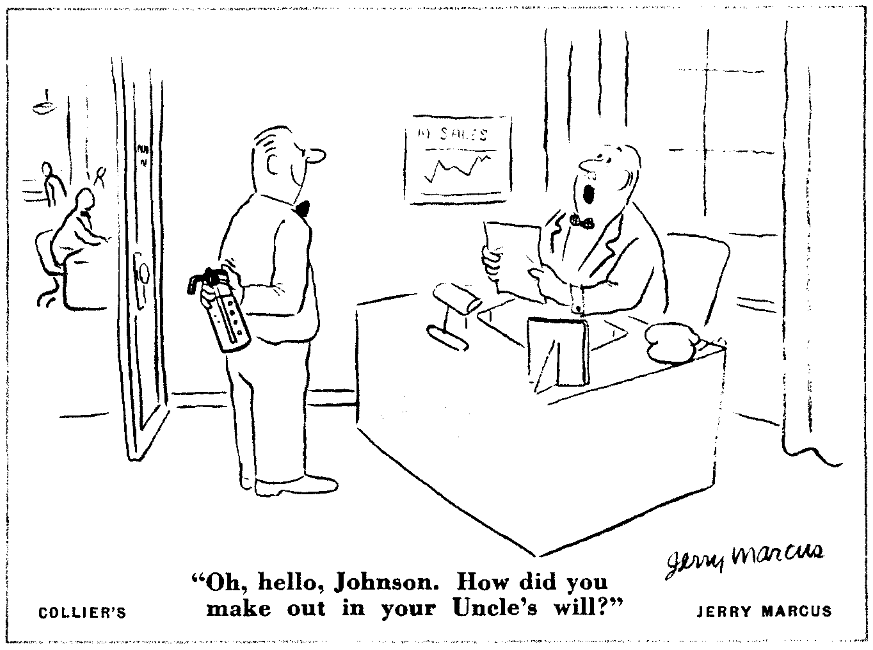
"He's dead!" Cory screamed. Faster than either of them could think, the coins and bills spilled out onto the floor. A half dollar rolled up against the old man's face.

They were running. The car was moving. Harold jumped on the running board. Cory gunned the car down the street, around a corner, down another street and finally, slowly, to the top of Walnut Street. They cut off the engine and coasted down the hill until, braking slightly, Cory steered the car silently into the garage. They got out of the car without speaking and went home.

The family had been waiting dinner, but Jerry had pretended to be sick.


IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



COLLIER'S **"Oh, hello, Johnson. How did you make out in your Uncle's will?"** JERRY MARCUS

Pretended, he thought now—that's a laugh.

He sat on the edge of his bed and stared somberly at the magneto on his desk. At that moment, outside the house, he heard a car pull up and a door slam. There were heavy footsteps along the walk, then dull hollow ones across the porch. The front doorbell rang.

Jerry felt his muscles tense. His heart was pounding. He heard his father's voice and then another man's, but he couldn't distinguish the words until his father, vaguely angry, said:

"He's my son, why?"

The tight, breathless feeling in Jerry's throat began to ease up. The waiting's over, he thought. The rest is simple. It happens every day—trial, sentence, jail. From here on in, everything is by the book. Everything laid out cold and sure the rest of my life.

Downstairs there was silence. Then Jerry heard his mother's voice. "No," she said. Just the one word, like a groan.

He could hear footsteps on the stairs. Hurry it up, he begged silently. Another day of this waiting and I'll blow my cork.

HIS bedroom door opened and he saw his father standing there, a peculiar frown on his face, as though he had just seen something happen that couldn't happen. Tough on him, Jerry realized suddenly. Tough on Mom. But what wasn't tough these days?

A short, stocky man pushed into the room, his square face immobile, his pale eyes steady as he gazed at Jerry. "You still have the same clothes on," he said. "How come you didn't change into something else?"

Jerry wet his lips. "Can we go now?" he said.

The man continued to gaze at him. "Cool customer," he remarked. "Everybody sees the movies nowadays, I guess. Yes, we can go now."

"Mr. Hagen," Jerry's father said tonelessly, "are you sure there isn't some—"

"Ask the boy."

"Jerry, he says you—" His father's voice faltered and stopped.

"Old man Devlin," Jerry said, nodding. "Sure."

No one spoke for a long moment. The man eyed Jerry with a kind of unbelieving look. Like Dad did, Jerry noticed. What was so hard to believe?

"How old are you?" the man asked then.

"Eighteen—almost."

The man frowned. He glanced about him, saw the magneto on the desk, and then picked up one of the comic books. *"Rats of the Underworld,"* he read in a flat voice.

Downstairs, the dining-room table was deserted as Jerry walked toward the front door. The last mile, he thought wryly. Gingerbread with lemon icing and a big pitcher of milk sat untouched on the table. The food would be different in jail, wouldn't it?

"On the way downtown," the man said, "you can tell me all about the other boy."

Oh, no, Jerry told himself firmly. Rat on Cory? Let them find out their own way.

With wide eyes, Buzzy and Emily watched Jerry as he went to the front door. Buzzy looked eager, as though he were watching television, but he seemed afraid to look directly into Jerry's eyes. His mother, seated on the edge of the sofa, looked at him too directly, her eyes wet with sorrow, her face drawn.

The man nudged Jerry. "Okay, lad," he said, "the excitement's over for tonight." He glanced at Jerry's mother, his eyes narrowing. "It wasn't the money he needed—just the excitement."

"What—" His mother stopped and took a breath. "What will they do to him?" she said.

The man shrugged. "That's up to Mr. Devlin, ma'am."

Jerry felt cold. His throat felt thick and there was that same queer breathlessness again. "Mr. Devlin?" he heard himself ask. "But he—he's dead."

The man shook his head. "Slight heart attack, not too bad. He identified you."

"But he—"

"He probably won't press the charge, seeing you left the money there."

Jerry felt as if his chest would burst. "You mean he isn't dead?"

The man looked at him queerly, frowning. "Let's go," he said. He opened the door and motioned Jerry outside.

"I'd like to come along, Hagen," Jerry's father said. "I'll follow you in my car."

Jerry and the man walked down the sidewalk to the waiting car. The sky overhead was dark and cloudless, the air biting. Jerry's lungs hurt from the effort of breathing. Man, he thought, all this for nothing, all for nothing. Old man Devlin saw Cory too—but nobody saw Harold. He's out of it, anyway. No more waiting for him.

Sitting in the front seat of the car, Jerry had a sudden vision of rescue, the last-minute surge of excitement that would save him, save Cory, save them all. Bombers at twenty thousand feet, he thought. Zero minus four, minus three, minus two, minus one. Release! The queer-shaped bombs tumbled end over end as they hurtled downward through the darkness. . . .

"What—" Jerry began and then stopped. He swallowed hard. "What'll you book me on?"

"I don't book anybody," the man said as he started the engine. "I'm a juvenile officer."

"But I thought—"

"You thought you were old enough to rate a cop." The man smiled bitterly. "I'll bet you'd be happier if I were hauling you off to jail."

STARTLED that the man had guessed what was in his mind, Jerry said nothing. But what does *he* know about it? he asked himself.

"Instead," the man went on, "you've got to keep on living in the world you're in. A big disappointment."

"Well," Jerry burst out, "wouldn't I be better off in jail?"

The man drove in silence for a few moments. Finally he said, "That's a typical attitude—for a minor."

"Don't call me that."

The man turned onto the main thoroughfare that led into the business district. "A minor can't take responsibility," he said. "That's the difference between an adult and you."

"I'm old enough," Jerry retorted. He could feel a confused anger churning around inside him. "But how can anybody stand it, waiting around like this? Always waiting. Hung up on a hook and waiting."

"That's what life is, kid."

"Hanging on a hook?"

"Waiting," the man said softly. "You make a decision and wait. You stick to it and wait. You wait to take the rap for it. That's responsibility. A minor wouldn't know."

"Like fun I wouldn't!"

"No," the man insisted, "all you want is to hide behind bars. If you were an adult, you could take it."

"I can take it," Jerry said, almost doggedly.

"No," the man said. "You obviously can't take the responsibility of a man's life. You don't even see how lucky you are that Mr. Devlin's alive."

Jerry sat huddled against the seat cushions, feeling cold and alone and wondering why all of a sudden the man was making sense. How does he know? he asked himself.

"Well?" the man asked. "Aren't you glad he's alive?"

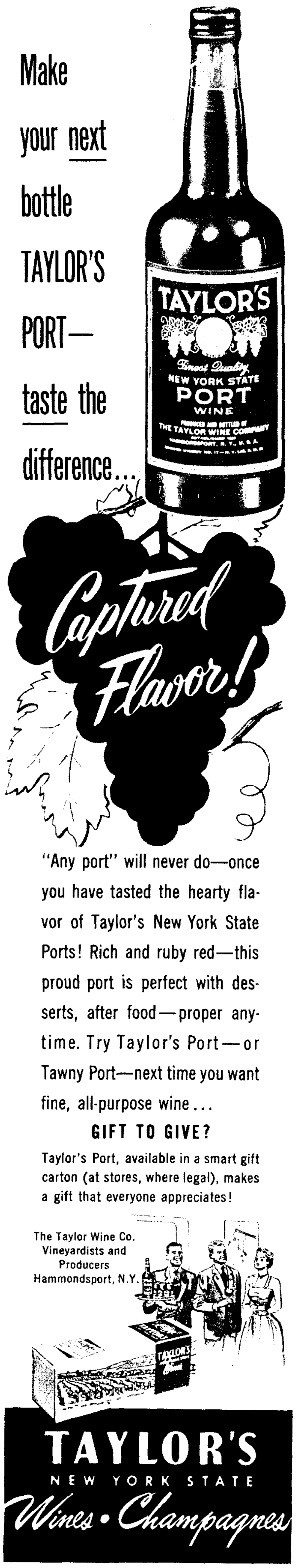
"I . . ." Jerry held his breath and closed his eyes tight, fighting the sudden sickness he felt. Then, abruptly, the sobs he had been holding back surged up, and he was crying.

"Yes!" he said. "Of course I'm glad! I didn't want to kill him. We were just riding around—it was something to do—" He broke off, sobbing. The neon signs blurred and misted before his eyes. Ashamed, he wiped his wet face with the back of his hand.

The street around them was lively and bright with cars and lights, people walking, windows brilliant with color. The man was silent for a long time. "Sometimes," he said then, "it's good to cry."

"It's kid stuff," Jerry said.

"No," the man replied. "Not any more it isn't. Not when you've grown up." —LESLIE WALLER



Make your next bottle TAYLOR'S PORT—taste the difference...

"Any port" will never do—once you have tasted the hearty flavor of Taylor's New York State Ports! Rich and ruby red—this proud port is perfect with desserts, after food—proper anytime. Try Taylor's Port—or Tawny Port—next time you want fine, all-purpose wine...

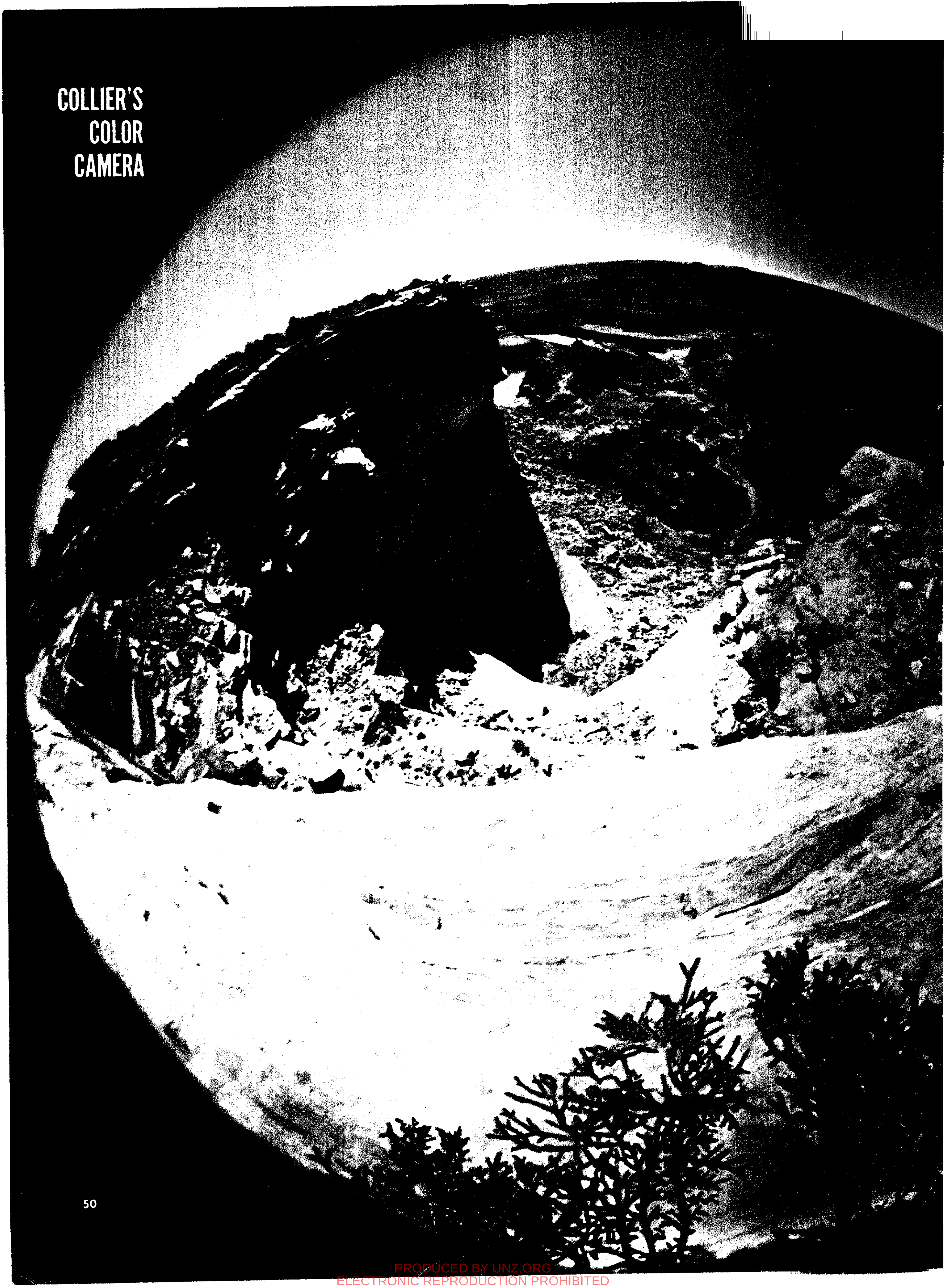
GIFT TO GIVE?

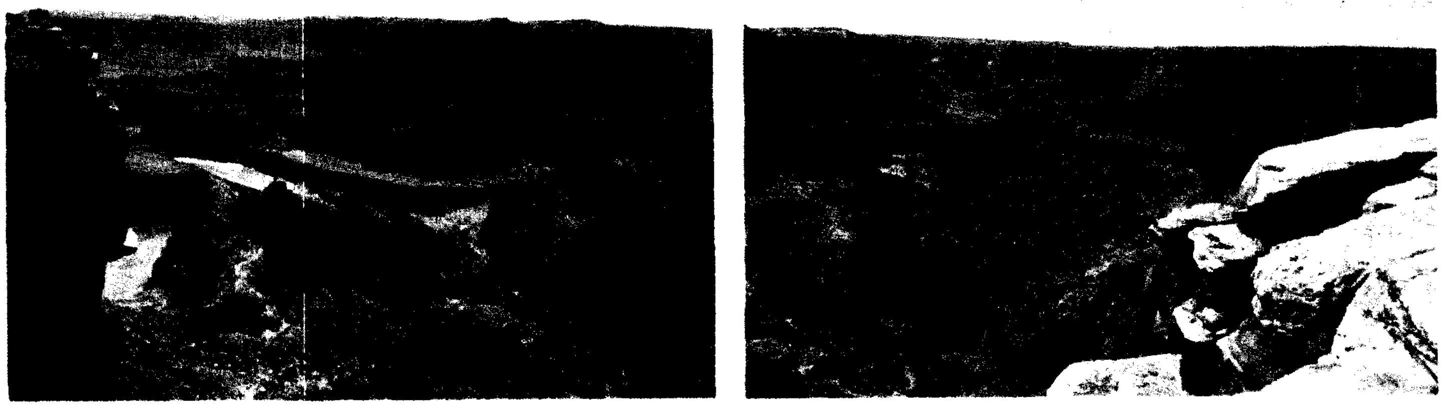
Taylor's Port, available in a smart gift carton (at stores, where legal), makes a gift that everyone appreciates!

The Taylor Wine Co.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N.Y.

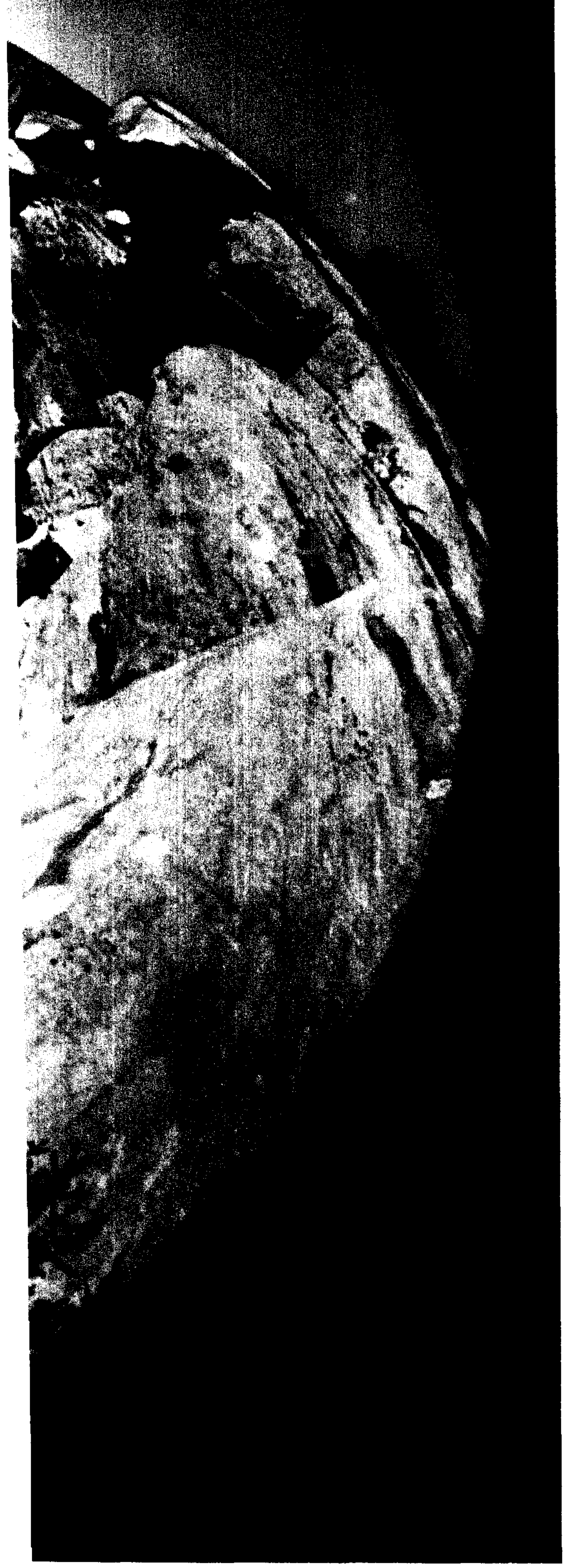
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines • Champagnes

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA





Two conventional pictures of canyon take in same view as single picture at left, but lack the feeling of dimension which photographer achieved with a 180-degree lens



CANYON In the Round

If you've never looked down into the vast canyons of the Colorado, never been bewitched by them, look at this photograph. It practically puts you on the spot

THE canyons carved out by the Colorado River are among the greatest tourist attractions in the country. There are 17 of them, culminating in the Grand Canyon itself. The near-million tourists who visit them each year have photographed their magnificence in every mood from dawn to twilight and from just about every angle accessible to man.

Few, however, have caught any of the canyons or their environs in such a view as appears on these pages. The photograph was taken by Bill Vandivert, who felt that no conventional picture, however beautiful, could convey the awesome sensation of standing on the rim of a chasm sculpted by the ancient river and peering down into its colossal kaleidoscope of colors and fantastic forms. He set out to take a picture which would do two things: it would encompass more than the human eye ever sees at one time. And it would capture the *feel* of the canyon, as well as the *look* of it.

Armed with a special 180-degree lens, which records everything from one edge of the horizon to the other, Vandivert went to the canyon and spent two days seeking a spot from which he could safely lean out and look down. Finally, he found it: a ledge leading out to Dead Horse Point, 2,000 feet above the Colorado River where it winds its ribbon of a path through the Canyon of the Colorado, in southeast Utah. He fixed his camera on a tripod and wedged the stand's feet into a crack just beneath him, so that it stood out two feet beyond the edge of the cliff. Then, lying flat on his stomach with head and arms extended well beyond the sheer-drop wall, he took the picture.

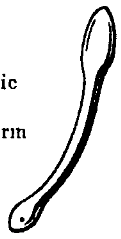
The result, as seen at left, takes in a quarter-mile horizontal sweep across the canyon and stretches back for 20 miles to meet the horizon. The deeply shadowed cliff at left is Dead Horse Point, towering over the river, which flows just beyond it. Gray's Pasture, five miles distant, lies in the blue haze to the right of center background, where small stalactites seem to grow. The broad ledge in the foreground, where Vandivert's camera was located, is actually only five feet deep, although the camera lens gives it the illusion of a sheer cliff. Just beneath that ledge lies the really big drop, partially hidden from the camera because it's so steep that it leans inward.

Vandivert took leave of his precarious perch with nothing more disastrous than a couple of ankle-nips from a curious squirrel. He wouldn't particularly like to repeat the performance. But for millions of people who have never seen the canyons—and as a vivid souvenir for those who have—here is how it feels to stand on those memorable rims and look the long way down. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

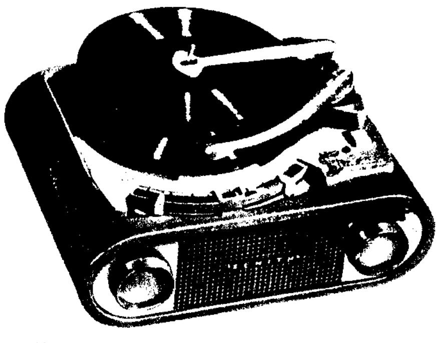
NEW!

Zenith's Fabulous Cobra-Matic



Zenith's famed Cobra-Matic Record Player with the "floating" Cobra® Tone Arm brings a *new* brilliance to *old* records. Makes them *last longer*, too. It's the same record player used in Zenith's *finest* consoles!

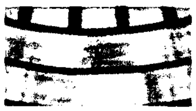
in a beautiful Table Phonograph!



Handsome beige plastic case with Roman Gold color escutcheon **$79.95***

Now Zenith has put the Cobra-Matic in an ultra-smart new table phonograph. It gives you Zenith's TWO great *exclusive* features never before available in *any* table model phonograph!

with Stroboscope



Shows you with a tiny dot of light when any record plays at its *exact recorded speed.* With it you can be assured of perfect pitch, perfect tempo on every record you play . . . 33⅓, 45, 78 and new Talking Books speed, 16⅔ RPM!

and exclusive Variable Speed Adjustment

Only Zenith has it! You play any record at any speed—10 to 85 RPM! *Listen* to your fine recordings at the exact pitch and tempo of the *original performance!* Then—and here is the biggest news of all—with just a flick of your finger you can speed 'em up or slow 'em down for dancing or for fun!

See it at your Zenith Dealer Today!

Without Stroboscope, $69.95*. *Manufacturer's suggested retail price, subject to change. Slightly higher in Far West and South.

ASK ANY ZENITH OWNER

ZENITH®

PHONOGRAPHS

By the makers of Zenith Quality Radio and Television • Backed by 35 Years of Leadership in Radionics Exclusively

ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS

Zenith Radio Corporation • Chicago 39, Illinois

COPR. 1954

Whispering Guy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Moontune. I hadn't thought of it for a long time, though I'd sung it to Sally in the chorus of the Kiwanis Kapers of 1947, and we called it our song for a long time after that. If it hadn't been for Moontune, as a matter of fact, we might never have got to know each other, or got married or anything.

"Moonbeams all around you," Sally was singing softly, *"I was a moonstruck boy from then on."* She still remembered every word. *"The moonmist led me to you, through the darkling wood sparkling with gold . . .* Go ahead," she said. "You sing it into the mike. I'll play it."

The butler handed me the microphone as if it were a dime for a cup of coffee.

Now I am one of the last people in the world to have a right to any artistic temperament. Except for being in the chorus of the Kiwanis Kapers (and I was drafted for that, due to mumps in the cast), I've always shied away completely from showing off in public. My mother always thought this was because we lived across the street from Annie Garvey, who showed off enough to embarrass any neighborhood. She hasn't stopped yet, either, because now she's Nanette Girard, the movie actress—but that's beside the point.

Even if I were a natural-born show-off though, the fact remains that Moontune is still kind of private with me. I couldn't sing it right out in the open like that, all alone—particularly with people like Old Pruneface, the butler, scowling at me in advance. So when Sally, at the piano, launched into the verse, I turned around and dragged the microphone with me to the darkest corner of the room. Facing the wall I gulped, shut my eyes, clenched my fists, and sang.

I MANAGED to forget there was anybody else in that room until the song was over. Then I turned around to find them all doubled over with laughter. "Did you *really* sing it?" Sally said dubiously.

"Certainly I sang it. What do you mean?"

"We couldn't hear a sound," she said. "Could you?" she asked, looking at the butler.

"Yes, madam," he said dourly. "Very definitely."

It was well after midnight when we started playing the tape back, and most of the performers had given up and gone home. They were the lucky ones. The rest of us, a hardy little band of masochists, listened to the whole alleged entertainment all over again.

That was when I heard my own voice for the very first time in my life. They say nobody knows what his own voice sounds like, and, sure enough, this was a new one on me. It was low, husky, intimate—and embarrassing. You couldn't really listen to it; you had to eavesdrop on it. It was the kind of voice my mother would have sent home to put more clothes on.

I wished I'd never opened my big mouth. I just riveted my eyes on the carpet under my feet and kept looking down until that dirty show-off on the tape was through singing.

Sally broke the awful silence afterward by laughing nervously. "I think we'd better be going," she said. "Jim must be exhausted after that."

Everyone was sitting there as if they'd been hit on the head with a sock full of marshmallows.

"Why, *James* Millard," said Mabel, rousing herself and looking at me strangely, "you ought to *do* something with a talent like that."

I said if I could, I'd drop it in Thrummondston Creek.

ONE of the numerous rules of the Thrummond Corporation is that employees cannot make or receive personal telephone calls during business hours. Nevertheless, several days later I got a call from Mabel in the middle of the afternoon.

"Since you ask," she was saying to the switchboard operator when I picked up the telephone, "it's a *highly* personal call, and I'll thank you not to listen in on it. James? Hello. You know I really don't understand how anything ever gets done down there, the way you all distrust one another—but of course that's how A.J. got where he is today, isn't it? Which reminds me, I think this would be much better done *off* the phone. I'll be right down to pick you up."

She arrived in the shiniest, blackest, most glass-enclosed limousine I'd ever seen outside of a gangster movie.

"You know I was so pleased with my own dulcet voice the other evening," she said as the chauffeur drove us back toward town, "that I sent the tape out to a little record man to have my song made up for valentine gifts this year. Don't you think that's a cute idea?"

Frankly I didn't see what The You-Don't-Know-The-Half-Of-It-Dearie Blues had to do with valentines, but I didn't feel that this was the time, or mine was the place to say so, so I didn't. This is the type of reasoning, I think, that has brought me to my present position in the Thrummond Corporation.

"Well, you'll get one for a valentine anyway," said Mabel. "But the point I'm getting at is that before this little record man returned the tape to me, he called up"—and she dropped her voice dramatically—"to discuss you."

"Me?" I said. "Why?"

Mabel leaned close and tapped my knee. "He thinks your voice is just *crammed* with gimmicks," she said confidentially.

"Is that good?"

"I don't know, dear. I didn't ask. Now here we are."

Where we were was the Platinum Record Company, and we went into a reception room which appeared to be temporarily occupied by a convention of the American Federation of Characters. As it turned out, they were all singers, instrumentalists and music publishers, waiting to see Mr. Joe O'Hara.

Waiting is not for Mabel. She nudged aside a couple of tenors and a bebop pianist and told the harassed receptionist that Miss Thrummond was now ready to see Mr. O'Hara.

The receptionist cast an appraising glance at Mabel's ample figure and told her that the operatic division was at the other end of the hall. Convinced that further conversation with this muddled individual would be a waste of time, Mabel took me firmly by the arm and marched directly into Mr. O'Hara's office.

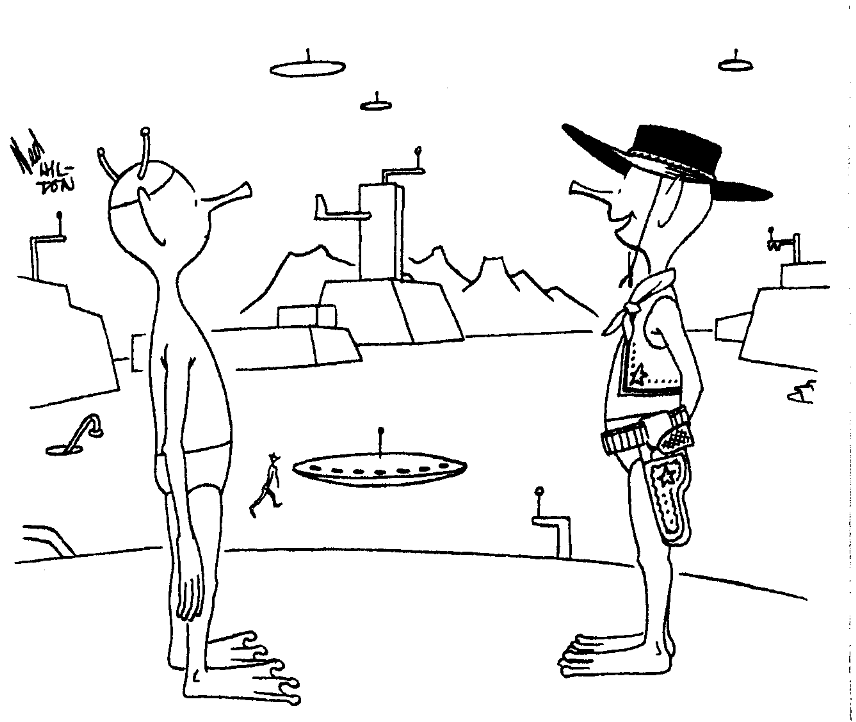
JOE O'HARA was a gaunt, sallow, saturnine man with sad eyes. He was bent over his desk, spooning yoghurt from a paper container, while a blonde sang a song called Joyboy almost directly into his left ear.

O'Hara stopped the blonde in the middle of the song. "Honey," he said mournfully, "that material is from nowhere." Then he stared moodily into his yoghurt until the blonde and her accompanist left.

"Well," Mabel said impatiently, "here he is." Meaning me.

O'Hara raised his sad eyes. *"You* are the owner of this oversexed bullfrog voice?" he said incredulously. "Give us a few bars, sonny."

"I think you should know," I said proudly, "that I am not a singer."



COLLIER'S **"My pop brought it back from some planet or other"** NED HILTON

O'Hara shrugged his shoulders. "So it's our secret," he said.

"I'm not even interested in singing," I went on.

"That figures too," said O'Hara. "But perhaps you could be interested in recording this moonbeam number notwithstanding?"

"No," I said. "Not possibly."

"Now, James—" Mabel began.

O'Hara held up his hand. "We'll try a little experiment with the tape then," he said quietly. "I'll get in touch with you in a few days."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't believe I want to have anything further to do with this, or have my name connected with it in any way."

"This we can arrange, sonny," said O'Hara, whose voice, even now, was being drowned out by those of four slick-haired, toothy young men who were jammed in the doorway harmonizing breathlessly.

All in all, I thought I'd handled the interview quite well.

THE following evening Mabel said, "I think it came out quite well too." She held up the record. "Nobody would *ever* know it was you now."

"Nobody like Mr. A. J. Thrummond, for instance?" I said warily.

"Nobody in the *world*," said Mabel. "And A.J., as usual, least of all."

She bounced across her living room, put the record on the phonograph and turned it on. The recording started with a girl choir making woo-hooing sounds, like a wind whining around looking for a house to haunt.

"What's that?" I said.

"My idea," said Mabel. "I told him to spare no expense."

The breeze died down after a while and an angry bass drum started an argument with a set of hollow wooden blocks. This quickly developed into a real row, and a new regiment of instruments then joined the fray, setting up a violent twanging.

Mabel's eyes lighted up with excitement. "Dulcimers," she said. "We've cornered the market."

Suddenly, when the racket had reached its peak, it broke off and my voice, sounding terribly lonely with nothing but the faint accompaniment of Sally at the piano, launched into Moontune. I wasn't alone for long, though. The dulcimers eased into the background first, followed by a male glee club chanting zoom-zoom-zoom, a musical saw and, for the finale, a chorus of crickets in an echo box.

I sat limp in my chair.

"Just sign here, puss," said Mabel, handing me a paper. "I've read all the fine type for you."

I must have signed, because the next moment Mabel was saying, "And now you've got a brand-new name."

And we all know what *that* was, don't we? . . .

In time I worked up the courage to tell Sally what had happened, but she just put a fever thermometer in my mouth and went over to Mabel's to find out if there was any truth to the story.

She didn't seem to have suffered much from having heard the record. "I just think it's an awfully expensive joke," she said when she got back.

"Joke?" I said.

"Well, they've certainly made a mess out of our song."

"Mess?"

"For heaven's sake," said Sally, "take that thermometer out of your mouth. I can't understand a word you say. Anyway, I asked Mabel to get us a record to keep, because I don't suppose we'll have a chance to hear it any other way."

Had she but known. . . .

The first chance came just a few days later. "We're having a sneak preview," said Mabel, "on the Early Birds and Worms Show. That's at five thirty A.M., so be sure to get up for it."

At this appalling hour in the morning, every day in the year, a couple of young men who probably have names of their own, but who prefer to call each other Bend and Stretch, or Rise and Shine, or even Ham and Eggs, come on the air with their theme song: Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet. For three solid hours thereafter they alternately bellow at each other and play records full blast, apparently on the theory that if your radio is on at that time of day you either want to be rudely awakened or rudely restrained from falling asleep.

"The top of the morning to ya," is how Bend and Stretch start their program, "you early birds, early worms, light sleepers, night watchmen, coffeepot waitresses, rounders, bounders—" and so on, as I said before. A great many people seem to find this program entertaining, for reasons of their own, though I am happy to say that you won't find many of this type employed by the Thrummond Corporation.

At any rate, on this particular morning, after about five minutes of nonsensical conversation, the one known as Stretch remarked that he was in the mood for a little mood music.

"Okay," said Bend. "Here's a new one they just rushed over from the wax vat to take the place of all your old favorites. Anything they had, this has twice as much of."

"Oooh," said Stretch, inanely.

"Namo is Moontune," said Bend, "and it's sung by The Whispering Guy. That's what it says right here."

And there was my voice coming right out of the radio—after, of course, the preliminary bouts with the girl choir, bass drum, wooden blocks and dulcimers.

"How about *that?*" Bend said, when it was over. "Wasn't that one peachy keen?"

"You know what let's?" said Stretch. "Let's give it our Heffendorfer Award of the Day, huh?"

"Okay," said Bend. "To Moontune and The Whispering Guy, for this distinctive record, we proudly present—"

I switched off the radio. "I think I'll skip breakfast this morning," I said to Sally.

I HAD been at my desk for about an hour, working nervously and distractedly and jumping at every unexpected sound, when Mabel called up.

"I just wanted to tell you," she said breathlessly, "that up to nine A.M. the radio station had received calls from twenty people wanting to know who The Whispering Guy is, fourteen of them demanding an apology from those oafs for insulting such a lovely song, and two asking that the record be banned."

"Thank you very much," I said, trying desperately, for the benefit of the people working around me, to make this sound like a business call. "I trust this matter can now be disposed of without further difficulty."

"What in the world are you talking about, puss?" said Mabel.

"Additional details," I said soberly, "can be reported to Thrummondston one-two-nine-two," which was, of course, our home telephone. "We are not in any position here to deal with

Discriminating people prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip to protect the lips

Mrs. Marshall Heminway, beautiful young socialite of New York and Palm Beach, says: "Herbert Tareyton's genuine cork tip is so pleasant because it won't stick to your lips."

Natalie F. Heminway

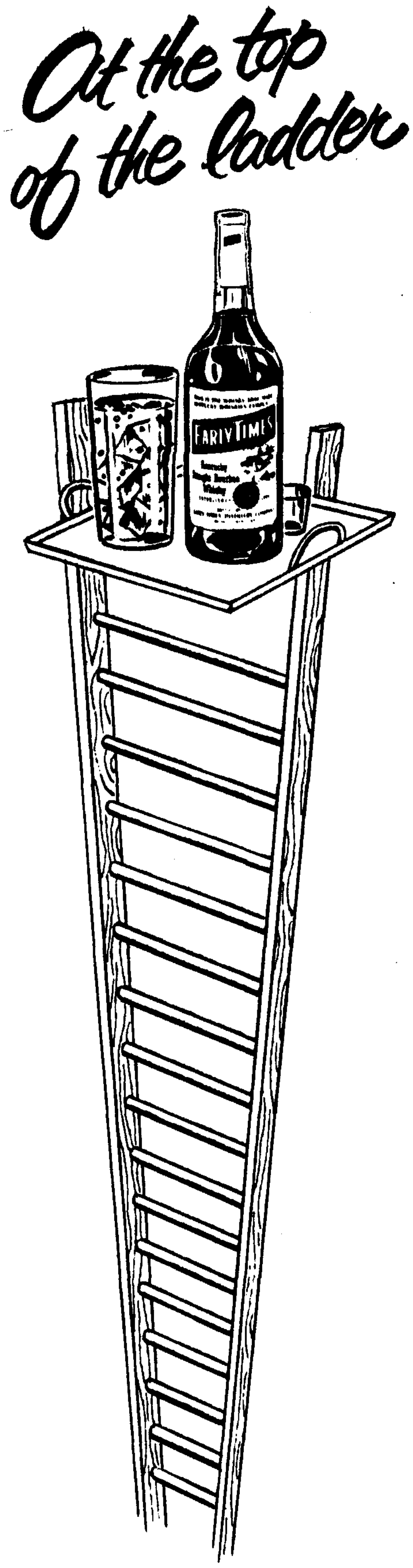
You'll agree with Mrs. Marshall Heminway and other discriminating people who prefer Herbert Tareyton. You'll like the genuine cork tip that stays clean and firm, that won't stick to or tear your lips. And you'll like the modern king size that gives you a longer, cooler, naturally filtered smoke of fine, distinctive tobacco.

In fact, when you light up your first Herbert Tareyton, you'll say it's the most enjoyable cigarette you ever smoked!

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

TAREYTON'S GENUINE CORK TIP PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

© A.T. Co.


At the top of the ladder
EARLY TIMES

EARLY TIMES

IS NOW AMERICA'S LEADING PREMIUM STRAIGHT WHISKY*

*OUTSELLS ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES AT OR ABOVE ITS PRICE

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE 1, KY. • 86 PROOF

the matters with which you are concerned."

"Oh, piffle," she said, and hung up.

She did, however, take to calling Sally several times a day with Whispering Guy bulletins. Sally had to start keeping notes. "Let's see," she would say, referring to them every evening as soon as I got home from the office, "last night a deejay—that stands for something I forget—named Ozzie Plunkett said The Whispering Guy was really Bing Crosby losing his voice, so this morning WTMD had to start playing the record every hour all day, by request, and this afternoon Mr. O'Hara got a couple of thousand new orders, and Mabel even caught him smiling—"

"Smiling?" I said. "It seems to me *this* has really gone far enough."

"What do you mean?" said Sally. "I'm beginning to like it."

"Everybody's against me," I said. "I'm going to see O'Hara in the morning and stop this nonsense right *now*."

O'HARA said patiently, "Just let me remind you what it is you are interested in stopping. I have here a newspaper clipping that maintains that The Whispering Guy has ushered in a new era in popular records by returning sincerity to singing.

"And here," he continued, "is a magazine article by a psychologist which claims that the popularity of The Whispering Guy is a result of the father having lost his rightful place at the head of the family in our society, so that women are now forced to seek substitutes for authority.

"I also submit these rank imitations of Moontune," he went on, holding up half a dozen phonograph records, "all with whispering vocals—and one with such a quiet whisper that nobody can hear it.

"And these," he said waving a sheaf of letters, "are from lovely girls in Tenafly, New Jersey, Wahoo, Nebraska, Pismo Beach, California, and other exotic places where they are starting Whispering Guy Fan Clubs, and writing to find out the color of your eyes and your chest expansion."

"What's my chest expansion got to do with anything?" I said.

"It is one of the charms of this business," said O'Hara, "that you never know what is going to have to do with what."

"Don't you worry about your chest anyway," said Mabel. "We've sent all the girls copies of pictures from Muscles Magazine, with masks painted over the eyes."

"We merely bring up these sordid details," said O'Hara, "to remind you that you are what might be called a hot item in the trade. Instead of trying to halt the progress of The Whispering Guy, I might suggest as a more practical procedure that you record a few more sides at this particular time."

"All *I* want at this particular time," I said, "is to have nothing more to do with this situation. My standing on the Thrummond Flying Squad is already suffering enough."

"Well," said Sally, standing in the doorway and brandishing the morning paper, "this isn't going to help it much either." She tossed the paper on O'Hara's desk, opened to a picture of Nanette Girard, looking soulful, and a story headlined: *Screen Star to Identify Mystery Singer.*

From the first moment I heard his voice, Miss Girard was said to have said, *I knew the true identity of The Whispering Guy. I, and only I, could know—for he whom the world knows as The Whispering Guy was my first and fondest love, and Moontune was our very own song.*

There was quite a bit more. In fact, Annie Garvey was still a regular little chatterbox, going on about how The Whispering Guy was her truest-blue friend in the dark days before she found herself as a person, and how, though she had lost track of him after she became a famous actress, she had never stopped searching for him in her heart, in between marriages.

Now, she said in the paper, *we will meet again, across the years, at the Platinum Music Company, February fifth, three* P.M. *sharp.*

The story concluded with the fact that Miss Girard's latest picture, Love Never Ends, *in 3-D*, was, by a happy coincidence, opening at the Thrummondston Bijou on the same day. She was making a home-town appearance in honor of this event.

"I never heard a word about this," said O'Hara. "Nobody ever tells me anything around here. I would have got a haircut."

"But isn't it thrilling!" said Mabel. "And won't it be good for the record!"

"Nobody seems to be concerned about *me* in all this," I said. "And besides, there isn't a word of truth in what she says."

"Our song," Sally said tartly.

"I was only practicing it for the Kiwanis Kapers," I said, "and the Garveys had the only piano on the block. I never any more sang it to Annie than I did to her dog Trixie. Anyway, she had big brass braces on her teeth then. Annie, I mean."

"Oh, you and your magic whisper," said Sally.

At this particular moment, O'Hara's receptionist, slightly disheveled, burst into the office. "They're here," she said wildly. "Acres of them. Marching on the office."

"Be calm, Olympia," said O'Hara.

"Calm-schmalm," said Olympia. "Get out while you can. It's the Whispering Guy Fan Clubs."

They came streaming into the office several hundred strong—girls from everywhere, all chanting, "We Want Guy!" in, of course, a hoarse whisper. They kept pouring into the room long after it was stuffed full of them, and the rest of us had to huddle back in a corner. As far down the hall as we could see, there was a solid mass of chanting fans, waving photographs of a blond giant of a man, wearing an eye mask, a strained smile and an overabundance of muscles.

"Ladies!" said O'Hara. "Please!"

"We Want Guy!" the girls chanted.

"If you'll be kind enough to give me an *opportunity*—" O'Hara began.

"We Want Guy!" the girls replied.

"Sally," I said, coming to an uncomfortable halt against O'Hara's portable icebox, "they don't even know me; they're not paying any attention to me at all."

"*Now* he wants to be noticed," said O'Hara, sourly.

"I was merely making a comment," I said. "Not a request."

"James Millard," said Mabel, from between two file cabinets, "you're the only one who can handle this situation. For goodness sake, *do* something. Sing!"

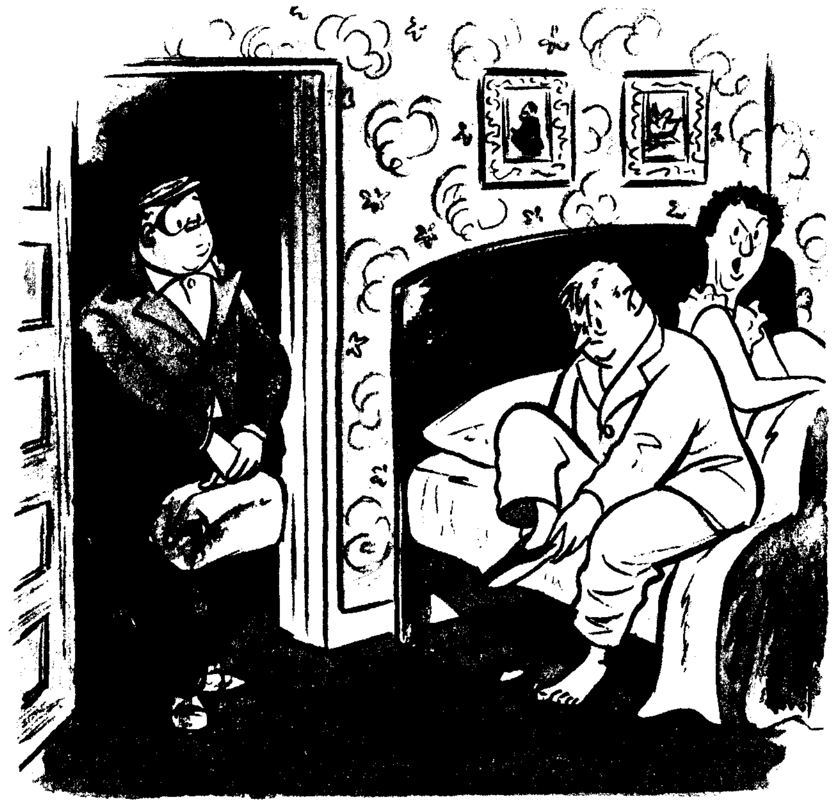
I NEVER had to make that terrible decision. There was a horrendous shriek from the hall, a sudden movement in the crowd, and the girls were all stampeding in the opposite direction with the grace of a breaking log jam.

"What happened?" said O'Hara.

"It's Bucko Flanahan from the stockroom," Olympia said. "They're all after him. You know, he *does* look like those pictures."

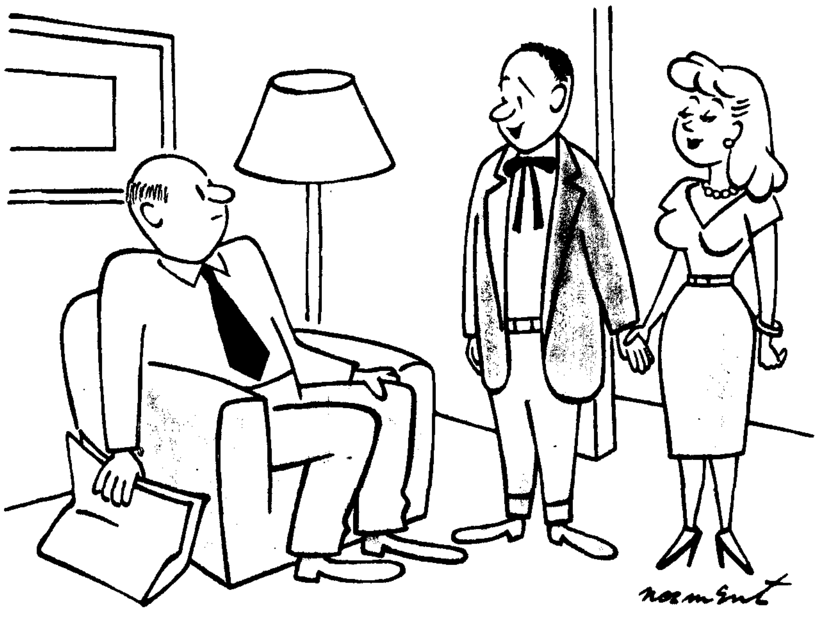
"That's what he gets for working out at the Y twice a day," said O'Hara. "How is he making out?"

BUTCH



"Well, that's just too bad if his flashlight went dead. Let him find the light switches himself"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



"I was just a carp, trying to run up a score, with my head in a bag. Then Miss Biscuit, here, invited me over to join her lodge and from the very beginning she bugged me no end. I was so completely wigged I flipped all over. And so, sir, if you don't potsky, we'll start pavement pounding in search of a pad and I promise you I'll always do my best to make your daughter very crazy"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

"He can run faster," said Olympia, "but they're determined. Gee," she added, "this may be the Marines."

Half a dozen photographers came in first, followed by assorted reporters, press agents, bodyguards, hairdressers, hatbox carriers and, finally, Nanette Girard. She paused in the doorway and gave us the old profile.

One of the press agents stepped forward. "Who's the publicity man here?" he said peevishly. "What's the picture? Miss Girard is way behind schedule; we gotta give this a very quick shake."

From the hall came the bloodcurdling cry of the fan clubs. They still wanted Guy. "Hold the door!" shouted Mabel, but before we could reach it, Bucko Flanahan came tearing in and snapped the lock behind him. Pale and breathless, he leaned back against the door and gave an enormous shuddering sigh of relief.

"That's great, kid," said the press agent. "Just hold it like that. Okay, Miss Girard."

She walked slowly toward him, both hands extended before her, like a poster for a charity drive. "Doll," she said simply, taking both of Bucko's hands in her own, "how you've changed."

Flash bulbs went off all over the room, but Annie seemed scarcely aware of them. She stood looking deep into Bucko's bewildered baby-blue eyes until all the photographers had a chance to make a second covering shot.

That was when the door buckled in like a matchbox cover and the fans spewed into the room with a savage roar and stripped Bucko right down to his track pants before anyone could say, "Get the Thrummondston riot squad." . . .

The rest is pretty much of an anticlimax.

Bucko made a very adequate Whispering Guy—though none of his records ever came up to Moontune, of course. He's in Hollywood now, and likes it fine because it's near a place called Muscle Beach, which is sort of an outdoor Y.

Annie Garvey is happily married for the fourth time—a fact that Sally seems to find comforting. Sally never did appreciate the cage of lovebirds that arrived from Annie after all the confusion, with a card saying: *We still have a secret.*

Mabel owns the Platinum Record Company now. She and O'Hara had a lot to do with the trend toward shouters, which started as a reaction against all the whispering singers. And now they have that three-year-old boy who introduced The Tummy Song, which the papers say has ushered in a new era in popular records by returning sincerity to singing.

FOR myself, I am the assistant personnel manager of the Thrummond Corporation. We had our Flying-Up ceremony last week, and it was very moving and impressive. The only indication I had that my recent experience might have affected me in any adverse way came when my boss, Mr. A. J. Thrummond, was reading my personal citation. He was saying how I had this unwavering determination to keep the Thrummond name always unsoiled, and praising my ability to nip distractive influences in the bud, and complimenting me on my all-around serious-minded approach to the game of life. And so on. And it came to me that it certainly would give everybody a big surprise if I responded, not with my prepared speech, but with a chorus of Moontune instead.

I did not follow that impulse, however, and since that time I have had none of these subversive thoughts. I have even come to think that my recent experience was probably invaluable, in that, generally speaking, it has only made me more serious-minded than ever. —EDWARD HUTCHINGS, JR.

REPORT FROM ANOTHER WESTINGHOUSE
DISHWASHER OWNER

"Makes Entertaining Fun!" says Mrs. Edward A. Edwards of Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. "No more cleaning up late at night. Now I enjoy dinner guests because I know my Westinghouse Dishwasher will do all the work while I entertain. Even for two of us it saves as much as an hour a day. And it washes my pots and pans—right with the dishes."

Now! Try it in your home!

Westinghouse Dishwasher

Find out, as Mrs. Edwards did, just how much help a Westinghouse Dishwasher can be to you. Now you can try one —washing your own dishes in your own kitchen. Ask your dealer for a free home trial. He'll lend you the full-size Portable Model that requires no installation and rolls out of the way when not in use.

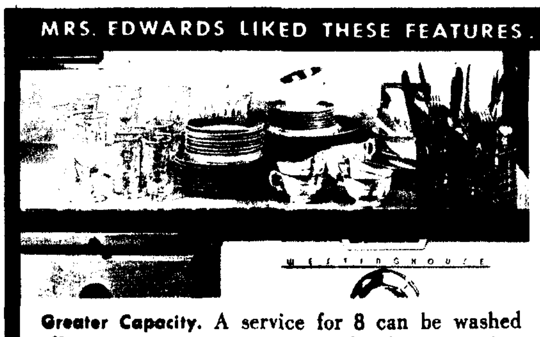
Test its best-buy features! Enjoy new hours of freedom! Try it in your home for a few days without any cost or obligation . . . then we believe you'll decide, with Mrs. Edwards, that Westinghouse is the one for you. Besides the Portable, there are Under-Counter, Cabinet and Dishwasher-Sink Models—all easy to install at low cost.

WESTINGHOUSE
FREE HOME TRIAL OFFER
Dishwasher

. . . of course, it's electric!

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse

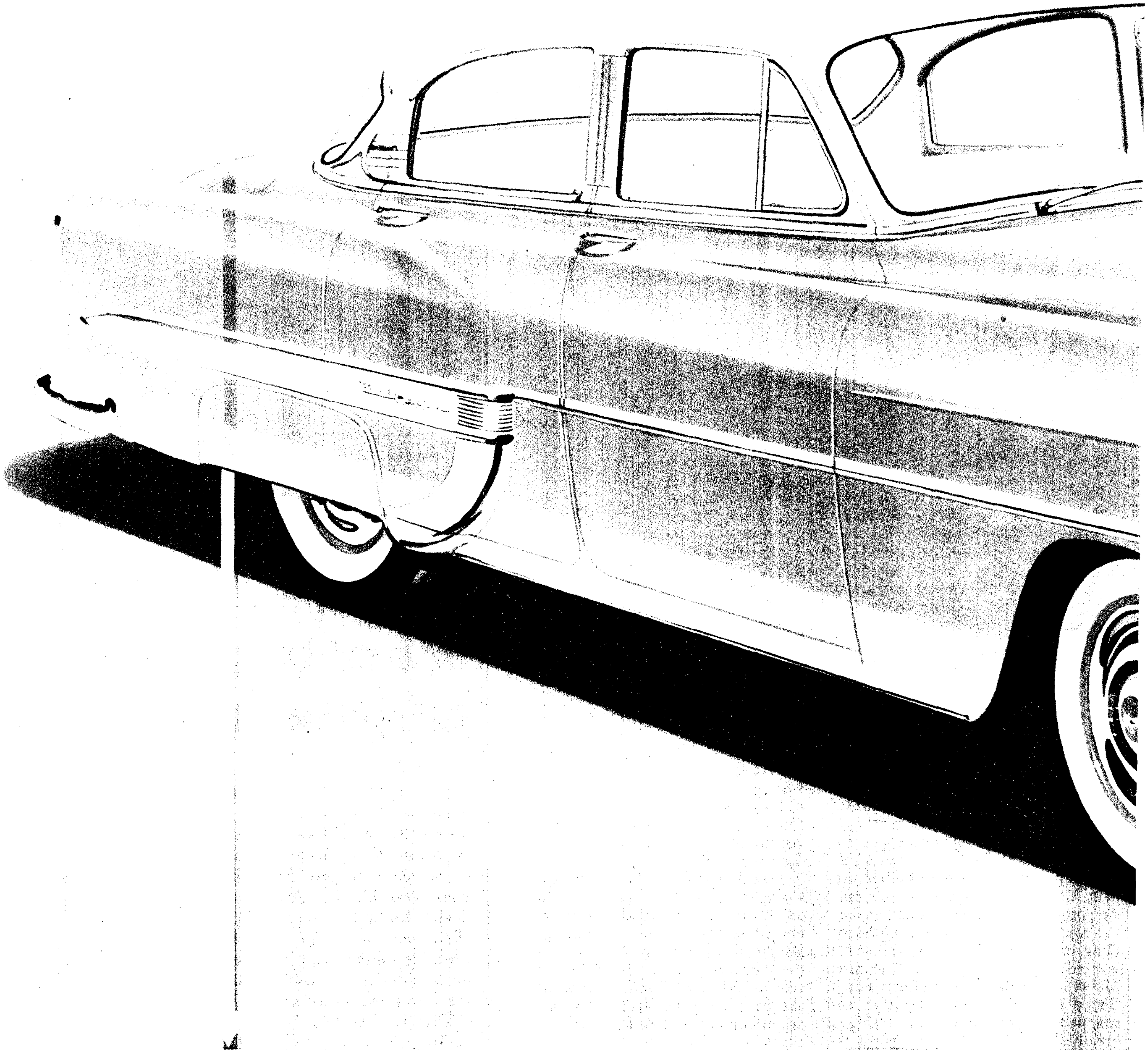
MRS. EDWARDS LIKED THESE FEATURES . . . YOU'LL LIKE THEM TOO!

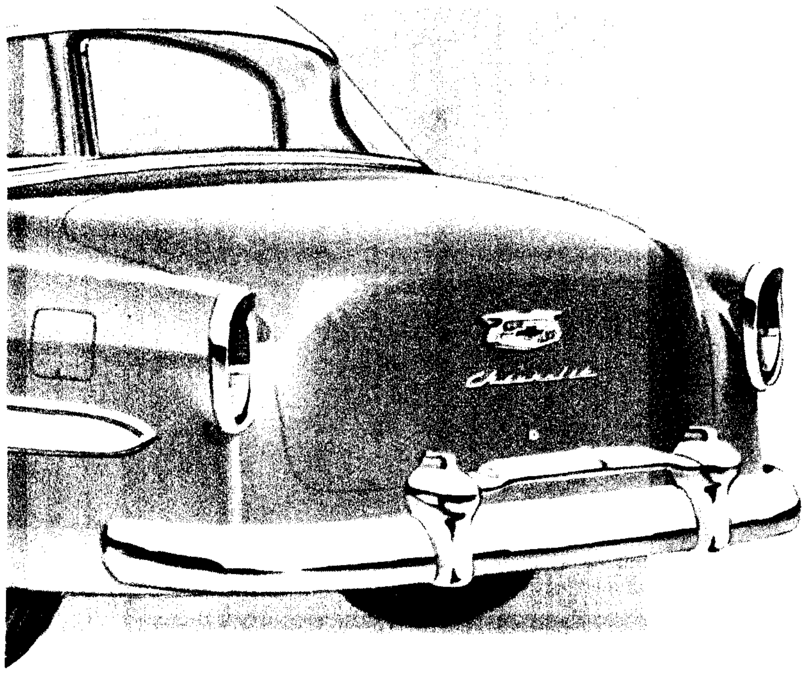


Greater Capacity. A service for 8 can be washed all at once . . . most important for dinner parties.

Perfect Washing and Drying. Everything comes out fully sanitized.

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE STUDIO ONE . . . Every Week

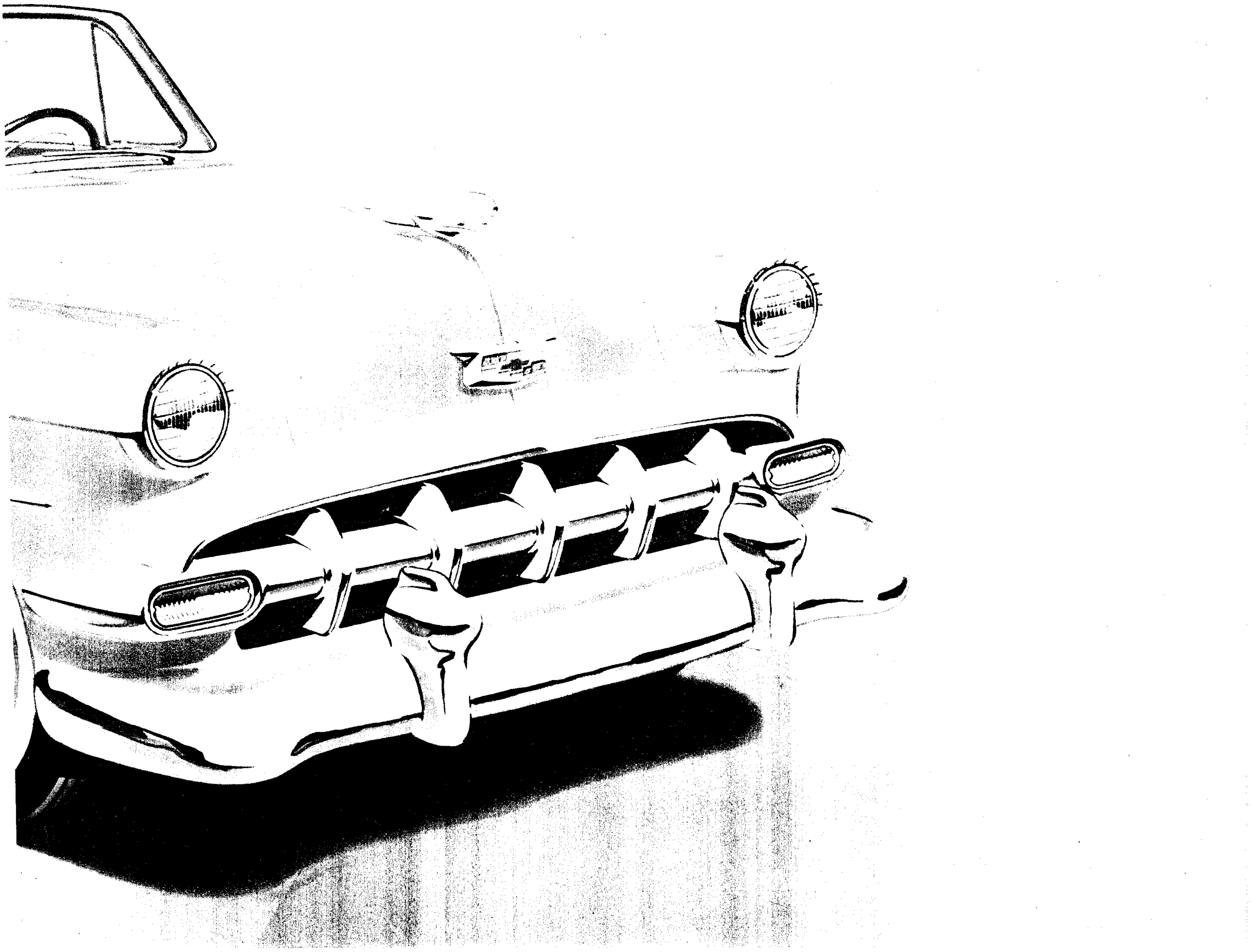




This is what's new abou

Powered for Performance!
Engineered for Economy!

New beauty is only the beginning. Here is the first low-priced car to offer you new high-compression engine power, Power Brakes,* Automatic Window and Seat Controls*—plus so many other features and advantages of the highest priced cars. And it's all yours with new economy, too!



The new 1954 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sedan. With three great series, Chevrolet offers the most beautiful choice of models in its field.

the beautiful new 1954 Chevrolet. . .

ou can sum up this new 1954 hevrolet in one simple statement f fact: *It offers more things you want –at lowest cost—than any other car.*

Here, for instance, are some of he new advantages that are yours.

ew styling that stays new

hevrolet's the only low-priced car hat offers you the lasting good looks f Body by Fisher. And fresh, new 954 styling outside and in makes hevrolet even more of a stand-out. oth front-end and rear-end designs re new. There are new styling re- nements front, rear and all around he car. There's an exciting choice of ich new colors that harmonize with he finer, more colorful interiors.

Thrifty new power in all models

An important gain in acceleration, hill-climbing, smoothness and quietness of operation with money-saving gasoline mileage, too! That's what Chevrolet gives you with new power in two great, high-compression engines—the "Blue-Flame 125" in Powerglide models and the "Blue-Flame 115" in gearshift models.

New Power Brakes and Automatic Window and Seat Controls

Now as an extra-cost option on all Powerglide models, you can have the ease and convenience of Power Brakes. And Automatic Front Window and Seat Controls are optional at extra cost on Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models.

Powerglide for all models, and a new low price on Power Steering

Now Powerglide*—the *smooth* and *thrifty* automatic transmission with the instant acceleration—is available for all models. And Chevrolet brings you the greater driving ease and safety of Power Steering* at a saving. See your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*

SYMBOL OF SAVINGS
CHEVROLET
EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

Are You the New

ARE YOU a good organizer?

WOULD YOU delegate authority or try to do it all yourself?

DO YOU respect the leadership ability of your superiors?

ARE YOU skillful at explaining goals to others?

HAVE YOU the knack of getting along with both superiors and subordinates?

DO YOU want advancement for the sake of achievement—or for the money?

Standards are changing drastically in many industri

Executive Type?

By BILL DAVIDSON

FOR years the stereotype of the American business leader has been the smooth-talking, self-assured, natty personality boy—energetic, glib, charming (and, quite often, ruthless). Even in past times the picture was never really accurate. Today, in a growing number of our biggest corporations, it's wholly false.

A significant change is taking place in American industry's thinking about what makes an executive. It's a change that could mean a turning point in the lives of thousands who have felt that their ambitions for top jobs were hopeless because they didn't fit the stereotype.

Here's what Moorhead Wright, a personnel specialist for the General Electric Company, told me:

"The day is past when we pick our men by appearance alone, or by what colleges they attended, or by what clubs they belong to. The well-shined shoes and the pin-stripe suit aren't enough any more. Today, we're looking for executives scientifically—among all of our 231,000 employees. We're going to make sure we don't overlook a single man."

Wright might have been speaking for any one of a dozen of the big companies I visited. At one after another of them, I found a great talent search in progress. At many, I could see the results: capable young executives who had risen from the lowest ranks of the firm on sheer ability.

What brought the change about? Several of the business leaders I spoke to acknowledged that to some extent it had been forced on them. American industry needs executives, and is having trouble finding them.

Assistant Secretary of Commerce James C. Worthy, a former Sears, Roebuck official, told me, "This country's industry is facing a crisis as serious as if it were running out of machines. There is a shortage of men who know how to lead." Francis J. Curtis, a vice-president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, said, "We used to pick executives the way frontiersmen chopped down trees in the forest. Now we need a special kind of tree—intelligent human beings to handle all the complex new problems of modern industry—and we can't find them."

"By 1961," said General Electric's president, Ralph J. Cordiner, "we expect to increase our sales by 50 per cent, to between $4,000,000,000 and $5,000,000,000 a year. That means we need *16,000* more executives than we have today."

With production booming and with management becoming more and more complicated by scientific advances, by tax and legal tangles, and by labor and human-relations problems, it's small wonder that American corporations are now engaged in the greatest man hunt in their history.

At the Baton Rouge plant of the Esso Standard Oil Company, scientific methods of selection were recently applied to dozens of employees who consistently had been passed over for promotion to foremen by the usual method of selecting supervisors and executives—which the company now calls "the old huddle-and-muddle system." Matthew Radom, employee-relations counselor of Esso's parent corporation, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, reports:

"Of the hundred or so foremen who have been selected by the new method, practically none has been demoted from the temporary pool. Of those permanently promoted, over 90 per cent have performed well. Three quarters of the new foremen are rated in the top half of all the foremen in the plant in terms of good performance on the job."

The Esso experience is not an isolated example. Visualize the most unlikely candidate you can think of as executive material—a man who is shy, unattractive, a poor speaker, a careless dresser. It seems safe to say that virtually every major American corporation has promoted a man of that description to an executive job in the last few months.

Johnson & Johnson, which manufactures bandages and other surgical dressings, is one of industry's leaders in the new science of discovering and developing executives. The firm has a staff of psychologists who assist supervisors in developing the abilities of their subordinates. William Machaver, the company's assistant director of personnel, was going over a number of reports one day with one of the manufacturing executives when he noticed an unusual pattern in the record of one man—call him Brown. Scattered through several supervisors' appraisals were indications that Brown possessed all the attributes of leadership—yet he was not being considered as executive material. Machaver investigated. One manager said, "Oh, the boy is all right, I guess, but he mumbles. How can a man be an executive if he can't spellbind a meeting?" Another said, "He's so washed-out looking. He seems to lack energy. He dresses sloppily and his hair never seems to be combed. He's—I don't know—let's just say he doesn't seem to have much presence."

His Faults Were Mostly Superficial

Machaver spent time with the top-level executives reviewing Brown's background. They agreed that the man was good managerial material, that most of his shortcomings were surface characteristics which could be changed by training, and they decided to give Brown a try. He was promoted just one notch.

Brown took hold immediately. He showed real skill in handling his people and running his department, and today the line managers feel Brown is a good bet to rise to the position of general foreman and perhaps ultimately higher.

What attributes attracted attention to Brown as a potential executive? Brown's latest appraisal file provides the answer. To improve on his high-school education, he has been attending courses offered by the company's training officers and also studying for a degree at night at a nearby university. He is majoring in engineering, but his curriculum includes a number of liberal arts courses as well. In the plant, he is constantly investigating areas outside his specialty—sales, engineering, even finance. He has an apparently insatiable curiosity about all facets of Johnson & Johnson's operations, and several times he has volunteered for extra jobs just because he felt he could learn something in them.

In his new job, Brown's appraisal form says, "He knows how to enlist the co-operation of his subordinates and delegate authority to them, and he is quick-acting when he has to take the responsibility of making an important decision himself. After gathering all necessary facts, he renders his decision based on those facts. He does not fence-straddle, and even though he occasionally makes a mistake, his subordinates respect him for his strength, frankness and honesty. He did equally well supervising women in one department as he did with male employees in another department that had completely different duties."

In some companies, it's true, officials still rely on the law of the jungle to weed out all but the strongest candidates for top jobs, heedless of the fact that the strongest are not always the best. Others, I found, still stress "go-getter" qualities above everything else, plus such criteria as "he belongs to the right clubs," and "he plays the right political angles." One industrialist continues to employ methods of selection he himself devised 25 years ago. One of his tests is to take the man out to lunch. If the candidate puts salt in his soup before tasting it, he is immediately eliminated—on the ground that he takes action before properly analyzing a situation.

On the whole, though, I found forward-looking corporations relying more and more on the qualities found in young Brown of Johnson & Johnson. It is almost impossible to compose a list of such qualities. Johnson & Johnson tried to do it. The firm's personnel experts asked the executives to furnish a list of six or seven traits; the company gave up when its list had grown to more than a hundred characteristics. However, if you check several corporations, as I did, you find a few traits that run through all the lists over and over again. From them, it's possible to make up a rough set of rules for the guidance of any man who has executive ambitions.

First, there is a growing emphasis today on the broad individual rather than the specialist. Many companies now feel that the true specialist—the man whose interests and abilities are centered on only one kind of work—should be allowed to develop and grow in that work, where he may ultimately earn as much money and prestige as any executive.

So rule number one is: eliminate yourself as executive material if your interests are focused on one field, like engineering. By being realistic about your capabilities you'll save yourself a lot of the heartache and disappointment that has wrecked the life of many a brilliant specialist who thought the only yardstick of success is to be an executive. On the other hand, if your interests are varied and you have a natural curiosity that makes you look into everything around you, you're fair game for

ersonality and appearance aren't enough now—it's ability that counts

Give it the grand finale

with this livelier catsup

✓ Catsup is red, yes. Comes in bottles, yes. Is all alike? *No!*

✓ Only DEL MONTE Brand Catsup is made with Pineapple Distilled Vinegar...the superlative vinegar that lures from ripe tomatoes and fine spices their liveliest and most likeable flavor.

✓ One other difference: In the familiar DEL MONTE label you have a quality guarantee second to none.

You'll like the handy screw cap ...so easy to open and close.

Del Monte Brand Catsup
the only catsup made with
Pineapple *distilled* Vinegar
—the superlative vinegar that brings out the best in catsup flavor
Del Monte Brand Quality
Tomato Catsup

Try these other DEL MONTE Tomato Products, too!

Tomato Sauce
Stewed Tomatoes
Tomato Juice
Chili Sauce

the executive talent scouts. The Procter & Gamble Company, which has one of the country's finest executive recruitment programs, might prefer a college senior with average grades to a brilliant student—if the average-grade man also went out for the college paper, took part in student government, worked as a salesman in the summer and so on.

P & G personnel experts give each candidate a series of tests to seek out what they call the flexible man. Not only do they ask technical questions like "What is an isotope?", but a potential executive is expected to know the answers to such questions as "What is the beer that made Milwaukee famous?", "Who composed the New World Symphony?", "What are the eight baseball teams in the National League?"

Some companies have gone so far recently in this flexible-man concept that they are beginning to re-examine the generations-old practice of hiring mostly technically trained people—engineers, chemists, accountants, graduates of schools of business administration—for management functions. Most corporation heads still believe that technical training teaches a man to solve problems methodically, but one Monsanto Chemical Company official told me: "A purely technical background may teach a man to solve immediate technical problems, but it also may make him an illiterate, unprepared to cope with the involved human problems of management today."

Johnson & Johnson's nationally known controller, Ernest Carlson, who does the hiring for his own accounting department, said: "Half the men I hire each year are accountants: the others have cultural degrees and we teach them accounting in the company. Surprisingly, the men with liberal-arts training sometimes make better accountants—and generally make better executives. They are slower than the specialists at first, but then their broader background shoots them ahead."

Need for Disciplined Thinking

William G. Caples, vice-president in charge of human relations of the Inland Steel Company, makes the same observation. "Actually," he says, "the complexities of business are such that someone who understands history, literature and philosophy, who is in a position to do disciplined thinking, has the type of mind that will ultimately succeed. As an indication, we hired five boys from a small liberal-arts college. Every one of them is doing exceedingly well. One of them, an economics major, became the youngest superintendent in our steel mills at the age of thirty-one."

Rule number two, therefore, is: develop a broad educational background. Industry is becoming so complex that English and philosophy solve managerial problems as often as engineering. Suppose you have not been fortunate enough to have gone to college: does that eliminate you as executive material? Certainly not. In fact, executive talent scouts seem greatly impressed with an employee who tries to broaden his education with night courses.

On the job, it helps greatly if you show your superiors that you are interested in all phases of your company's operations, not just your own specialty. The reason is obvious: an executive in modern industry must understand sales, engineering, manufacturing, public relations, accounting, labor relations, legal problems and many other functions.

In the one plant of General Electric, at least a half-dozen managers told me about a twenty-eight-year-old who had only recently joined the company.

Dissatisfied with Specialist Role

The young man (I'll call him Jones, since divulging his real name might embarrass him) began his career as an engineer. He seemed to have a promising future as a specialist designing new products for GE, but after four months he requested a transfer to the sales department. "If I'm going to design household products," he said, "I want to meet people and learn what they want." Soon after he joined the sales department, Jones talked the chief accountant into giving him a short course in the intricacies of big-business finance. "A product is good only if the price is right," Jones told me. "I got interested in accounting so I could learn how to work out costs at each step in the development of a new product." When I met Jones he was about to make a trip, in his spare time, with a salesman for another GE appliance. "The products I work on," he said, "already are accepted in almost every home. I'd like to find out about new appliances which we still have to sell to the public."

Jones's chief superior—a general manager just below the rank of vice-president—told me, "There are only three people among the 5,000 in my department with the potentialities to handle my job when I move on. Jones is one of them—mainly because of his inquiring mind."

The General Electric Company has a number of young men who were propelled into managerial positions by their inquiring minds. One, Robert A. Orr, was a newcomer at the firm's Bridgeport, Connecticut, headquarters after World War II, when he began poking around a nearby GE fan factory to satisfy his curiosity about

MARCH OF DIMES

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 2-31

are seeking men of varied interests, rather than specialists, as executives

manufacturing. One day he scraped some paint off the metal labels on the plant's machines, which had been bought 25 years before—and read that the equipment was capable of turning out many more pieces per hour than even the plant's foremen suspected. His discovery saved the company a lot of money and started Orr on a meteoric career: today he's a general manager.

Enough big companies put a premium on the inquiring mind to make that rule number three: find out everything you can about the various operations of your firm. Don't get so involved in the details of your own job that you can't see beyond it.

Rule number four is equally important. If you want to be an executive, you've got to take chances.

"The difficulty with most of our young employees who could be executives," said GE's brilliant thirty-eight-year-old vice-president, Charles K. Rieger, who himself was a GE salesman only 10 years ago, "is that they are too security conscious. They just want to work from nine to five and keep out of trouble. That's okay with us. But few people who don't take risks and make sacrifices ever become executives. Many times we spot a young man who looks promising for a managerial post in some other city—and he hesitates, saying he's afraid his wife won't want to tear up roots."

Dr. Burleigh Gardner, a Chicago sociologist who made a study of 473 executives in 14 firms in an attempt to find out what makes successful executives, says that often those who don't want to tear up roots have not broken their emotional ties with their parents. "Such men make poor executives," he writes, "because they are either too dependent on their superiors or too resentful of their superiors."

Basic Defects in Executives

Similar basic deficiencies show up in men who are afraid to make decisions or accept responsibility. A Procter & Gamble vice-president, J. G. Pleasants, is particularly emphatic on that subject. He says, "Executives must call signals on the offense and hold down the safety job on the defense. The responsibility is full and permanent; when it is gone, management is gone, too. I say that the man who does not feel the binding obligation of his responsibility is not managing—he is meddling."

A half-dozen officials told me that fence-straddling has wrecked more incipient executive careers than any other weakness. GE's vice-president Rieger tells of a young man, whom I'll call Miller, who was rated a hot-shot by all his superiors—a natural prospect who seemed to have all the qualities of leadership. Rieger put him in charge of a small New England plant. His superiors continued to report that he was doing extremely well, but Rieger wasn't so sure. After a while he went to the manager of manufacturing, and said to him, "Miller isn't running that plant; you are."

The manager of manufacturing was startled. "No, I'm not," he insisted.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Rieger. "Every time I walked into your office I found you talking to him on the telephone. Check your phone calls and I'll bet you'll find that he's been calling you as often as eight or ten times a day. He's been asking for advice, hasn't he?"

"Why, yes."

"And that means you've been making his decisions for him, doesn't it?"

"Well, I never thought of it that way," said the manager, "but come to think of it, you're right."

When they confronted Miller, he admitted that he never said yes or no until he'd had a chance to talk it over with the manager of manufacturing. "He was afraid of criticism," says Rieger. "We had put a halo on him, and he didn't want it tarnished." The young man was promptly demoted—and then trained to make decisions and take responsibility. Now he's on the way up the managerial ladder once more.

That leads to rule number five: let your company help you develop as an executive.

The industrial countryside is blooming these days with Executive Development Plans, Management Development Plans, Reserve Group Plans and similar projects. Industry is hiring skilled professionals to develop you—so take advantage of it.

If you're looking for a job, it would be wise to inquire about such plans in the companies where you apply, and then try to hook on with the firm having the best program. If you intend to stay in your present job and there's no development plan, perhaps your company will join the rapidly growing trend and adopt a formalized program soon. Even if it doesn't, the idea is catching on so fast—and the need for executives is so great—that some personnel directors and company officials are using many of the principles on their own.

The basic idea of all the plans is the same—to discover the employee with hidden executive talent, and then to emphasize his strengths and correct his weaknesses so he can move up to the first managerial level and beyond. The development programs also prepare established executives for further advancement.

Aside from the broad, inquiring mind, the qualities which firms try to develop in their executives vary greatly. As Johnson & Johnson's executive counselor, Earl G. Planty, put it, "Some companies need the hard-driving type of executive because of the nature of their personnel and operations; others require the easygoing, pipe-smoking type. The immediate environment determines the needs."

Many social scientists, like Dr. Chris Argyris of Yale, have attempted to compose a comprehensive list of standards for all businesses, but because of the variation in environment from company to company, that is difficult to do. The best that can be said is that, in addition to the broad principles, most companies expect an executive to:

(1) Respect the leadership ability of his superiors.

(2) Desire advancement for the sake of achievement—not just for the prestige and money.

(3) Be skillful at explaining the aims and actions of his department to his subordinates.

(4) Delegate authority to his subordinates instead of trying to do everything himself.

(5) Be a good organizer.

(6) Have the knack of getting along with both superiors and subordinates.

Purpose of Appraisal Forms

An executive development plan actually is composed of two parts: appraisal and development. Appraisal is the series of techniques intended to find out who has executive talent and in what area. Sometimes appraisal consists simply of a one-page form which an executive fills out for each of his immediate subordinates, checking off such questions as "Does he get along with people?" But many firms have gone much further, claiming that forms which are too simple tend to become instruments for mutual back-slapping.

Sears, Roebuck subjects all its employees to a battery of scientifically designed psychological examinations.

Lines Penned at Midnight

The barking in my neighborhood
Impels me to remark:
I rather wish that watchdogs would
Just watch instead of bark.

—RICHARD WHEELER

Johnson & Johnson, as mentioned earlier, sends its trained personnel experts to interview each manager about the potential of each of his subordinates; an interview concerning one employee may last as long as two hours. The Esso Standard Oil Company has a three-page form covering such characteristics as emotional stability, decisiveness and responsibility.

But the most comprehensive of all appraisal forms has been devised by General Electric. It is a 27-page booklet with more than 125 questions; periodically, every manager must complete the form for each man under him.

Typical questions are: "Can people depend on what he says?"; "Does he have courage to speak his mind against popular opinion or higher authority if convinced he is right?"; "Is he open-minded, willing to admit he may be wrong?"; "Does he seek or reach out for responsibility?"; "Does he think and work in an orderly way?"; "Is he a good listener?"; "Can he tactfully take issue with a point of view without becoming antagonistic?"; "Does he invite suggestions and encourage participation of his men on broader problems?"

In the development part of every program, the prospective executive's appraisal is examined, and then he is given the opportunity to correct his weaknesses—with the help of the company. He may be given special training, special projects; he may even be sent to attend universities or seminars of the American Management Association. Some firms, like the Monsanto Chemical Company, are keenly aware of the relationship between a man's executive caliber and his activities outside the business world. If a prospective executive is too shy, for example, Monsanto may try to improve his relations with people by encouraging him to participate in the activities of professional and civic organizations, even to ringing doorbells in the local community chest drive.

In recent months, there has been an even more unorthodox innovation in executive development which Philip W. Shay of the American Management Association calls "the most exciting news in the field to date." Some firms, both in this country and elsewhere, are actually setting up little subsidiary businesses mainly intended to test, train and correct the faults of potential executives. One example is the plan of a British tobacco company to erect a small factory principally as a training ground for the future leaders of the company.

A somewhat different approach to the same end is used by Gamble-Skogmo, Inc., a chain of stores in Minneapolis. Every September, assistants and clerks of the firm's 436 branch stores take over as sales managers for 30 days. "At the root of the experiment," the company writes, "is the conviction of the company's officials that there are millions of young people who do not have full opportunity to show their hidden executive talent."

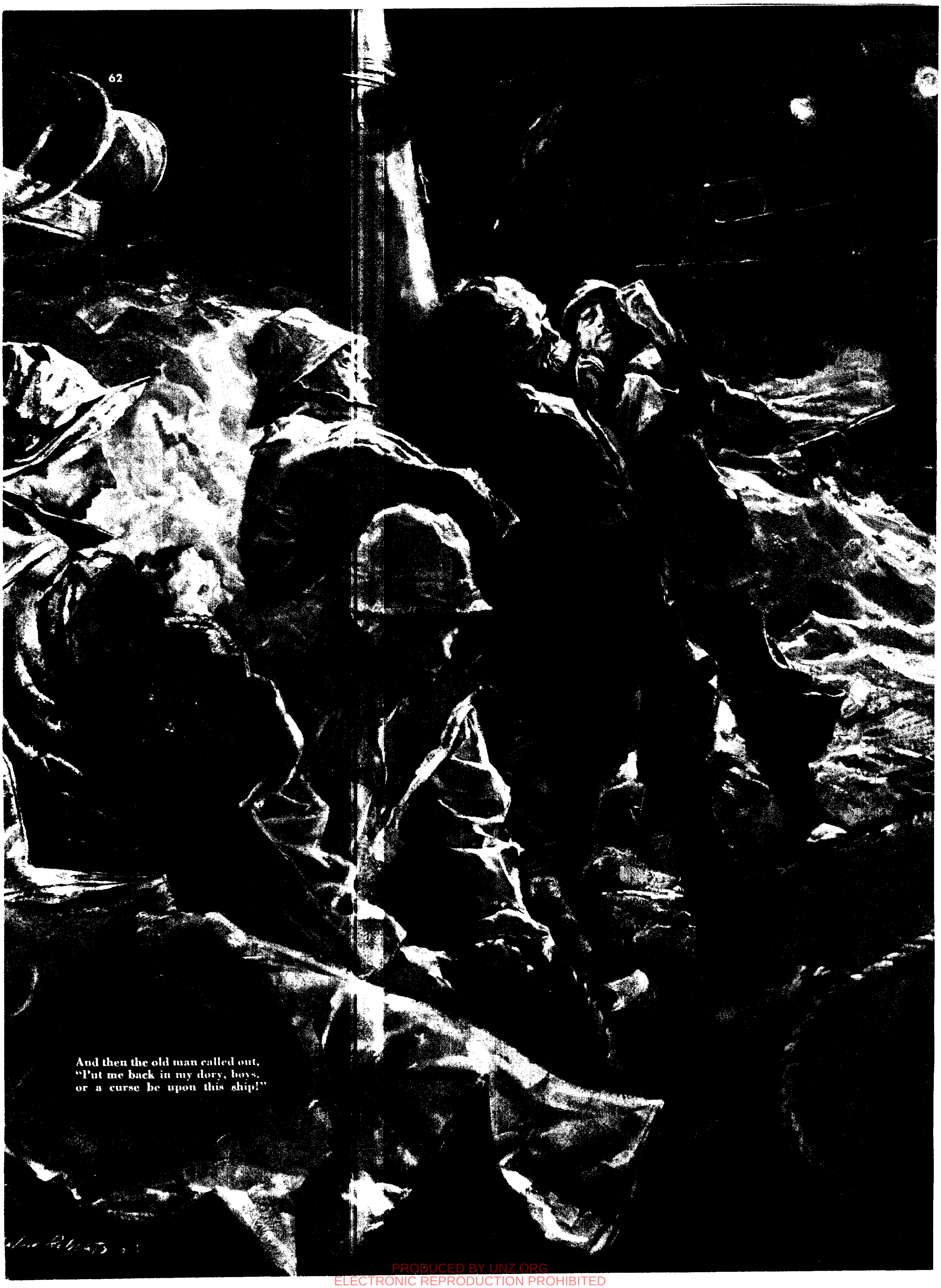
Despite all the evidence that American industry is discarding its crown-prince ideas of the 1920s, there are many companies where favoritism and prejudice still exist and where department heads still stubbornly resist the ideas thrust on them by the new executive development specialists. Moreover, there is a tendency among some of the specialists to talk and write in a gobbledygook all their own, and many of them are so busy comparing beautifully drawn plans that they spend little time actually developing men.

Firms That Promote From Ranks

But all in all, industry has embarked on a spectacular new course which can't help benefiting millions of Americans. As Johnson & Johnson's William Machaver put it, "Time was when a corporation would boast about how many glamor-boy graduates from swank colleges it had hired directly into big jobs. But now Procter & Gamble proudly announces, 'P & G *grows* its executives, it does not hire them'; and Sears, Roebuck points out that nearly all of its executives rise from the ranks of the stock boys and salesmen. Here at Johnson & Johnson, no less than 94.5 per cent of our executives are promoted from within."

GE's Moorhead Wright says, "We've learned that developing executives is like building a good baseball team. You need all kinds of people, from the college graduates to the rough, tough kids who have fought their way up. And you must scout them and promote them on the basis of ability alone—or you have a poor team.

"In short, we are rewriting an old cliché. It's no longer whom you know, or even what you know—but what you do."



And then the old man called out,
"Put me back in my dory, boys,
or a curse be upon this ship!"

SHIP The DEVIL

The crew boasted that none of them believed the weird legend that dorymen were bad luck. Then Burin Codroy came aboard, and they wanted to send him to his death

By FRANCIS GOTT

THE fishing dragger Paint Bucket was making heavy weather on a south-by-east course. Her crew had been gathered around the radio listening to a speech by President Eisenhower, and now the men were good-naturedly riding Brad McCoun, the mate. Irritated, he went down to the well deck, to escape the crew's ribald joking and his father's asking him when he was going to get married.

His anger was so great he hardly noticed the freezing lash of the spray. Damn his meddling father! Why had he given in to his old man's wishes? Now he had to marry if Captain McCoun could find a girl.

He started suddenly. There was an ice-encrusted dory bobbing in the red beam of the port running light; a very old man was at her oars. When Brad had ordered the big dragger brought about, forming a lee, they grappled the odd craft and hoisted her aboard. Her strange occupant fought them, showing fright of them as if they were alien beings, as if he were one with the sea.

"He's out of his head," said Captain McCoun, as they carried the old man into the pilothouse. And there, enlivened by the heat, the stranger again struck about with his great bony fists.

Captain McCoun yelled with exasperation: "Take the old shag outside! We'll freeze the fight out of him."

Brad objected, but the crew obeyed. They lashed the old doryman to the foremast. Although the forecastle head gave protection from the wind, the freezing spray fell upon him. And then the old one startled them by calling out in his cracked voice, "Put me back in my dory, boys, or a curse be upon this ship!"

"And damned to you!" Captain McCoun yelled, and waved his crew aft.

Brad waited, and then went over to look in the dory. What he found in it both troubled and startled him. There was a two-gallon beaker with a little rum in it, a five-gallon can full of gasoline, and under the thwarts a bundle of dry kindling wood wrapped in a sail. Slatted to her flat bottom were several slabs of ballast.

"God save us!" he said softly. They were in for trouble, grave trouble. They had picked up a funeral man!

Brad guessed he had never really believed the stories about the funeral men; but as far back as he could remember, he had heard tales of funeral men—aged captains, sailors and fishermen who were no longer useful in a world of younger men. They put to sea alone with no intention of ever touching land again. No one ever saw them go or, if anyone did, he never mentioned it. Only the sea knew the secret of their passing. And there were dire tales about what happened if one thwarted the funeral men—and Brad knew his father and the crew believed these superstitions.

Facing aft, Brad saw Beige coming forward. Hurriedly, he tossed the beaker

ILLUSTRATED BY MORTON ROBERTS

overside, only to have it float back aboard on the crest of a comber. Beige, standing knee-deep in brine, scooped it up. He shook it, pulled out the stopper, lifted it to his beaked nose, then laughed and drank. He said, "Thought it was empty, eh?"

Brad shook his head and followed the big fisherman back to the pilothouse, where Beige generously passed the beaker around. Brad knew that he did not dare mention all that he had seen in the dory.

"I ain't seeing any human being frozen to death," Nat Southing said, refusing the beaker and getting up.

Captain McCoun said, "He ain't human—he's a Newfie."

"Looks it and talks it," Orn Granger said. "Fishin' us Maine men's waters, stealin' our bread an' butter—"

"Nat's the only one of you with Christian feelings," Brad said. "I'm goin' out and bring the old fellow in."

Captain McCoun laughed and said, "Don't bother, boy, the alky ain't frozen out of that fellow yet."

"Pa, you can't treat him like a batch of applejack you're working," Brad said. They stood facing each other, Brad big and tall, his father fat and short; otherwise, they were alike—red-faced, ham-fisted and stubborn.

Captain McCoun looked up at his son. "Plaguy fool I got me for an only young one," he said. "No wife, no babies—and no more McCouns."

"If it's babies you want," Brad said, "you should have had a few more kids yourself."

THE fight went out of old Captain McCoun. "Your dear, good mother didn't live to see you, son," he said. Brad reached out and squeezed his father's shoulder, and Captain McCoun banished the past with a smile. "Ah, well," he said, "I'll be finding a wife for you before long, Brad."

Brad made a wry face, and turned and went outside. Southing followed him. Brad looked about. The bulwarks and rigging were sheathed in ice, glistening under the rays of the running lights. The old man now shone like a huge crystal. The two men ran forward, and Brad steadied the old man while Southing cut him free, casting maledictions upon the heartless nature of Captain McCoun. The old one's icy armor broke with a merry tinkle as Brad lowered him to the deck.

"Old one smells like a rum johnny," Southing said wistfully.

Aft, they put the old man on the settee in the pilothouse. He had no sou'wester, but his shock of white hair and beard, frozen stiff with brine and frost, had been fair protection against the elements. He had a broad frame, a wide jaw and a bulging forehead; his skin was tough from age and hardship.

Then he opened his eyes and sat up. The heat was working at him. He said, "You've done wrong, boys, in bringing me aboard."

Beige laughed and said, "Old one, I wouldn't dare light a match to your breath."

"He'd be gone in a puff of fire and brimstone if you did," Granger said.

"Where's my rum beaker?" the old one asked.

Southing nodded. "In that locker."

The stranger looked troubled. "Any of you choons sampled it?"

The trawlers tried to look innocent, but they didn't succeed.

The old one sighed, and stroked his beard. "I feel sorry for you men who couldn't resist temptation," he said, and shook his shaggy head dolefully.

Southing shifted uneasily. "Why?"

"That's funeral rum," the old one answered.

The fishermen blinked, and Captain McCoun's little eyes clouded with superstition. "Oh, trouble's upon us!" he said. "We've picked us up a funeral man and sampled his rum."

In a sudden silence, the men heard Southing whisper, "The dory—I remember now—'tis painted black."

Brad had reached out to steady the stranger, who was struggling to get up.

Captain McCoun pulled his son's hand away. "Don't touch him!"

Brad looked at his father, and was taken aback to see the sweat bead on his father's jowls, his eyes bug out and his skin grow tight and green. Captain McCoun looked sick. "It's an unlucky ship that interferes with God's will and picks up a funeral man," Captain McCoun said weakly.

"Rot!" Brad said; yet he felt a chill not caused by the cold.

Captain McCoun looked at his only son for a moment, and then he said solemnly, "Your great-grandfather—Captain Ambrose McCoun—left his will on the kitchen table one night. The lighthouse keeper saw him heading out to sea in a dory. No one in town ever saw him again. Days later a cabin boy drifted ashore on a hatch cover; he told how his skipper had picked up an old man trying to burn himself to death in a little black boat. The old man cursed them, and a storm came up in which the lumber schooner foundered. The boy was the only survivor."

Southing gave Brad a scared look. "It's true, boy," he said. "My Great-uncle Nat went the same way."

The crew stood transfixed. The wheel spun under Granger's powerless hands; a racing comber caught the dragger and slammed her on her beam ends. Her screw chewed air.

Brad shoved Granger away and eased the vessel back on course. The men scrambled to their feet from the righting deck. The old one got up and stood facing them. He still possessed the strength of great bones, and he smelled of tobacco and fish and the ocean winds of a century.

"What's your name?" Captain McCoun asked.

"I was Burin Codroy."

"You *was?*"

"Yes," the old one insisted.

"Well, make a clean wish then, and leave us."

"I can make no wish; my life is over," the old one said.

"Oh, yes, you can. You've got to. Only you can make the wish, and only I, as captain, can grant it—then the curse is wiped away and you may leave us freely. That's the way it works," Captain McCoun said.

The aged Newfoundlander stared straight into Captain McCoun's eyes. "Yes, if our hearts are clean. Is yours?"

Captain McCoun started to bluster, but was suddenly stopped by Codroy's look. "I don't know, Burin," the down-East captain said then, humbly.

The old one nodded. "You'll do."

ALL hands stared fearfully at the old one. Brad swallowed. In their ignorance and the dark of night they had picked up a funeral man. What was to be the penalty for their desecration?

The crew edged away from the old man, staring at him in deepening awe.

"Newfie, eh?" the captain said.

"Yes," the stranger said, "Cook's Harbor, but I been sailin' out of Saint John's since a boy."

"But how did you get down here in that dory?"

"I left my ship. I was going to be paid off—for good. Said I was too old . . ." There was hurt in his voice.

Captain McCoun took off his sou'wester and wiped the sweat from his bald head. "I am a foolish and sinful man to snatch you from your grave, Burin Codroy. I beg forgiveness."

The old one said, "You have it."

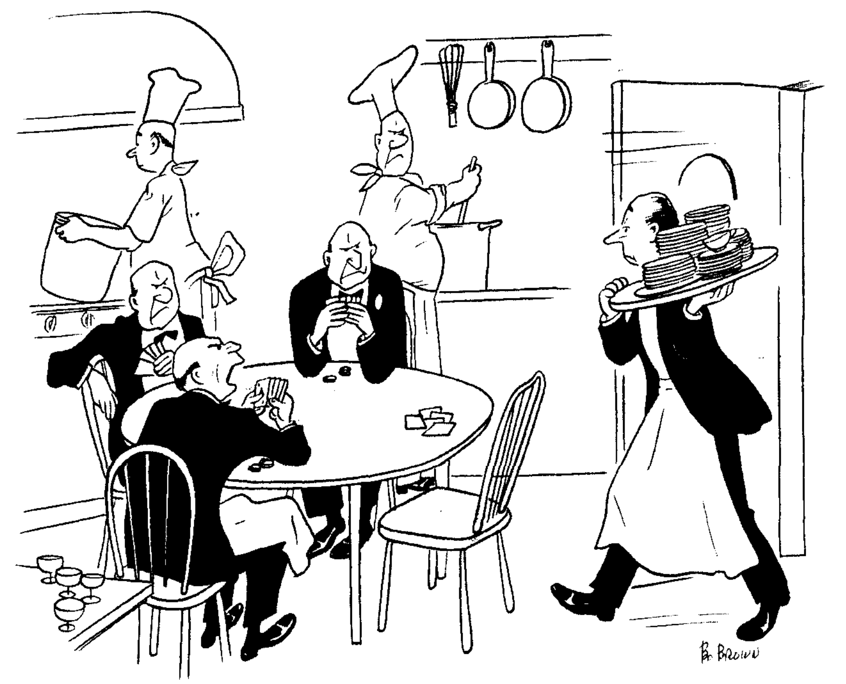
"Only a wish of yours can wipe clean the curse," Captain McCoun said, hinting again hopefully.

"No, the time ain't ripe."

"What made you take this way, Burin?" the captain asked.

"I have nothing," Burin Codroy said. "My first wife and our baby were wiped out by the flu plague in the first war; my second wife died when I was at sea in the last war. The years began to hang heavy, and I thought to join them, God willin', I know."

The fishermen hung their heads, ashamed and uneasy in the face of troubles more grievous than their own. Hope was the measure of their existence; it embarrassed them to meet the eyes of a man whose hope now lay in a voyage from which none returned.



"What's the idea keeping us waiting so long?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Brad coughed and said, "How about hot coffee, Burin, and a bite to eat?" Pity made his voice unsteady.

The stranger nodded, and turned to Captain McCoun. "A little while to linger won't make much difference now, sir, will it?"

Captain McCoun squared his shoulders. "You can't leave until you give us the clean wish," he said.

Codroy said, "I'll tell you honest, soon's it comes to me clear; an' I hope soon, for I be anxious to get away."

As he led Codroy forward, Brad tried not to think of this poor old man breasting the seas alone. Spray stung his face and stiffened his oilskins with ice. Even though he now understood the reason the old man had gone out in the dory, he marveled that the old one had been able to remain adrift—and on a night with the spindrift freezing and striking like shot.

When they reached the break of the forecastle head, just fore of the mast, there was comparative lee and deeper darkness, but not quiet. The standing rigging squeaked from strain, and sheets of brine raced snarling overhead.

Brad threw his weight against the door and pushed it open. The cheerful glow of the forecastle was before them and they went in, shutting the door on the sight and feel and smell of the sea, but not the sound of her fury. Here, forward, they felt the brunt of the sea's pounding, and the old dragger's timbers creaked and groaned from strain. The smells of bygone voyages, held in the dusts of her calking, were now driven forth to mingle with the odors of recent occupancy. Brad took comfort in the steady throb of the engine.

"She's a tight ship, boy," Burin Codroy said approvingly. "And I'd judge her luck to be good."

Brad nodded, pleased. But then he had to turn away as he saw the old man warm his hands over the tiny range, cupping great handfuls of heat against himself, showing tears of thanks, unashamed. In that simple reaching for warmth Brad saw bitter years of struggle upon the sea, and the tender faith of the man that had carried him over hardship and frustration.

An agate pot, wired to the heavy weather railing of the stove, was bubbling and steaming. Brad dropped in a heaping handful of coffee, making the rich brew thicker.

The sea was demanding in her fury now, and the dragger could find no rest from the ceaseless pounding. Brad found sitting easier than standing, but the old one still hugged the stove, red with heat.

WATCHING him stand there, Brad came to a decision. "I got a problem, Burin," he said. "The McCouns are running out. I'm the last and nearing thirty. And now my father's set on picking a girl for me to marry."

"The captain's your father?"

"Yes. I gave him my promise, understand."

"You could do worse."

A trapped look came to Brad's eyes. "It's no good, Burin," he said.

The aged doryman smiled. "Most young men are the better for marriage, I think. You gave a tight promise, eh?"

"Tighter'n a bent turnbuckle," Brad said, and looked inquiringly at the old man. "I was hoping you might see a way out, seein' as how you've kind of left the world . . . I'd like to pick my own woman when the time comes."

The old man smiled, as if remembering something. "You'll know when that time comes, boy," he said. "Well, you want I should hang around a while? I got to anyway till the wish comes to tell your cappy. Might be the two be one! Who knows?"

Brad shivered. He didn't know how the crew would take to a funeral man remaining aboard. It was a terrible situation for sure.

He got up then, startled, as he felt the dragger quiver from a crash back aft. As he climbed topside, he tried not to think of the superstitions about funeral men bringing bad luck. He heard the men yelling and, against the pilothouse lights, saw the mainstay unlaying its strands in the wind.

If the mast—

He pushed aft, brine swirling about his rubber boots and freezing into slush in the scuppers. Now he saw that the mainmast was down, dragging overside.

Captain McCoun shouted over the sound of wind and sea: "Cut it adrift! Lively now, before we broach."

BRAD saw that the mast had torn loose from the port shrouds. With no support on that side, the mast had listed to starboard and broken at the deck level, parting the mainstay and the radio antenna as it fell. He freed the backstay by loosening the turnbuckle. All that held the mast now were the starboard shrouds. He managed to drive the pins from the lower shackles despite the terrific strain.

"Watch it!" he roared.

The heavy wire whined and whipped sideways, hitting him in the side. It left him doubled up and driven to his knees. However, he watched with relief as the shrouds smoked across the bulwarks, great seas sweeping the broken mast away into the night. The last of the ratlines made a drumming sound, the metal fittings striking sparks as they hit the ship.

Brad struggled to his feet. He saw the thankful expression on old Southing's face as he fought the dragger back into the wind.

Orn Granger, atop the hatch, was yelling with pain. His face had been slashed open as he had tried to catch the whipping mainstay.

"Leave it alone, you damn' fool!" Brad shouted. "You can't catch it."

Brad was startled to see Burin Codroy; he had forgotten the old man. Codroy loped toward the foremast, a rope's end in one hand. He climbed the ratlines to the foretop where Brad could barely see him in the rays of the range light; the old man was almost hidden by the mast and rigging and high-flying spume.

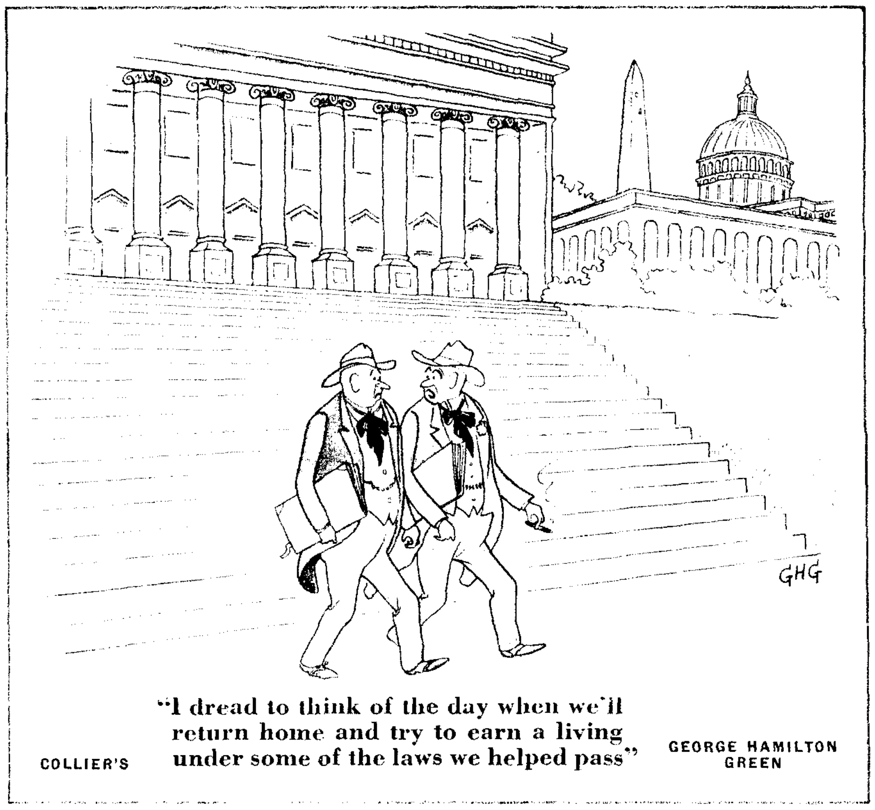
Codroy passed the rope about the whipping stay and about the mast, forming a three-foot bight; then he let it drop toward the deck. As the rope slid down, it pulled the stay against the mast. The old Newfoundlander followed it down, yanking it taut, and made it fast to the port shrouds.

Brad slapped Granger. "There, Orn, that's how a real sailorman does it."

Granger turned, and Brad saw the superstitious dread in the dragger's eyes. "The old man's brought a curse aboard," Granger said.

"Rot," Brad said, and shoved Granger into the pilothouse, where he cleaned and taped the sailor's cheek. Brad was now sure of his feelings about Burin Codroy; there was no harm in that old man. The loss of the mast was worth being freed from this foolish superstition. They had suffered an accident, nothing more.

The rest of the men were coming into the pilothouse now, and Brad heard Beige say, "The old one's gotta leave; the sea wants him back."



"I dread to think of the day when we'll return home and try to earn a living under some of the laws we helped pass"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"He can't leave until he gives me the clean wish," Captain McCoun said.

Granger shoved forward. "That mast goin' is a warnin'," he said. "The sea won't wait. The old hag'll take us all to get the Newfie."

"And some of us are family men," Potter said. "The Newfie's gotta go."

Captain McCoun glanced at Brad. "What do you think, son?"

"Hell!" Brad said. "I'm for givin' the old duffer a bunk. He'd make us a proper good hand."

"Don't talk so, boy!" Captain McCoun shouted. "I'd sooner ship the devil than a funeral man."

Brad looked at his father in surprise. "You'd really let that poor old man go in this smother?" he asked.

Captain McCoun nodded. "Yes, I would, but I can't—till he talks. We brought him forcible aboard, an' we're bounden to his will."

All hands turned when the lee door was forced open against the sucking wind. The old one entered. Brad could see no harm in the newcomer at all, only good.

"Any man as lays a hand on Burin has got to flatten me first," Brad said, and stepped over to the side of the old man. Codroy's hair and brows and beard were matted with ice, but his eyes were a cheerful blue.

THE crew backed from him, however, and someone said, "He'll be the death of us all!"

The old one shook his head unhappily. "It was not my doing that I was brought aboard," he said.

Granger grabbed him by the arm. "Let's put him in his dory and cast—"

Brad slammed Granger against the fathometer. "Leave him alone!" he said, and laid a soothing hand upon the old one's shoulder. "Pay no attention to 'em, Burin, the dirty scubs . . ."

For the remainder of that dread night, the crew disregarded Burin Codroy as if he were not aboard at all. They looked right through him and passed around him. Only Brad would give him talk and treat him kindly. No one slept. Fearful of sudden catastrophe, the men stood constant watch.

They repaired the antenna and by dawn the wind had blown itself out and the sea was calming to oily swells. Brad saw a sister dragger appear on the horizon.

Codroy joined them at the rail then. "She's the Sea Wind, my last ship."

Captain McCoun looked relieved. "Well, I'll set you aboard, Burin."

The old one's expression was tranquil. "She *was* my ship, not now. I'm stayin' here aboard, a while yet."

"Oh, no, you ain't!" Captain McCoun shouted.

The Newfoundlander fixed the down-East captain with a terrible look. "Oh, yes, I be! You can't drive me, Captain," Burin said, "even though I'm past due out yonder. Soon I'll give you the honest wish, according to my conscience, otherwise the curse'll ride."

The stubbornness of long years of command came into Captain McCoun's voice: "I'm flaggin' your vessel, Burin, and puttin' you aboard."

"Don't do it, sir!" the old one said, his voice quiet yet awe-inspiring.

Captain McCoun surrendered to his superstitious dread. He stared helplessly as the Sea Wind passed out of sight. Then he turned almost savagely upon the old one. "All right, Burin, what'll you have with me? Spit it out!"

The old one gave him a kindly smile. "I will that, sir, for the good wish has come to me, thanks be to God!"

"Good, good, good," Captain McCoun said, unable to hide his anxiety.

The old one nodded, and stared across the sea toward the deeps. Then he turned to the captain and Brad, and smoothed his beard with a callused palm. "Captain McCoun," he said, finally. "It's a poor sort of marriage you're forcing upon your good son here."

Captain McCoun said stubbornly, "That's my business."

"Yes, and his, too."

"And none of yours, old one."

"Oh, yes, it is, for it is my wish that you give him back his promise that he marry a girl of your choosing."

Captain McCoun's sea-weathered face contorted, and he said, "Have mercy, Burin! It means the whole world to me to see my boy married."

The old one nodded, "I can see that," he said, and his face lightened in a smile. "I only gave you half the wish; the other half is for your boy."

Brad looked at him in surprise. "And that is—?"

"That you marry a girl of your own choosing within the year."

Brad started forward, his eyes dark with anger. "You've double-crossed me, Burin. I ain't the marrying kind. Blast your salty hide—"

Captain McCoun laughed. "Better give him the nod, son," he said. And then he turned to the old one. "Well, I'm right glad to be rid of you, Burin."

"Yes, I'll be leaving soon," the old one said, a trifle sadly.

THE three of them went into the pilothouse to get warm. Brad found that, except for Southing, all hands had turned in, weary from the long night watch. He relieved the aged fisherman at the wheel and sent him forward. He heard his father settle into his bunk abaft the cubbyhole of the chart room. He envied them all, his own body craving sleep. Then the old one came and stood beside him.

"Catch a wink on the settee, son," the old one said.

"You ain't sleepy, Burin?"

The old one shook his head. "I got slept out a hundred years ago, son."

"I should think last night would have knocked you out."

"That little spat o' weather?" Burin said. "Never!"

Brad lay down and soon slept. Some time later, he awoke with a peculiar sense of loss. He got up, realizing that the engine was stopped, that the dragger was riding lazily with the swells. He stepped outside, and saw Burin Codroy about to launch his dory. "Wait, Burin!" Brad called.

The old man didn't turn. He stooped, placed his rum beaker in the dory, and then he started to slide the craft from hatch to bulwarks.

Brad jumped down to the main deck, and grabbed the old one. "No, Burin!"

"Yes," the old one said.

"I need your help, Burin," Brad said desperately.

"My job's done on earth," the old one said. "I have become a funeral man and now I must hasten on my way."

Brad pictured the old one, alone in his dory away off on the banks come night, dousing his cargo of pitch pine with gasoline, chopping a hole in the bottom between the heavy ballast, and going down in a pillar of fire, singing a hymn, perhaps, his legs lashed to a thwart. Brad could not let that happen.

"Listen, Burin," he pleaded, "with a young wife and babies to look after, I'll be getting me a hooker to go skipper of, and I'm wantin' you for mate. You helped burn the grudge out of me and I'm a cleaner man, I think. Me and the old man'll hit it off good now, I know. Now you must stick around and help me find a wife. And the first boy will be named Burin Codroy McCoun."

The old one's eyes shone. "You really want it that way, son?" he asked.

Brad laid a hand on Codroy's shoulder. "I do, Burin."

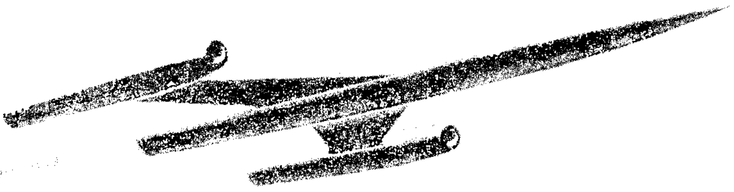
"Well, I guess I'm really needed here after all," the old man said; and for the first time Brad heard a tremble in his voice.

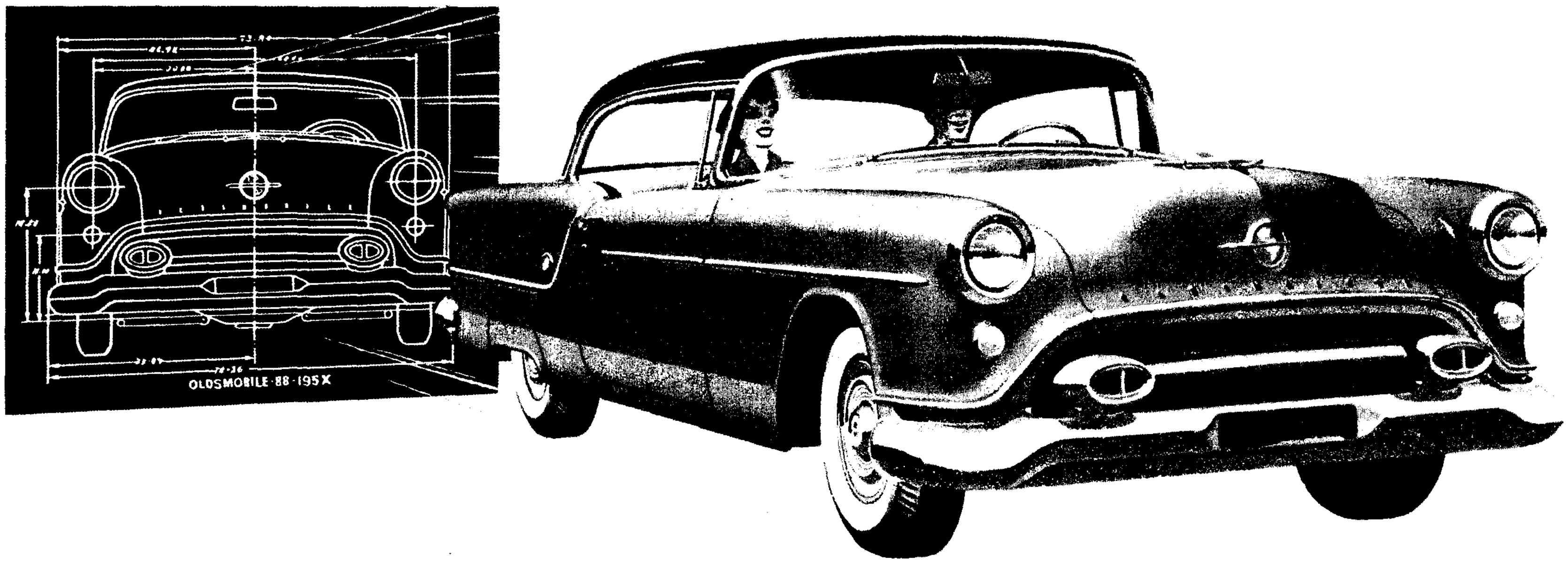
"Good!" Brad said, looking at the dory's black gunwales. "Now, then, how about me gettin' a can of white paint and a couple of brushes from the paint locker?"

The old man smiled and nodded.

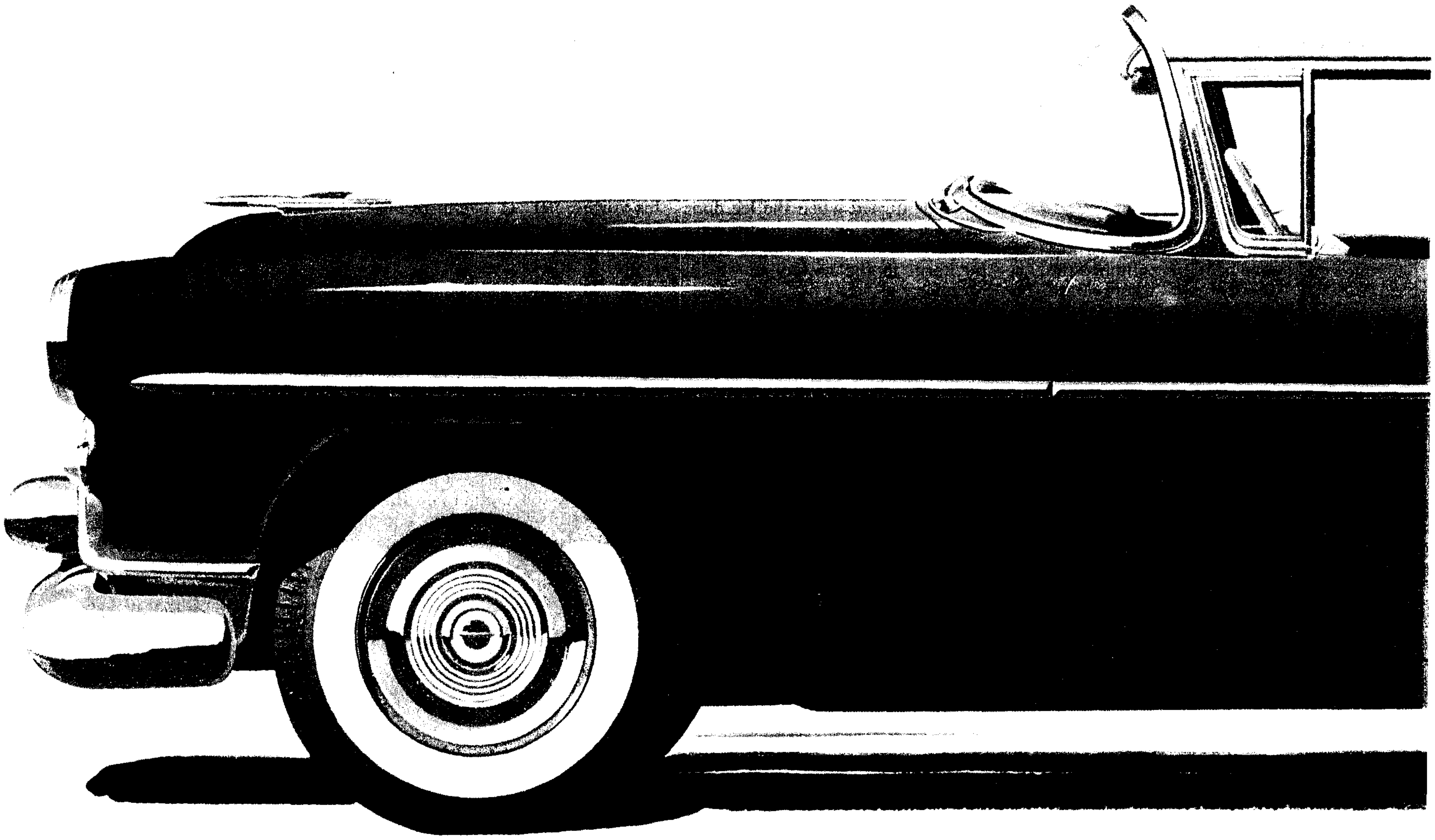
—FRANCIS GOTT

THE 88 THAT COULDN'T WAIT!





World's Record "Rocket" OLDS



Car illustrated: 1954 Super "88" Holiday Coupé. White Sidewall Tires, Two-Tone Treatment—optional at extra cost. A General Motors Value.

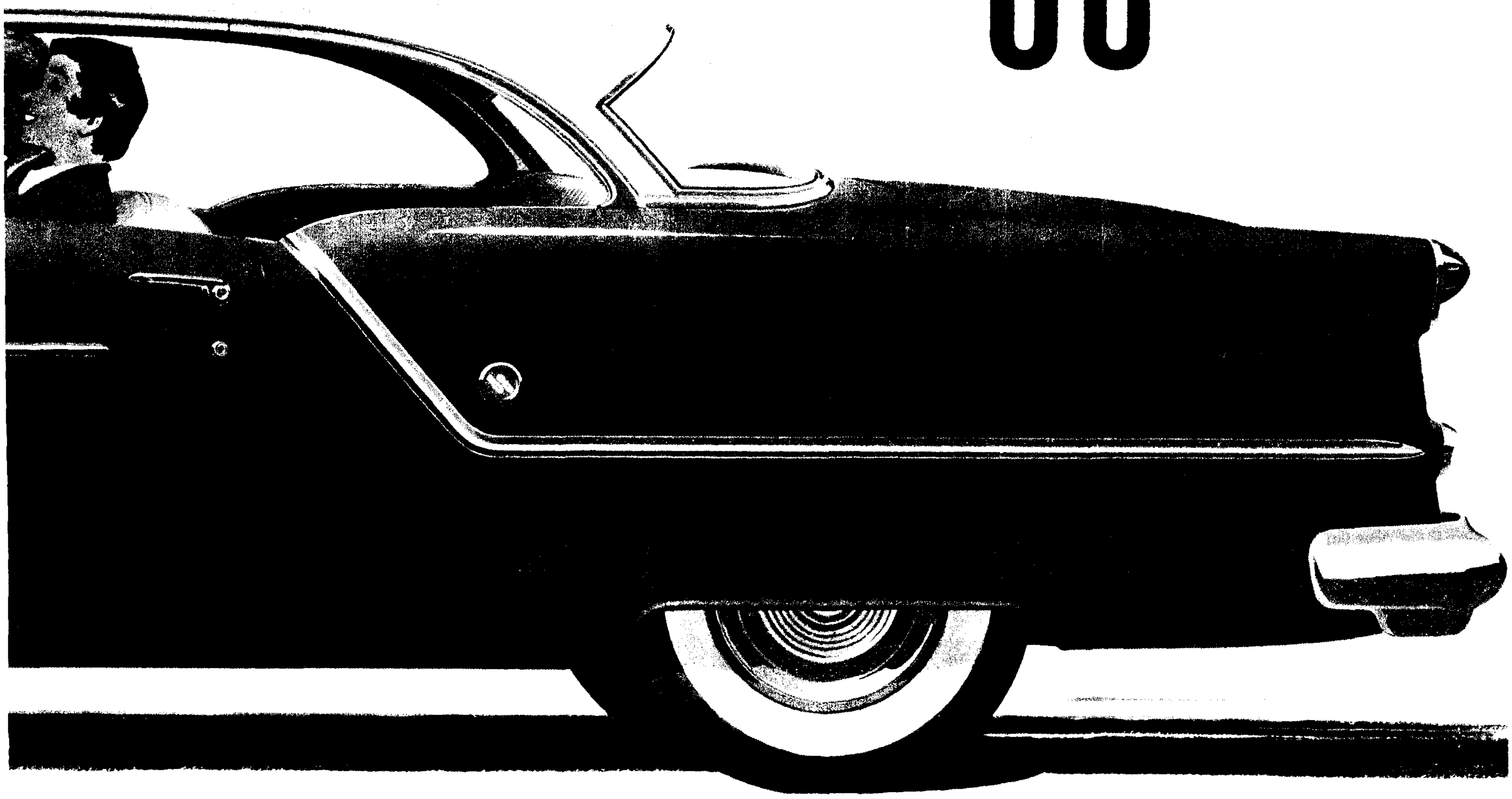
NEW 19

Announcing . . . Oldsmobile's Super "88" for 1954. This is the "88 that couldn't wait"—the "195X" model that now is being *released a year in advance of original schedule.* Just wait till you see it! With that new, longer, lovelier, low-level silhouette—so low you can look right over the top! With a daring "new slant" in its panoramic windshield . . . a definite "sports car look" in its sweep-cut windows and doors. And just wait till you drive it! There's 185 horsepower in that new World's Record "Rocket" Engine, plus the highest compression ratio in Oldsmobile history. More dazzling performance than ever . . . and new economy, too! So make a date with this *new* "88" . . . it's at your Oldsmobile dealer's *now!*

MOBILE

88

Released
a year
in Advance!



LDSMOBILES NOW ON GALA DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S

SOME OF US DIDN'T CRACK:

Tortured in Pak's Palace

Beaten, burned, kicked and threatened with death, the author stubbornly defied his captors to the end. His story is one of the most inspiring chronicles of courage to emerge from the Korean war

IN MARCH, 1951, after I had been a prisoner of war four months, I went for a walk in the country with a Russian air force general near the North Korean capital of Pyongyang. He knew I was a U.S. Air Force major shot down in a B-29 the previous November, and I learned he was a general, although he wore civilian clothes and the Koreans claimed he was a tractor expert from Kiev. (He was a mighty peculiar tractor expert: he interrogated only Air Force POWs and asked if the XB-47 had tail guns.)

The general and I had a nine-hour bull session sitting on a hillside, munching Russian black bread and margarine, and—thanks to the remarkable circumstances leading to our tête-à-tête—scarcely touching on military matters.

A month before, I had reneged on my promise to do a propaganda broadcast on Radio Pyongyang, because a "canary"—a POW who squealed to the Reds—had spoiled my chances of encoding a message to the UN command in my script. Although the Communists didn't know all the details, they had banished me from the comforts of Traitors' Row to the lightless caves at Con-Conn across the Taedong River. Con-Conn was a POW camp calculated to kill prisoners without execution. My cave—100 feet long, 25 feet wide and 15 feet high —dripped water all day on 23 Americans, two British from the Ulster Rifles and 250 South Koreans. None of us had room to stretch out full length and the place reeked of gangrenous fingers and toes.

I had pneumonia when I went in and only the ministrations of a strapping British corporal pulled me through. He had a beautiful tenor voice and his favorite song was Do the Angels Play Their Harps for Me? We made escape plans, but I was transferred to a nearby labor camp on March 17th. Two months later the corporal died, as did every other POW who remained in that Con-Conn cave.

The man who got me out was Pyong, a black-market operator whom I'd met while living in Traitors' Row, and who worked as an interpreter under Major Pak, the most sadistic POW interrogator in Korea. Pyong was as kind and ineffectual as Pak was cruel and relentless; in fact Pak later broke Pyong to lieutenant for being too lenient with us.

Pyong had recognized my name on the list of POWs condemned to the cave and with the permission of a Korean Colonel Lee, who was both his superior and Pak's, had requested me for interrogation. I was assigned to the supply depot eight miles northwest of Pyongyang where I was delighted to find five old friends—Captain J. B. Smith, of Denver, Colorado; Flight Lieutenant Gordon Harvey, an Australian; Lieutenant (later Captain) Grant

The author, shown just after his release, at a press interview in Freedom Village, Korea

AIR FORCE PHOTO

By MAJOR DAVID F. MacGHEE, USAF

with PETER KALISCHER

Simpson, of Austin, Texas; Captain "Spud" Gibbons of the Ulster Rifles, and Corporal Roy Pointer, of Central City, Kentucky. We loaded and unloaded trucks and worked as houseboys and handy men for the Big House on the side of the hill in which lived Pyong, Pak, Lee and the Russian general in civilian clothes.

He was not the only Russian in Pyongyang—there was a colony of 400 Soviet advisers living on the northern end of Stalinski Via, Pyongyang's main drag. They lorded it over the Koreans and the Chinese and expected the best of everything. A B-29 raid, on a cloudless day early the next summer, killed 125 of these advisers.

Conversations With a Russian General

The six-foot Russian in the Big House was about fifty-five or sixty, with cropped graying blond hair. His only formal interrogation of me lasted five minutes. After a few routine questions the Russian remarked that all POWs would remain in North Korea until the damage done by our bombing had been repaired. I said that was tantamount to a death sentence, since repairs would take at least 10 years, so I saw no reason to co-operate or answer any more questions.

Colonel Lee was in a frenzy of embarrassment; he couldn't blame the Russian for pulling a boner so he blamed himself for a bad translation—that wasn't what the Russian had said at all.

The Russian must have signaled Lee, because he left the room. As soon as Lee was out, the Russian offered me a cigarette and said in fluent English, "I would like to ask you questions about your country." I said I'd like to talk to him about Russia. That was all for then.

Next morning a guard took me to the well where we drew water for the Big House, and there was the Russian. He dismissed the guard and we went for a walk, climbed up a hill and sat under a tree. There was nothing conspiratorial about it except that we agreed not to mention what we discussed to anybody else, a declaration that fooled neither of us. We talked about politics, racial discrimination, sex, labor output, corruption, nationalism and the Berlin air lift. "You Americans are blind," he said. "While you think you won the battle of Berlin, we won the battle of China. How many people in Berlin? We won 500,000,000 Chinese." And what did I suppose was the current Communist target in Asia—Korea? I said it was India. His comment was a little smug. "Happily you are a POW; it is obvious some people in your government don't realize this."

He admitted the Soviet worker couldn't approach the production of the American worker and said Russia feared not our Army, Navy or Air Force, but the American worker's willingness to do his utmost in defense of the system that enslaved him. That would all change, he predicted, come the inevitable depression.

It was dark when the general took me back to my prison quarters. He didn't tell me his name and I never spoke to him again.

As the weather warmed up, the six of us at the supply depot began planning a bugout: Pak was getting nastier all the time.

Oddly, Colonel Lee, Pak's boss, was a square shooter, according to his lights. One night Lee, who had been on a trip up north, was carried into the Big House with a bomb fragment in his leg. There was no one to take him to the hospital. As though it were the most natural act in the world, I picked him up, carried him to his Russian jeep, and wearing his burp gun slung over my shoulder, drove him eight miles to the hospital for an emergency operation and then back again.

I had no business doing that, any more than Lee had trusting me with his burp gun, or Pyong rescuing me from the Con-Conn caves. But such things happened—call them isolated cases of man's humanity to man.

Lee was still on crutches when he warned all six of us that he knew of our escape plans, and that the attempt would be suicide.

We denied that the thought had ever crossed our minds—and kept right on stockpiling. The peculiar part of it was that we seemed to be getting help from the Koreans. A captured U.S. jeep was parked near our house for days, and I remarked jokingly to Colonel Lee that it was mighty tempting. "Except," I added, "that it has no rearview mirror." Next day the jeep was still there—plus the rearview mirror.

Then the Korean supply sergeant "accidentally" spilled open a bag of soybeans. The same day Colonel Lee presented us with an iron pot to parch the beans in.

But before we could make our break the entire interrogation headquarters was moved to a small valley northeast of Pyongyang, where Lee and Pak set up what was later called Pak's Palace, in a bombed-out brickyard.

On the afternoon of April 24th, Simpson and I got a mysterious summons to the new Big House. We waited a while in Colonel Lee's room and then Lee showed up with a man nearly every POW in Pyongyang knew by sight. He was Lieutenant General Nam Il, chief of staff of the North Korean Army, later chief Communist armistice delegate at Panmunjom and now his country's Foreign Minister. With Lee and Nam Il were three civilians who spoke fluent English.

Something very special was up, but after a few minutes Simpson and I didn't care—we were too busy wolfing the feast laid before us: meat dumplings, fried fish, fresh salad, cakes and two kinds of wine.

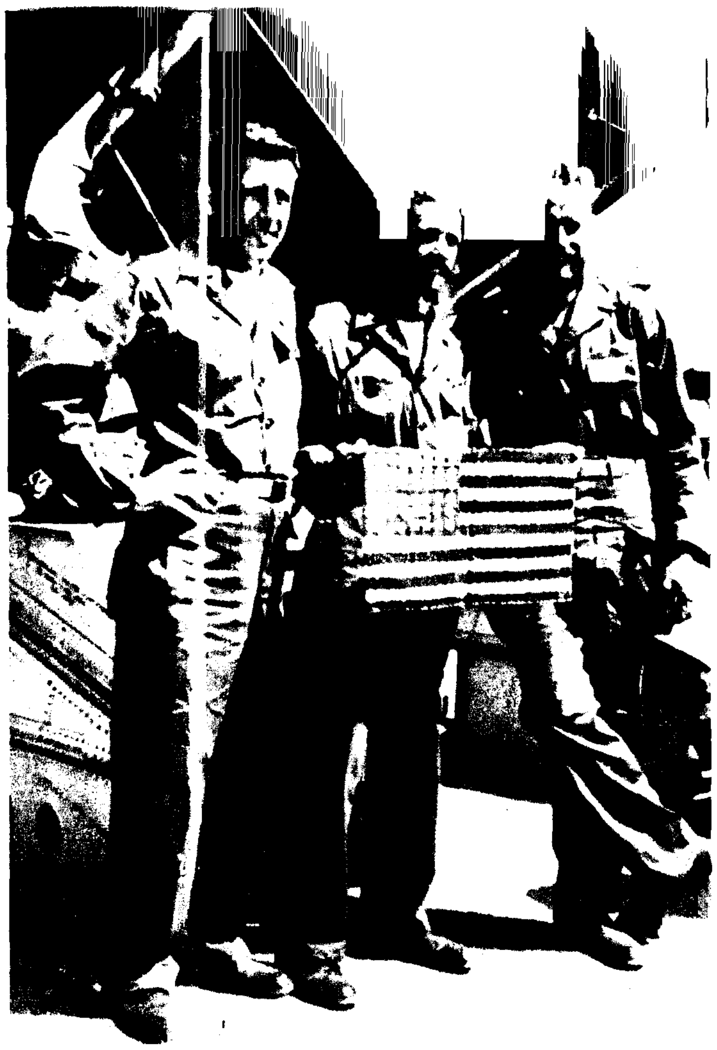
Presently Lee made a speech: we were two of their oldest prisoners and dearest friends, with whom he and General Nam wished to celebrate some good news. Nam reached inside his uniform and pulled out a locked pouch. He unzippered it and withdrew another pouch, opened that and withdrew still another one. He ended this strip-tease finally by extracting four sheets of paper stapled together under a stiff cover marked Top Secret in English and with Korean characters underneath.

Nam handed the papers to me. They were copies of one British and three American press dispatches announcing that President Truman had fired General MacArthur.

Nam's Questioning Wasn't Hard to Take

For two and a half hours Nam asked us what we thought would happen next on the international scene. He obviously wanted to sample some unofficial American thinking—get a POW-on-the-street reaction. It was a strange experience; instead of being pounded to tell what we knew, we merely guessed and predicted and drank wine and ate, and nobody could say, "You lie, Mah-Ghee." The civilians took it all down, reams of it. When Nam left we were escorted back to our house. The next time Simpson and I enjoyed a meal like that was a month later, when for dessert we were told we would be shot.

The night after the Nam Il dinner Pak lined up everybody at the interrogation center (there were about 35 Americans beside my group) and in a voice shaking with hate read a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Kim Dok Song, officer in charge of all POWs. Kim advised Pak that I had tried to deceive the ever-vigilant peace-loving peoples by attempting to encode military information in a humanitarian broadcast (they had finally checked that script) and then had refused to go on the air.



MacGhee (r.) and two fellow POWs—Lt. Gene H. Cole, New Orleans (l.) and Maj. Robert J. Burns, Lima, O.—display crude flag made by American prisoners while interned in Korea

There were other charges, but Pak summed it up with, "Mah-Ghee, the lenient policy does not apply to you; you are not ordinary war criminal."

I had heard that before, but I knew what kind of man Pak was and what he would do with Kim's official sanction. I had to get out of Pak's Palace—fast.

Two nights later, Simpson, Harvey and I slipped away and headed south. Spud Gibbons, the Ulsterman, wanted badly to join us but realized his 6-foot 4-inch frame would be a dead give-away. The other two sacrificed their chance because they decided three might make it, but not five. Spud decoyed the guard at the critical moment by asking to go to the latrine. I have heard that the torture he subsequently endured at Pak's hands to make him tell which way we went was about the worst by medical standards suffered by any surviving POW in Korea. Spud told nothing.

A dense fog got us through Pyongyang, through nine check points where our unintelligible grunts and unhurried walk stayed the guards just long enough for us to be swallowed up in the dark. We holed up for the day on a hill overlooking the Taedong River. Our plan was to work toward the coast, steal a boat and reach Ch'o-do, a UN island five miles offshore. In three days we made it to the estuary of the Taedong. All we needed now was the boat, just the boat, and a 12-mile-per-hour tide would bear us swiftly and safely out to Ch'o-do.

Just before sunset we found it. From under a bridge, 150 feet away, we watched two Koreans loading a 14-foot sampan with food, water and sculling oars—everything we needed. Then they went away.

We waited 10 years under that bridge for the sun to set. With darkness, we knew, the tide would start running out to sea. Twilight came and the water began sucking and gurgling as the current changed. At last Harvey walked boldly out on the riverbank. We watched him get to the boat, raise the rear anchor, move to the front and start hoisting the bow anchor. We began edging out from

hey
MOM-
Look
at my Swell
Report Card
Collier's Encyclo-pedia
A APH
APH AZU
B BOU
BOU CAY
CAZ CUR
CUR EVO
EWA GER
GER IDA
IDA LAN
LAN LYE
M MON
MON NYT
O PIN
PIN REF
REF SAL
SAL STA
STA TRI
TRI TWO
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
Collier's Year Book

He's doing all right, eh, Mom? Quite a different story from the days before you got him that wonderful present. What a thrill of pride and deep down satisfaction you must feel, for each of his successes—now that he has his Collier's Encyclopedia.

"Johnnie's schoolwork isn't drudgery any more. When Collier's Encyclopedia was delivered, Johnnie immediately looked up the article on 'Basketball' and read it from beginning to end. Next day he knew more about the game than any of the other fellows in his crowd. Before his Dad and I knew it, he was coming up with all kinds of information about history, geography, science, and about great men and women. Collier's Encyclopedia seemed to be filled with things he wanted to know, told in such a way that he actually didn't want to put the volumes down. His studies soon became interesting . . . exciting . . . and his report card sure shows it!"

Yes, the All-New Collier's Encyclopedia supplies useful information and valuable facts in compact form not only to school children but to every member of the family. Just imagine what it would mean to have this complete library at your finger tips—an almost inexhaustible source of up-to-date information about the whole world of yesterday and today in every field of knowledge. Don't postpone giving your family this important reference and study aid. Collier's is the outstanding encyclopedia for quality, up-to-date coverage, and price. Let us tell you all about its low cost and convenient monthly terms. *Write* Collier's Encyclopedia, Dept. 73—640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

SEND FOR FREE 24-PAGE BOOKLET

. . . crammed full of exciting topics and illustrations taken right from the pages of Collier's Encyclopedia . . . *Aviation . . . Atom Smashing Experiments . . . Strange Animals . . . Unusual Flowers . . . Exotic People . . . Round-the-World Sightseeing . . . Rules of Sports.*

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA
640 Fifth Avenue
New York 19, N. Y.
C-75

Please send me your new 24-page booklet and tell me how I can own Collier's Encyclopedia on convenient budget terms.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________Zone_____State__________

Budget terms available in the United States and Canada only.

Collier's Encyclopedia

20 BIG, richly bound volumes and everything in them BRAND NEW. Produced at a cost of over $2,000,000. Compiled by over 2,000 authorities. 15,000 pages containing 15,000,000 words . . . 400,000 index references . . . 50,000 interesting articles . . . 10,000 illustrations . . . 126 completely NEW maps in color . . . plus many other NEW and exclusive features you'll really go for.

TO GET FULL INFORMATION WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION—MAIL COUPON TODAY.

under the bridge. Then down the path marched a dozen Koreans, right up to Harvey. They began climbing into the boat. Harvey finished raising the anchor, calmly dumped it in the bow and, keeping his head down in the dark, walked slowly away. If he'd worn a hat, he might have tipped it.

A minute later the boat, our boat, was floating downstream without us. It had been so *damned* close.

We were licked then, but we didn't know it. We wasted two more days and nights trying to find another boat, and then we decided to strike out due south for the front.

The Prayer of a Hungry Man

By now my feet were glued to my shoes with blood and broken blisters. Simpson's hunger monologue was not a plea for sirloin steak or fried chicken—even his dreams couldn't summon up such delicacies. "Oh, God," he moaned, "if I could only get a steaming bowl of white rice." Only Harvey, the indestructible Aussie, showed no signs of wear and tear.

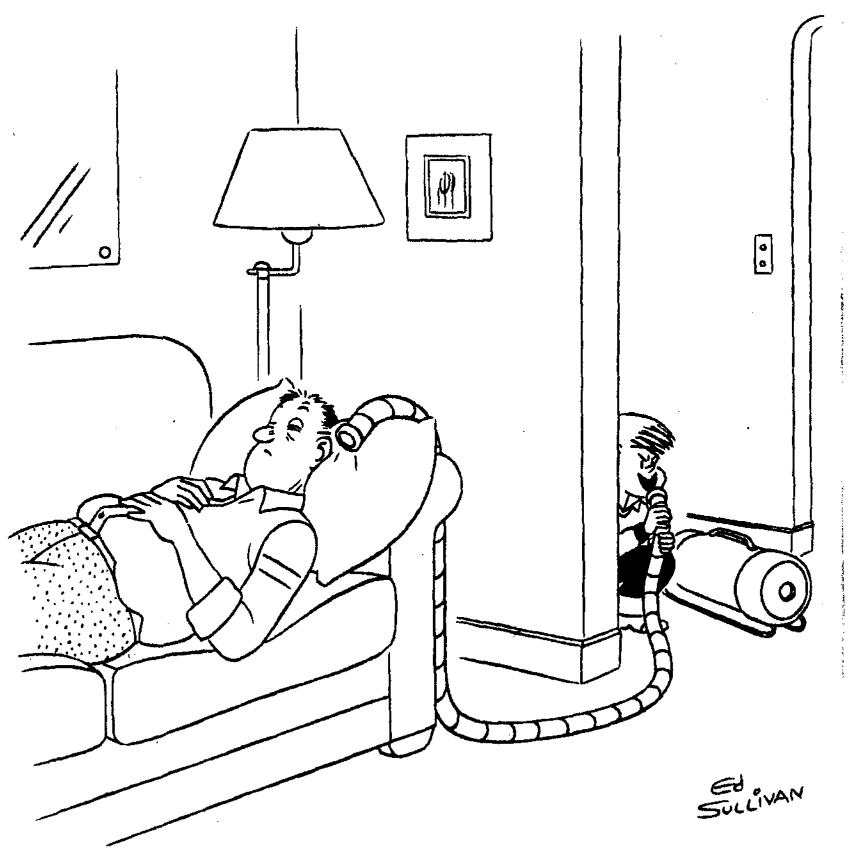
The end came near Sariwon on the seventh morning, 60 miles from Pak's Palace, and about 15 miles from UN lines. Sitting by a riverbank in a semistupor, we almost didn't notice that a dozen people across the stream and in nearby paddies were pointing and shouting at us.

Simpson was hypnotized by the sight of a boat on the opposite bank. He demanded my one-lung Mae West, stripped to his shorts and plunged in. Three shots came from the hill across the river. Simpson, swimming with the current, reached the boat, got the rope loose, paddled a few strokes more and then stopped. Behind us, women with pikes and men and boys with clubs came streaming down the hill. One put a gun to his shoulder and fired. I was so tired I didn't care. A student with a peaked cap, the first to reach us, whacked me on the shoulder with a club. I put my hands on top of my head in a gesture of surrender. The student turned to Harvey and laid him out with a fearsome blow on the skull. A few minutes later they dragged Simpson out of the shallows. He was unconscious and blue from exposure. It was over.

We got back to Pyongyang on May 11th. We walked all the way under guard, and Harvey and I carried Simpson part of the time.

We were taking a break on a Pyongyang street, exhausted, when a Russian jeep bearing General Nam Il pulled up. The general took a good look and spoke to our guards before driving off. A few minutes later the jeep returned with only Nam's white-gloved MP driver in it. He ordered us in and we rode the last eight miles to Pak's Palace in style. "You see," Harvey said, "it's not what you know, it's *who* you bloody well know."

There had been a great change since our escape two weeks before. Guards and barbed wire were everywhere, and the POWs sitting against the wall of our house were apparently restricted to the frontage of their own rooms. Pak came to the jeep, smiling, and Colonel Lee, still on crutches, smiled from the porch of the Big House. They looked genuinely glad to see us—and they were. Lee would have been broken, we learned, had we got away and the guards responsible would have been shot. Some of them had searched for us through the mountains as far as Wonsan, on the East Coast.



"This is your conscience. Aren't you ashamed you didn't give your little boy that nickel?"

COLLIER'S ED SULLIVAN

Harvey, Simpson and I were put in separate rooms of the Big House and 10 minutes later Lee and Pyong sat down across the table from me. Lee's voice was strained as he opened the conversation.

"Mah-Ghee—you are our friend—why did you do this to us?"

"Because," I said, "to remain under Pak would have been sure death. You are in no position to know how he is treating us."

And then like the crack of a whip, "How did you signal the planes to bomb us?" That one really floored me. Pyong, in a tear-filled voice, broke in, "A POW told us you would have this place wiped off by bombing—and then the F-80s came. How could you do this to your friends?"

I said that I couldn't—it was physically impossible—but they didn't believe me.

Harvey and Simpson came in and we had dinner with Lee, Pak and Pyong. It was a splendid meal for three prodigal sons. When we had finished gorging ourselves, Lee said coldly, "We have done all we can for you—now you will be shot."

At 2:00 A.M. we were separated again and I was put in a little room which I remembered had been used for interrogation by visiting Russian advisers. Lee came in to give me, he said, my last chance. Who had helped me and where? I said no one had helped us.

"Mah-Ghee, you lie—I helped you! The soybeans, the pot to parch the beans—even the jeep—I thought you were too intelligent to do this. I thought you must see we were confident you could not escape. But you could not have gone so far without help on the way. You will tell us!"

There was nothing to tell. Soon Pak and three bully-boys came in and bound my hands and feet with wire from a U.S. Signal Corps spool in the center of the room. They sat me on the spool and Pak faced me. "You must tell us one secret thing, Mah-Ghee," he said. "I will give it to the higher authorities and they will see you are not a warmonger. Mah-Ghee-Domo (comrade), I give you one hour to search your mind for a secret thing. I hope you have true cognition."

Beatings for Defiant Prisoners

The others left and Pak paused in the doorway. He gave me a look of such undisguised anticipation I knew he hoped I *wouldn't* tell. Then he went out, shutting the door. From nearby came the sound of blows. I heard Simpson's voice, "No . . . no . . . no . . . oh, God, no"—and after a while quiet. For the next 45 minutes there was only the guard pacing outside the door and from time to time Harvey's strangled voice farther down the hall, telling someone, "Mister, you can go to hell!"

The door opened, as I knew it must, and in walked Pak, Pyong and two guards. Lee stood in the doorway. "Mah-Ghee," he said, "what is your cognition?" I said if I'd known any secrets I would have told them long ago; a pilot friend had once landed a B-36 at my base but he wouldn't even let me go through it because I was such a poor security risk. . . .

Pak stepped forward and hit me in the face as hard as he could. I fell off the spool backwards and got a kick in the head and another in the kidney from the two toughs. Somehow I struggled back to that spool. The guards had their blouses off and Pak had a heavy stick in his hand I hadn't noticed before. His face was contorted. I saw the stick coming and then I was off the spool again on the floor. The blows, kicks and gouges came faster; some hurt, others didn't. As one man tired, another took over, and after a while I didn't know who was hitting me. I had only one thought—somehow I had to get back on the spool. I grayed out, I blacked out, and then I slowly realized nobody was hitting me any more. My eyes were filmed with blood and I tasted it in my mouth; something was wrong with my groin (it was, I later learned, a hernia). As wave after wave of pain woke me to full consciousness I found I was alone—but still sitting on the spool.

An Innovation in "First Aid"

Ten minutes later Harvey and Simpson were pushed into the room, trussed up like turkeys. They looked about the way I felt. We whispered for a while, and then occurred the only really fantastic incident of my 34 months as a prisoner of war. I remembered that in this room there was usually a supply of beer cached behind the cabinets lining the wall. With a great effort I got my bonds free and wiggled over to the wall. "Want some beer?" I asked the other two. They looked at me as though all the blows I received had landed on my head.

They still thought I was crazy when I pulled six bottles out, but we drank it—every drop, 12 per cent Manchurian lager—and hid the empties behind the shelves. We helped one another rebind our hands and lay down, fuzzy with pain, beer and exultation.

There were five more days of interrogation. Each day was the same as the first—until the last time. Then Pak had me spread-eagled, with my hands tied to the rafters and my naked feet bound to stakes driven in the dirt floor. After the usual question, he went to work with a pair of pliers and a lighted cigarette. When I came to, I was face down on the floor with four deep burns and no toenails and no fingernails. After that, Harvey, Simpson and I were sentenced—not to be shot, but to the hole.

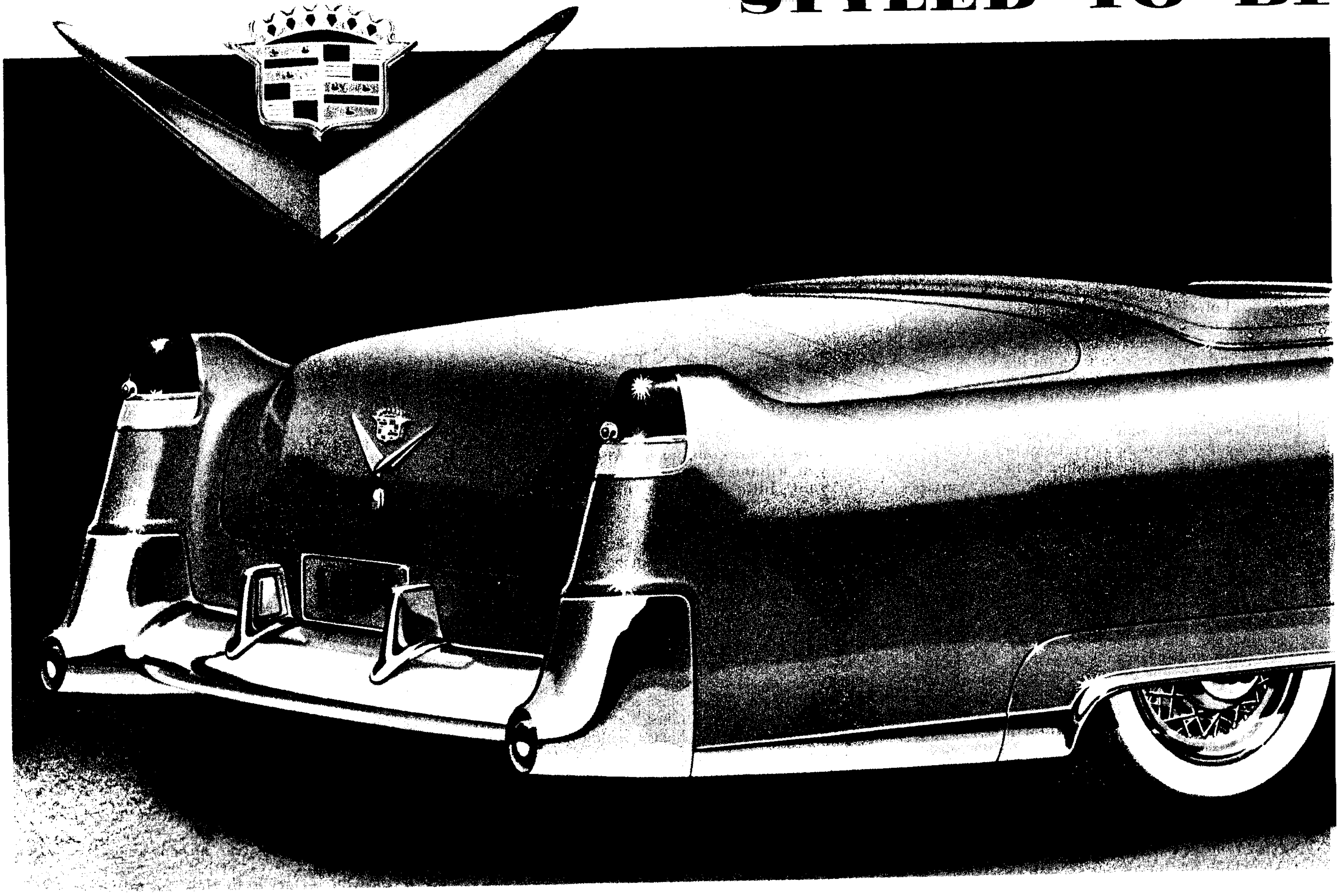
This hole was a former vegetable pit eight feet square, dug in the side of a hill and shut off from all light by a reinforced door. It was our prison, our mess hall, our latrine for 26 days. We were fed twice a day. At the beginning, each meal was delivered in a large, a medium and a small-sized bowl. When we refused to fight over the portions, we all got small bowls. For two minutes in the morning, a beam of sunlight bored through a gap to the right of the door, hitting about four feet up the west wall. Religiously each day I tore the scabs from my festering burns and exposed them to that splash of sun. They began healing.

We were taken out on June 12th and locked in the end room of Pak's Palace. Some of the boys didn't recognize the three shaking, lice-ridden skeletons who tottered up. I normally weigh 230 pounds and I weighed 158 when I went into the hole. Two weeks after getting out, I tipped the prison-camp scales at 117.

I was very close to dying. I was

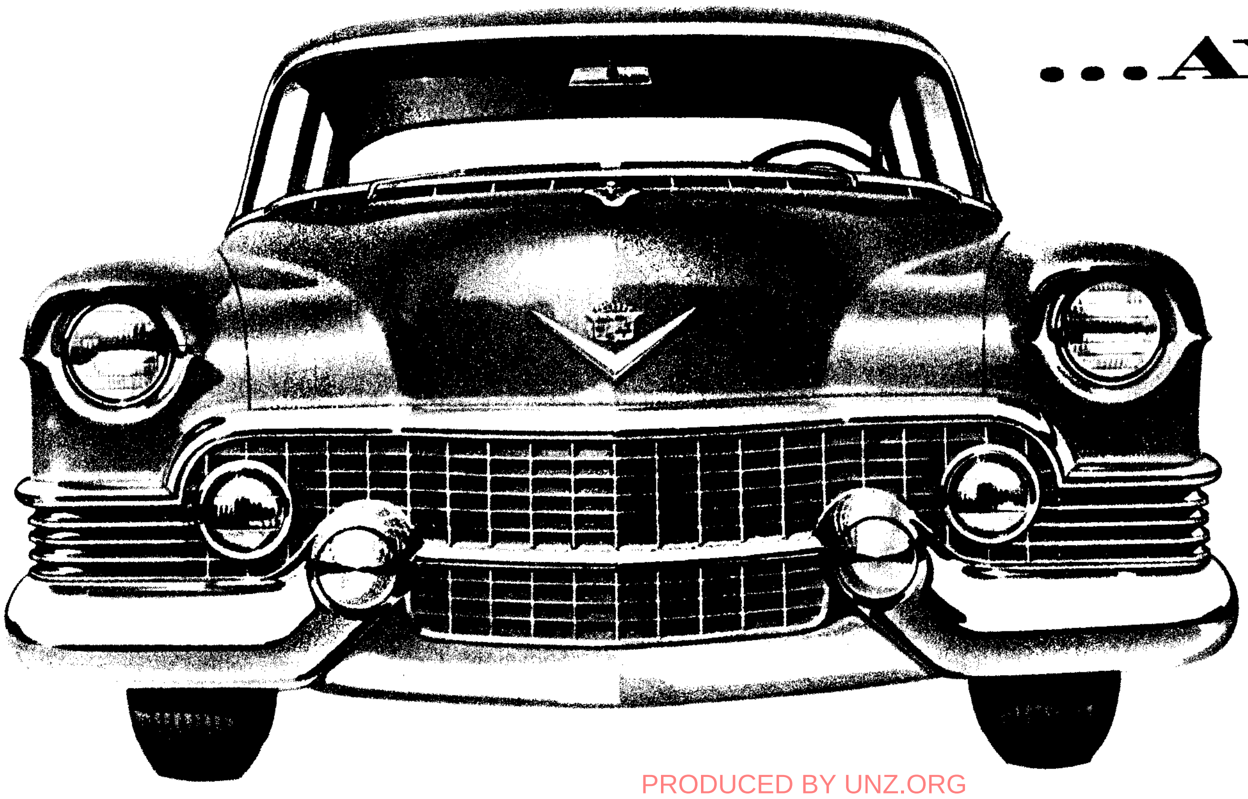
Presenting the 1954

STYLED TO BE



Model shown above is the 1954 Cadillac Convertible.

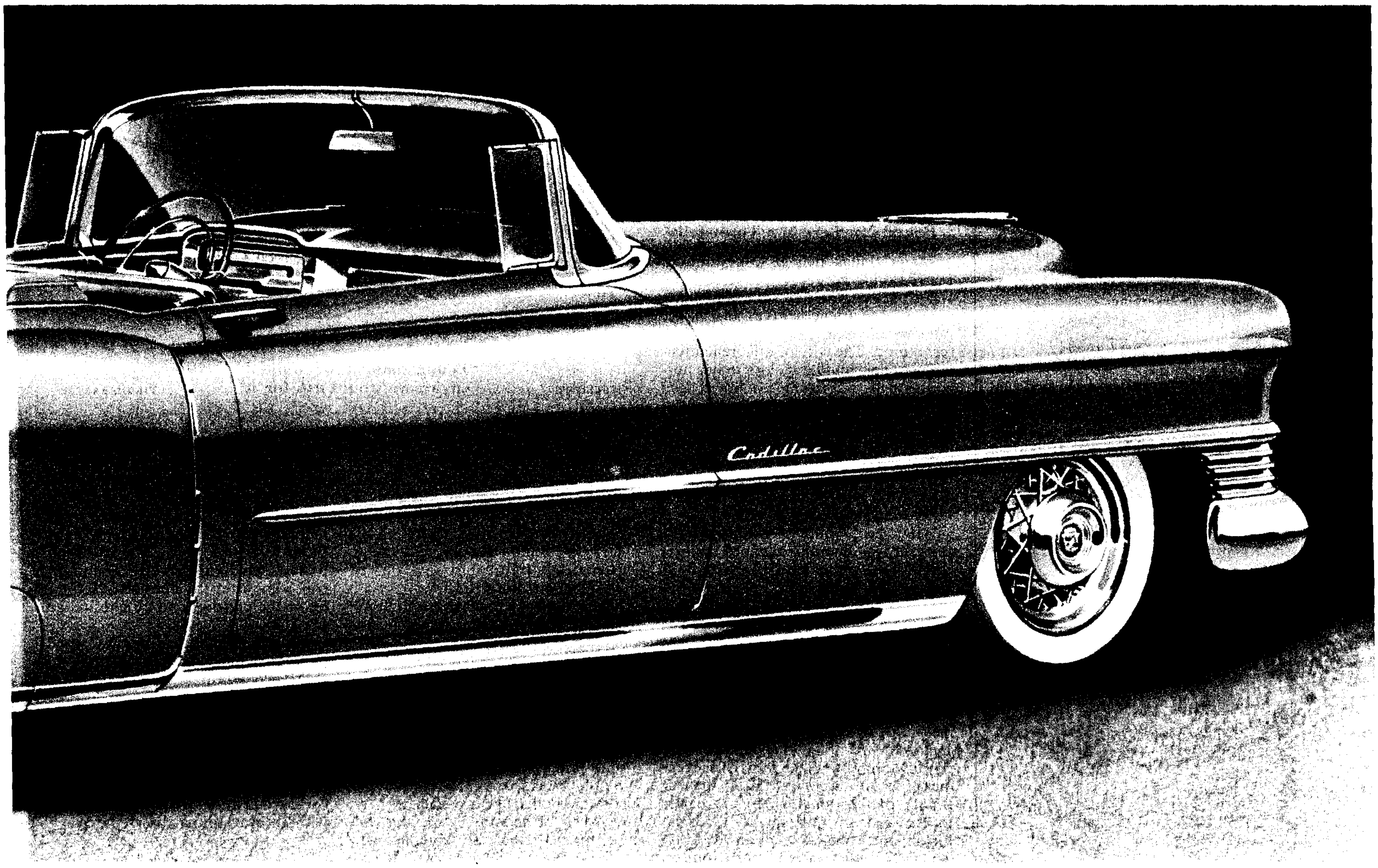
...AND AS TH



Advanced styling features include a completely redesigned grille and bumper assembly . . . a new panoramic windshield, with a new 2-inch overhanging roof extension on the sedans . . . a new cowl air intake across the base of the windshield . . . a new headlamp design with new headlamp visors . . . and a new "V" and crest.

Cadillac

COPIED FOR YEARS TO COME



RILLING TO DRIVE AS TO SEE!

This is not just a new model. It is a wholly restyled and completely re-engineered Cadillac—*new*, from its more massive grille to its more distinctive rear deck.

It is lower and longer in silhouette . . . more modern and graceful in its body lines . . . and with greater majesty and dignity in every detail. Beyond question, it is destined to influence the design of motor cars for years to come.

Matching this new exterior beauty, and adding their own full measure of glamour and graciousness to the car, are Cadillac's luxurious new interiors—more generously proportioned and more beautifully appointed than ever before . . . and executed in a dazzling array of gorgeous new fabrics and leathers.

And, what is even more remarkable, this great new Cadillac is as thrilling to *drive* as it is to *see!*

Its advancements in performance are legion . . . and encompass virtually every phase of motor car operation.

A great new 230-horsepower engine has added new power and responsiveness. A vastly improved Hydra-Matic Drive provides even greater smoothness and flexibility. Advanced Cadillac Power Steering brings with it a whole new concept of steering and handling ease. And new Cadillac Power Braking* has introduced wonderful new motoring safety and convenience.

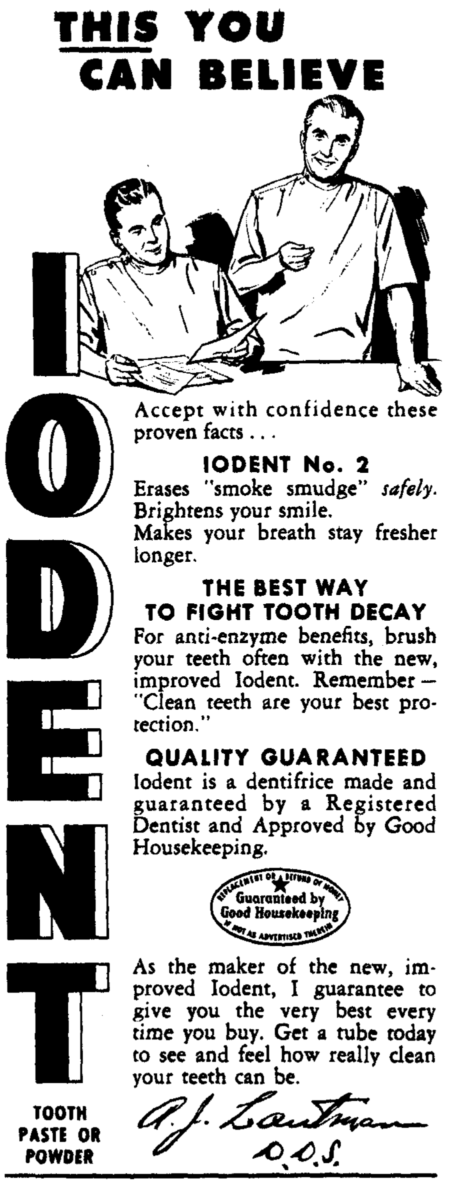
This greater Cadillac beauty—and this finer Cadillac performance—are available for 1954 in three brilliant new series of motor cars . . . the remarkable Series 62, the distinguished Fleetwood Series 60 Special and the magnificent Fleetwood Series 75. And, of course, there is the supremely beautiful Eldorado.

These inspiring creations are in your Cadillac dealer's showroom now. We urge you to see and drive them at your earliest opportunity.

You will find them dramatic proof that—once again—Cadillac has provided the standard by which the world's motor cars must be judged.

*Optional at extra cost.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THIS YOU CAN BELIEVE

IODENT

Accept with confidence these proven facts . . .

IODENT No. 2
Erases "smoke smudge" *safely.* Brightens your smile. Makes your breath stay fresher longer.

THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT TOOTH DECAY
For anti-enzyme benefits, brush your teeth often with the new, improved Iodent. Remember—"Clean teeth are your best protection."

QUALITY GUARANTEED
Iodent is a dentifrice made and guaranteed by a Registered Dentist and Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

As the maker of the new, improved Iodent, I guarantee to give you the very best every time you buy. Get a tube today to see and feel how really clean your teeth can be.

A. J. Lautman D.D.S.

TOOTH PASTE OR POWDER

BIG NEWS!

EVIS CHANGES WATER for GOOD

Why put up with water problems — when an EVIS is so inexpensive, so easily installed! Because it eliminates mineral scale, EVIS will save you money, too!

makes most WATER BETTER

EVIS Water Conditioner
(not a softener!)

Sold on a Written 90-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Thousands of EVIS users are discovering truly wonderful improvements in their home water supply. Your EVIS dealer will show you that EVIS will work wonders in your home, too. See him today!

Progressive industrialists and business men find EVIS fits their needs—sizes ½" to 12"—wherever mineral deposit problems exist. Write for detailed information.

PATS. APPLIED FOR

EVIS WATER CONDITIONERS

EVIS MFG. CO. 40 Boardman Pl. San Francisco, Cal.
EV-130A © 1953, E. M. CO.

AT LEADING PLUMBERS, APPLIANCE STORES

suffering from several diseases, most of them dietary—beriberi, dysentery, a liver infection and, of course, malnutrition. Simpson was worse off than I. We owed our lives, during those days just after our release from the hole, to the self-sacrifice of Captain J. B. Smith; Captain (now Major) Paul L. Martelli, a Marine fighter pilot from San Francisco; Major Ronald D. Shirlaw, of What Cheer, Iowa (an ironic home town, under the circumstances); Master Sergeant Charlie Mullins, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and First Lieutenant Robert C. Lemke, of Wausau, Wisconsin. They shared and sometimes halved their meager rations with the three of us.

On June 22d, we three and some others were sent from Pak's Palace to POW Camp 5 at Pyoktong on the Yalu River. On July 9th, Simpson died.

Brutal Murders in a Town Jail

Many things helped kill Simpson, but the thing he never recovered from was something he saw. He saw it in a town jail, where he, Harvey and I were put one night in May after we were recaptured. The wife of a Korean civilian prisoner, huddling close to her husband's cell, was trying to breast-feed her baby. The baby cried incessantly; it cried until the Korean jail keeper, in a fury of annoyance, kicked the infant out of its mother's arms and against the wall, to silence it forever. And then, while we watched, the sergeant kicked the mother to death.

After that, Simpson was never the same; it was one horror more than he could stand. When he died two months later with the 500-mile stare—the vacant, heedless gaze that we had come to recognize as the forerunner of death—I think what he saw was that mother and child.

I, too, had begun to scan the horizon for nothing, but the men in House Three, where I was assigned, snapped me out of it. They were a magnificent gang—Lieutenant (now Captain) Eugene D. Shaw, of Shepherdsville, Kentucky; Major Raymond E. Daltry, of Bradenton, Florida; Lieutenant Charles F. Howard, of Cartersville, Georgia; Lieutenant Robert Wood, of Washington, D.C., and Captain Paul Bromser, of Gatesville, Texas.

The System had taken over at Camp 5. Political indoctrination was no longer haphazard; there were mandatory study classes, required reading and monitored discussions. The Chinese divided the POWs according to a Communist conception of their social and economic backgrounds. All officers and Air Force enlisted men lived in one group; all other enlisted men in another. For a while, Negro and white GIs lived together—in complete harmony. That apparently disappointed the Reds, so the Negroes were segregated.

Many of the POWs of Camp 5 had been starved and badgered into signing a "peace appeal" in the spring of 1951. Now the camp's Central Peace Committee—a group of fat-living "progressives"—were agitating for a petition urging the UN armistice commission to accept the 38th parallel as a just demarcation line on which to end the Korean war. Thanks mainly to the tireless politicking of Captain William R. Shadish, a doctor from Kew Gardens, New York—and later Captain (now Major) Jim Wilkins, a Marine pilot from Worcester, Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Robert L. Gillette, another Marine pilot from West Springfield, Massachusetts—the officer and senior noncom companies in the camp refused to sign this or subsequent petitions.

COLLIER'S "Young man, if we wanted advice we would *ask* for it" VIRGIL PARTCH

That was the first organized POW resistance to the Commie propaganda campaign. The resistance gained momentum, with occasional setbacks, until the end of the war. The canaries were soon tagged and lost their usefulness. Every time one of them was called to headquarters the other POWs began chanting, "Let's all sing like the birdies sing, twee, twee-twee, twa-twa." We also discussed Air Force "secrets" just loud enough for a canary to hear, and it was 18 months before the Chinese learned that a fabulous new bomber—the super-long-range B-108, which landed only once every three years (for the crew to re-enlist)—was a plant.

Our physical resistance to disease improved slowly, too, as the truce talks prompted the Chinese to give us a little more food—they wanted us looking better than walking skeletons when we were repatriated. Early in 1951, when the guards challenged the POWs to basketball games, we were so weak we couldn't play longer than 10 minutes and the Chinese always won. By midsummer the games were no longer one-sided and in October we went into the win columns. Suddenly the Chinese found it was against regulations for guards to play basketball with POWs.

Beating the Communists at their own game was also the answer to their indoctrination program. Certain progressive members of the camp Study Committee were maneuvered out and their places taken by those with a common aim: to defeat the enforced-study program. The new committee consisted of Captain Bromser; Lieutenant Chester M. Osborne, Jr., of Minneapolis; Major John McLaughlin, of Savannah; Lieutenant Commander Ralph M. Bagwell, of Jacksonville; Captain Sheldon H. Foss, of Hampden Highlands, Maine; and me. I became chairman and was referred to mockingly as the Dean of Pyoktong U. The twin mottoes of Pyoktong U. were, "Before you can administer the antidote, you must know the poison," and "Fight fire with fire."

For six months, the Study Committee was a nucleus of anti-Communist resistance—until a canary tipped off the Chinese. At the end of October, 1951, all officers in Camp 5 were moved to Pingchong-ni, where we set up Camp 2. There, in January, my part in the anti-Communist ring came to light. I was thrown into a Japanese bathhouse, in below-zero temperatures without heat, to make me confess.

Outbluffing a Firing Squad

To hurry me along, the camp commander, Ding Chan (we called him the Snake) sentenced me to death before a firing squad. I knew a confession was what he wanted, not my death—at least that was what I kept telling myself when I was marched outside camp blindfolded, forced to kneel, and heard three guards behind me pull the bolts on their rifles. After an hour I was marched back to Ding. He was so furious at being outbluffed that he felled me eight times with a stick and finally knocked me unconscious with a blow to the eye with a kettle of boiling water.

Ding had told me that his career as a soldier and a Communist depended on getting confessions from all the ringleaders. I realized that while he would not deliberately execute me, he might very well kill me in a fit of temper. So I "confessed," along with five other officers.

That 140-page "confession" was a beaut and I'm still proud of it. I knew it was meant to be read aloud to a mass meeting of POWs, so I made it a textbook of everything I had learned about thwarting the Communists. I admitted to all kinds of anti-Communist "crimes"—and carefully explained, for the benefit of new POWs, how I'd committed them. Beating interrogation? Sound sincere, smile continually, take plenty of time, switch the conversation to Communism, write in large letters to fill up paper and use big words the interrogators will have to look up in the dictionary. I had committed all these acts, and I was sorry. So I said.

An Enjoyable "Confession"

I don't know why the Chinese let me read this two-hour document, since I was frequently interrupted by guffaws from the audience which brought shouts of "Silence, silence!" from the monitors. Frankly, I enjoyed every minute of it. I was tickled that I was putting one over (although probably for the last time) before 300 appreciative witnesses.

For committing these crimes I was sentenced to three months in solitary. So were three other confessing officers, while two more got six months apiece.

During my term in solitary, the men held Crazy Week—an exhibition of pure American-brand insanity intended to harass the Chinese. Three hundred of them went to the latrine en masse at 2:00 A.M. They played bridge without cards, basketball without a ball, and chess without pieces. They cut off one side of their mustaches and one man, Lieutenant Robert P. Howell, of Ticonderoga, New York, shaved all his hair except an Indian scalp lock. (He claimed he was the Last of the Mohicans, and the Chinese sternly told him to stop mocking oppressed minorities.)

The star of Crazy Week was Lieutenant Johnny (Rotor Head) Thornton, of Philadelphia, a helicopter pilot who put miniature rotor blades on his Korean hat. He pretended he was riding a motor scooter and traveled all over the camp in a half squat, racing an imaginary engine, fixing flats, claiming the Chinese stole his tool kit—until finally he was summoned to camp headquarters. On the way, disaster struck—his "scooter" fell into the ditch and was "wrecked." Johnny went into the camp commander's office and demanded a new scooter. Ding Chan was no fool.

"We would like to give you a scooter, Comrade," he said, going along with the gag, "but if we give you one we would have to give a scooter to every POW in camp. When you are repatriated we will see that you get a new one."

In the days that followed, I was moved to another camp, then another, and wound up in the final repository for living incorrigibles—No-Name Valley. There I remained until I was moved down to Kaesong and repatriated on September 5, 1953, two years, nine months and 26 days from the date of my capture.

The fact that I was taken prisoner so early saved me—and nearly all airmen who fell into enemy hands before January, 1952—one infamous ordeal: the demands to sign germ-warfare confessions. After that date American airmen were held accountable for bacteriological-warfare "crimes." Some men signed false confessions under tremendous pressure. Others would not. Among the gamest guys I know were the "Dirty 13" at No-Name Valley—a group of airmen who took from 12 to 19 months of the full treatment to make them confess and never cracked.

Thinking back, I would like to forget the canaries and the progressives and remember men like the Camp 5 kitchen detail bossed by Lieutenant (now Captain) Bill Moore, of Hagerman, Idaho, who were short-changed on rations by the grafting Chinese and harried by the hungry POWs, yet never took a grain of rice more than their share; men like Captain (now Major) Dave Little, of Norton, Kansas, who, at the height of the "Save the Rosenbergs" propaganda, needled the Chinese with a dead-pan "Save Lavrenti Beria" campaign; men whom I never saw but heard of—the die-hard "reactionary" enlisted men, shackled in boxes for months in their own No-Name Valley, who rated one another by the number of handcuffs it took to hold a guy down; men like Master Sergeant Gilbert Christie, of Montezuma, Indiana, who walked out of Traitors' Row without broadcasting, and then, when he was repatriated in Little Switch, carried information that sent Air Force fighter bombers straight to a Chinese supply dump near Camp 4.

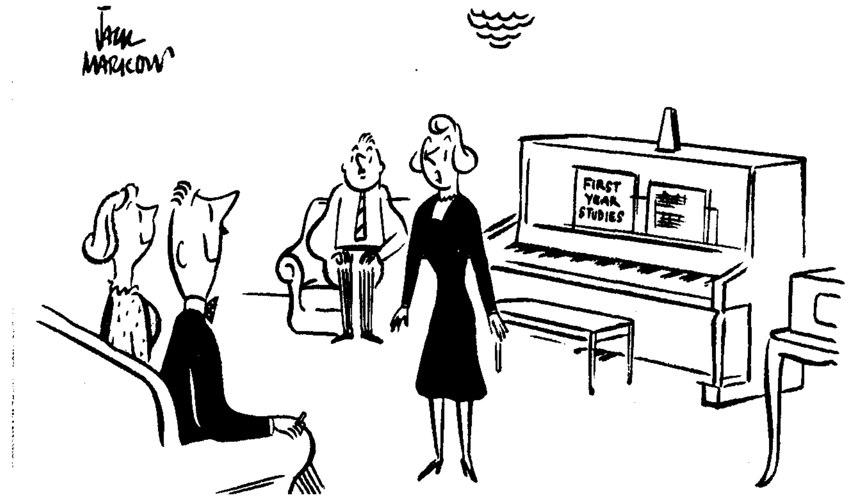
And there are things about the Communists I will never forget—like the "official" POW camp explanation that the more than 5,000 American prisoners who had died during the winter of 1950-'51 had succumbed to venereal disease contracted by raping Korean and Japanese women.

Acts of Mercy by Interrogator

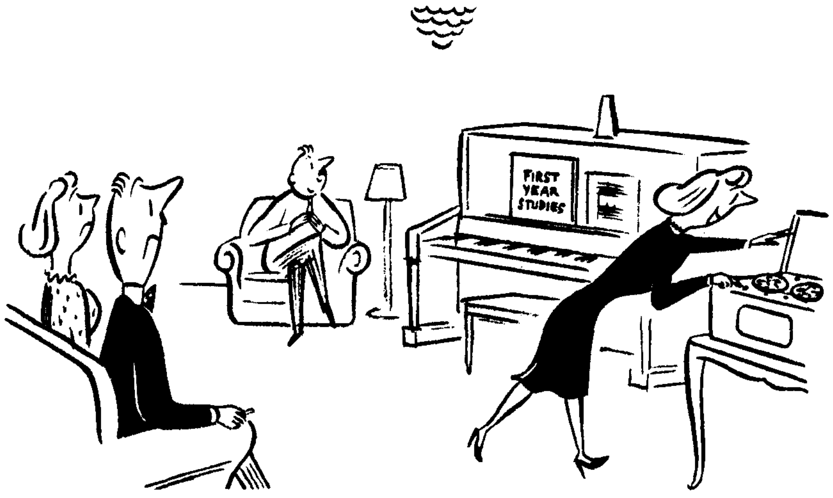
And perhaps more important to remember was the Chinese interrogator who always leveled with me, and to whom I invariably put the question, "Is this interrogation official or unofficial?" If it was official I knew what to say, and if it was unofficial we could go further afield. He never betrayed me and he often procured medicine at the risk of his life for some of the "reactionaries" who otherwise would have died.

I asked him to come over to the UN side with us when we were repatriated—as a humanitarian, he had no future with the Communists except a hole in the ground. His answer was more revealing than the ranting of the Commie red-hots—because this man was not a Communist and retained the power to think and choose. He chose not to come over because, he said, he preferred to be unhappy as a schoolteacher in China among his own people than to desert them and be happy and free with us.

When I think of those Americans who deserted their countrymen in POW camps for far less than this man was offered, I think it's time for some missionary work at home. ▲▲▲


Jack Markow
FIRST YEAR STUDIES

"We're sorry Junior isn't home and can't play the piano for you"


FIRST YEAR STUDIES

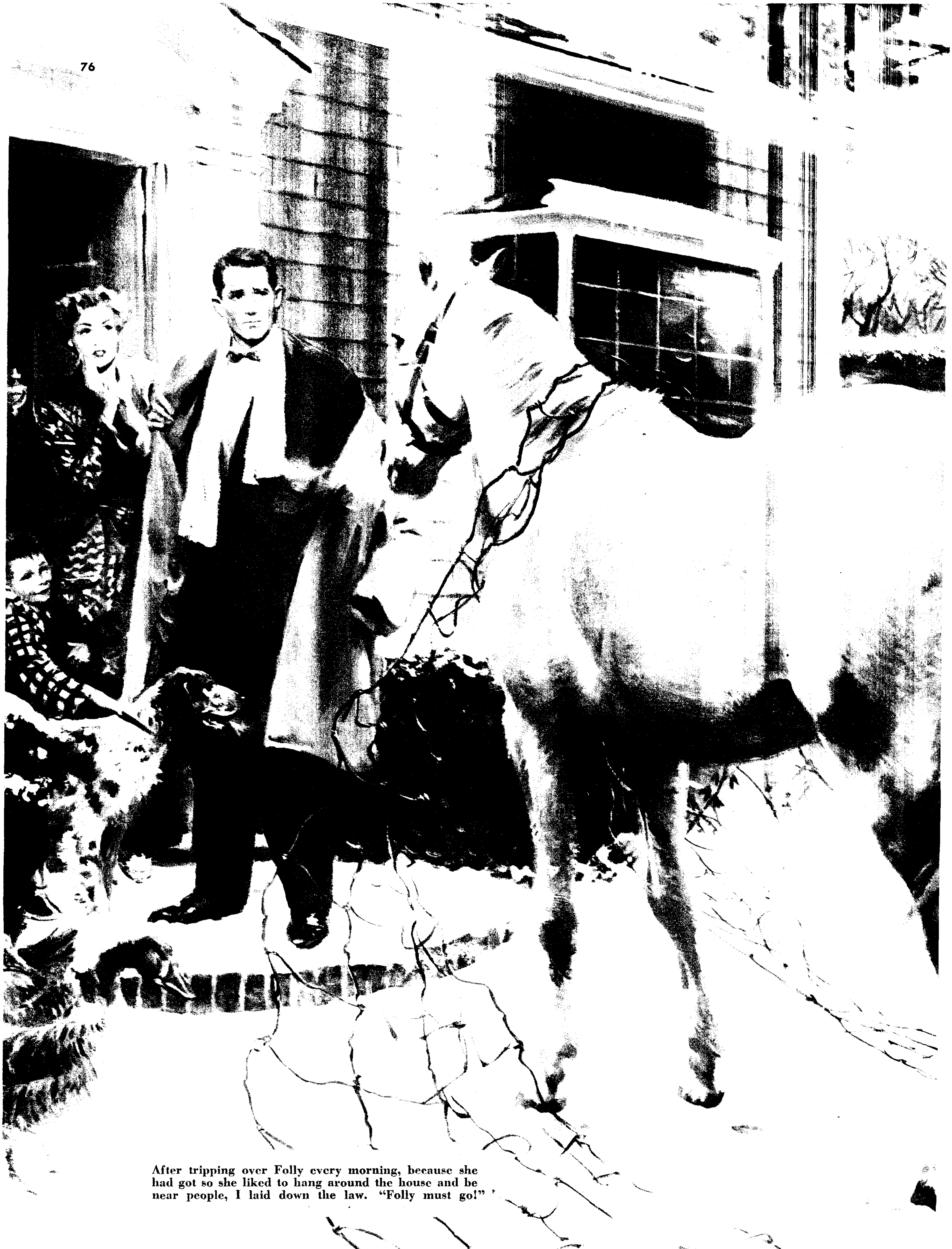
"However, we happen to have a wire recording of him playing six of the latest compositions he's learned . . ."

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

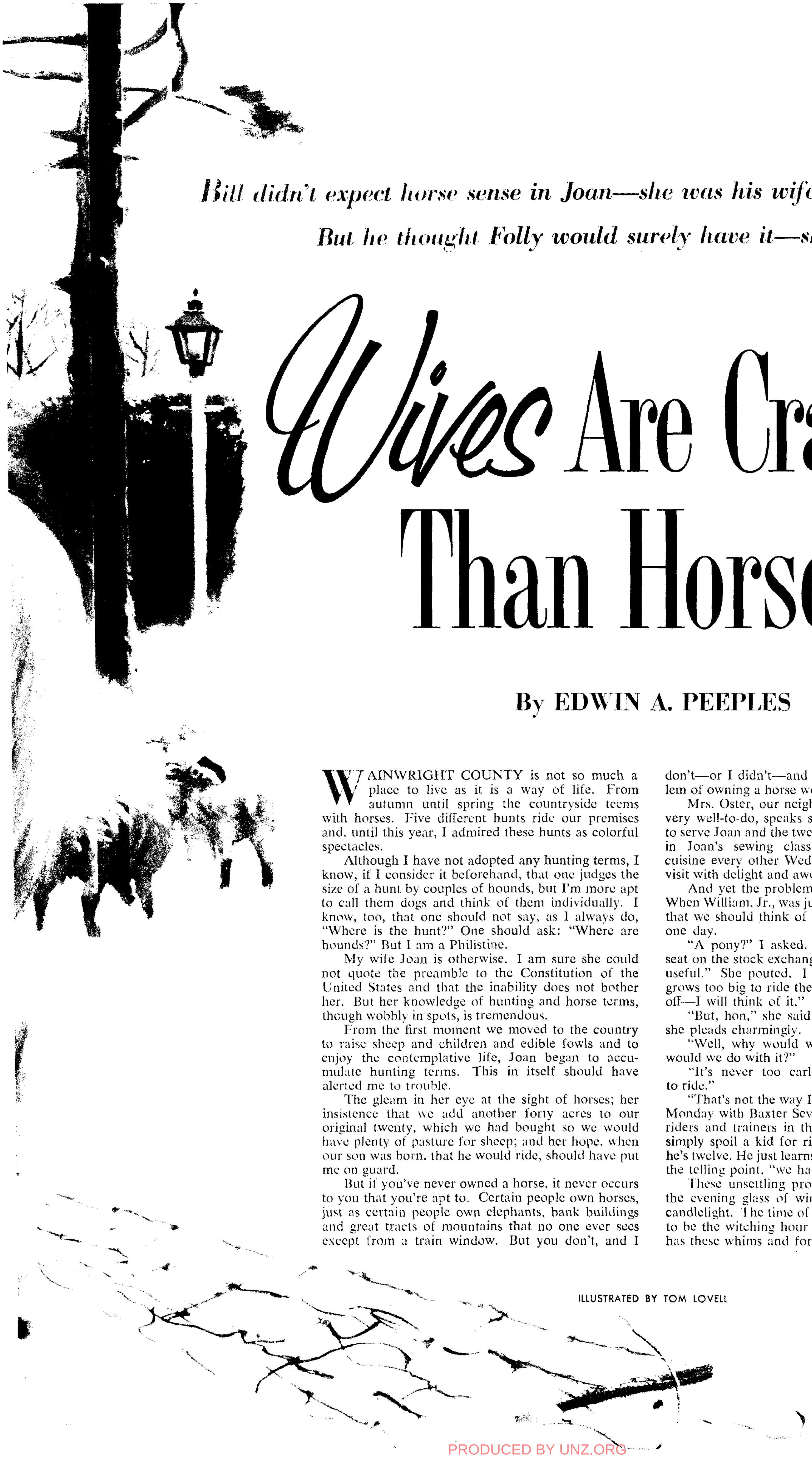
FEARLESS FOSDICK
by AL CAPP
I'M FOSDICK!
I'M FOSDICK, YOU FAKE!!
EEK!!-ONE IS FOSDICK-BUT THE OTHER IS "ANYFACE"-THE WORLD'S TRICKIEST CRIMINAL-
-HIS FACE IS SO ELASTIC, HE CAN MOLD IT INTO ANY SHAPE!! OH!-HOW CAN FOSDICK TELL WHO IS WHO?--
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
29¢ and 59¢
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T ME BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM OIL TO KEEP MY HAIR NEAT--BUT NOT (UGH!!) GREASY! YOURS IS A MESS!!
@*!!-IF I'D THOUGHT OF WILDROOT CREAM OIL, WITH LANOLIN, I COULD'VE AVOIDED ARREST
-YOU COULD'VE AVOIDED LOOSE DANDRUFF, TOO, "ANYFACE"!-SAME GOES FOR YOU, CHIEF!!--GET WILDROOT CREAM OIL, CHARLIE!!
-BUT THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!!--MY NAME IS IRVING.-
T.M.Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—All Rights Reserved. Copr. 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Look your best. Keep your hair neat-but not (ugh!) greasy with Wildroot Cream-Oil. America's biggest-selling hair tonic Non-alcoholic. Contains Lanolin. Relieves dryness Removes loose dandruff. In bottles and tubes.
LOW AS
29¢

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC



After tripping over Folly every morning, because she had got so she liked to hang around the house and be near people, I laid down the law. "Folly must go!"



Bill didn't expect horse sense in Joan—she was his wife.

But he thought Folly would surely have it—she was a horse

Wives Are Crazier Than Horses

By EDWIN A. PEEPLES

WAINWRIGHT COUNTY is not so much a place to live as it is a way of life. From autumn until spring the countryside teems with horses. Five different hunts ride our premises and, until this year, I admired these hunts as colorful spectacles.

Although I have not adopted any hunting terms, I know, if I consider it beforehand, that one judges the size of a hunt by couples of hounds, but I'm more apt to call them dogs and think of them individually. I know, too, that one should not say, as I always do, "Where is the hunt?" One should ask: "Where are hounds?" But I am a Philistine.

My wife Joan is otherwise. I am sure she could not quote the preamble to the Constitution of the United States and that the inability does not bother her. But her knowledge of hunting and horse terms, though wobbly in spots, is tremendous.

From the first moment we moved to the country to raise sheep and children and edible fowls and to enjoy the contemplative life, Joan began to accumulate hunting terms. This in itself should have alerted me to trouble.

The gleam in her eye at the sight of horses; her insistence that we add another forty acres to our original twenty, which we had bought so we would have plenty of pasture for sheep; and her hope, when our son was born, that he would ride, should have put me on guard.

But if you've never owned a horse, it never occurs to you that you're apt to. Certain people own horses, just as certain people own elephants, bank buildings and great tracts of mountains that no one ever sees except from a train window. But you don't, and I don't—or I didn't—and it seemed unlikely the problem of owning a horse would ever come up.

Mrs. Oster, our neighbor, owns horses, but she is very well-to-do, speaks several languages and is able to serve Joan and the twenty other much older women in Joan's sewing class a sumptuous Continental cuisine every other Wednesday. Hers is a world we visit with delight and awe; we do not abide there.

And yet the problem of horses came up with us. When William, Jr., was just four, Joan believed, aloud, that we should think of getting him a Shetland pony one day.

"A pony?" I asked. "Why don't we buy him a seat on the stock exchange? It would be just about as useful." She pouted. I relented a little. "When he grows too big to ride the dog—which is several years off—I will think of it."

"But, hon," she said in the gentle tone in which she pleads charmingly.

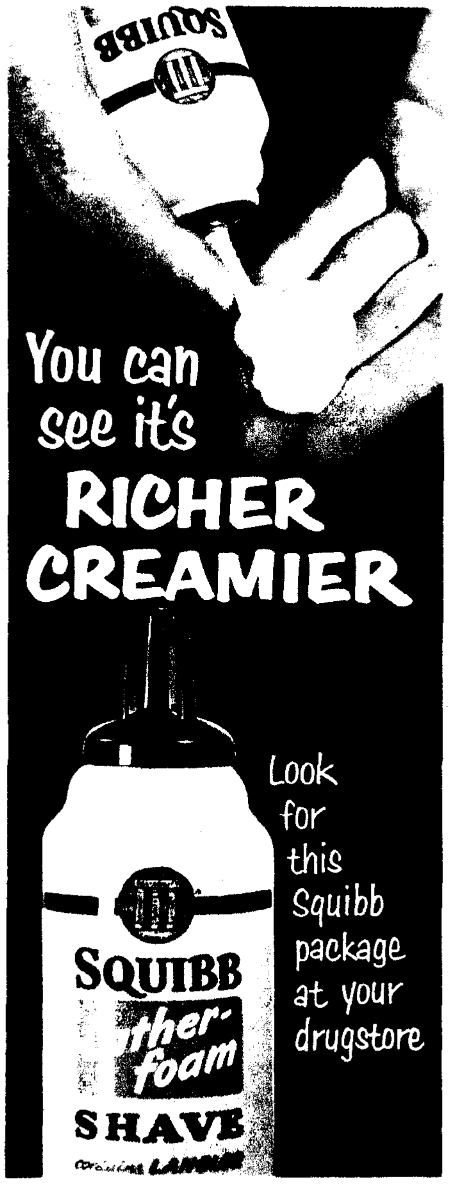
"Well, why would we want a pony now? What would we do with it?"

"It's never too early to start a child learning to ride."

"That's not the way I heard it. I have lunch every Monday with Baxter Severance. He's one of the best riders and trainers in the county. And he says you simply spoil a kid for riding if you start him before he's twelve. He just learns bad habits. Besides," I made the telling point, "we haven't got a box stall."

These unsettling problems always come up over the evening glass of wine that Joan and I have by candlelight. The time of wine and candles is supposed to be the witching hour when all is serene, but Joan has these whims and forgets that. I hoped my crack

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



How Much Cash Do You Need?

. . . to pay for new clothes, gifts, "extras" and unexpected expenses that often arise.

Both men and women can make extra money in spare time to pay for these expenses. Use the telephone, mail and personal calls to take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and ALL popular publications.

For money-making supplies, without cost to you, *mail a postal card or send the coupon now.*

------EXTRA INCOME COUPON------

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-10
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME ....
(Please print)

STREET ....

CITY .... Zone No. ....

STATE ....

about the box stall had dished the horse problem.

For several weeks I felt it *had* worked. The subject didn't come up again. Then I noticed Joan had grown thoughtful and conspiratorial. She held many cryptic telephone conversations with people she refused to identify. One of these people, I recognized from the gist of the conversation, was her mother. Presently I had a foreboding. "I hope," I ventured one evening, "that the subject of horses hasn't warmed up again." Joan wouldn't meet my eye. "Joan?" I said.

"But, honey, she's so cute."

"Who's so cute?"

"This pony," she said as if I'd known *all along.* Then she went on breathlessly: "Mother will put up over half the money and I've saved the rest. And I've fixed the box stall. I've worked so hard, Bill." Then I saw her eyes and they sparkled with excitement.

"Oh, Joan, no! We need a horse like we need a hole in the head!"

"It isn't a horse," she said. "It's a pinto pony." She held out her hand to me. "Come see the stall."

"*It's a surprise! It's a surprise!*" William, Jr., shouted and went barreling out ahead of us in a whirlwind of domestic animals. . . .

It is, I'm afraid, a mistake to be deeply in love with your wife. You're never in a position to argue forcefully. I walked through the humid twilight where crickets sang and the perfumes of new-mown grass rose. I protested the whole way: "Hon, it costs a fortune to feed a horse. You're forgetting how much a combustion engineer makes."

The bleating of our sheep and the honking of our geese and Joan's excitement over her box stall drowned me out. She'd done a beautiful job on the stall. It was neatly carpentered and painted white and there was about a foot of straw in it. "Now I've worked so hard," she said, facing me, "at least you ought to come and see her—the pony." I frowned. She put her arms around me. "Please?"

Well, there she was, just like a little girl, with bright eyes and soft, light hair, excited about the world and all, and especially her farm. And I understood that it was more than just this pony. It was being a horse owner. To own such a big animal brought a certain prestige.

Probably Joan felt that way because she had grown up in the tight confines of a closely settled residential neighborhood where the biggest animal anybody owned was a wire-haired terrier. So what could I do? I agreed to look at the pony. Especially since it wasn't going to cost me a cent.

THE horse dealer's name was Cushman. He had a big place about two miles away. We met him in his barnyard where the only riding animal in sight looked as if it had been built to pull a brewery wagon. It was almost completely white. I ignored it and glanced around. "Where's this pony?" I asked Cushman.

He was a lean, tall man with a long, sad face. He ambled over to the white mountain and clapped her sharply on the rump. "Here she is," he said.

As William, Jr., a quiet but curious child, went kiting off after some Dalmatian puppies that wandered about, hopelessly lost but endlessly eager, the horse cast a glum glance at Joan and me. I interpreted the look to mean: "Oh, for goodness' sake!" I knew what she meant.

For Cushman it was a matter of a few quick twists of the wrist to tack her up. Putting in the bit was particularly impressive. There was a flash of teeth like banisters, and the bit was in place. I looked to see how many fingers Cushman lost. He hadn't lost any, but I couldn't see why not.

To my mind a horse is like a boat: safe as long as tied, and if a man is smart, he lets both of them alone. But Cushman didn't share my outlook. He untied this great steed and led her into the riding yard. I followed timidly. "I thought this was a pony," I said, watching flanks at least two yards wide waddle away in front of me.

Cushman nodded and said, "Pinto pony. Skewbald. Only fifteen hands two. *Horse is sixteen hands.*" The difference, I found later, is the width of two fingers. Add the height of a good shot of whisky to the shoulders of this plug and you had a horse. Cushman turned to Joan. "I'll help you up."

She shrank away and gazed pleadingly at me. "Bill," she said in a small voice. "You go first?"

I saw, suddenly, that she was terrified. "If you want this animal, hon, *you shouldn't be scared. If we buy* her, somebody's got to ride her."

"I know. But you go first?"

I hadn't ridden in years, and I didn't like it then, but I took the reins and climbed up gingerly. By the time I had fumbled my feet into both stirrups, the horse was strolling leisurely. Riding her gave the same sensation I would expect to get from straddling a barn that was slowing falling down. I got a grip on myself and the horse and walked her around a couple of laps. I didn't fall off, so I yelled to Joan: "Gentle as a kitten!"

I spoke too soon. At that moment Cushman's wife tossed some hay to a cow in the walled barnyard. The mare saw her do it and, without warning, charged for the wall at a full gallop. I lost both stirrups and the reins. Cushman was dead ahead, and we lumbered down on him at a good clip. At first he thought it was a joke and laughed. Then he saw it wasn't a joke. His eyes grew wide and his jaw sagged. He leaped aside just in time, grabbed the reins, and stopped the horse as she was about to splatter herself and me all over the wall.

As I got off, Mr. Cushman said, "I thought you knew how to ride."

"Just rusty," I said, waving a hand that trembled.

"Are you sure you want a horse?"

"I'm positive I don't," I said, "but my wife does."

"Do you want to ride, Mrs. Wimbish?"

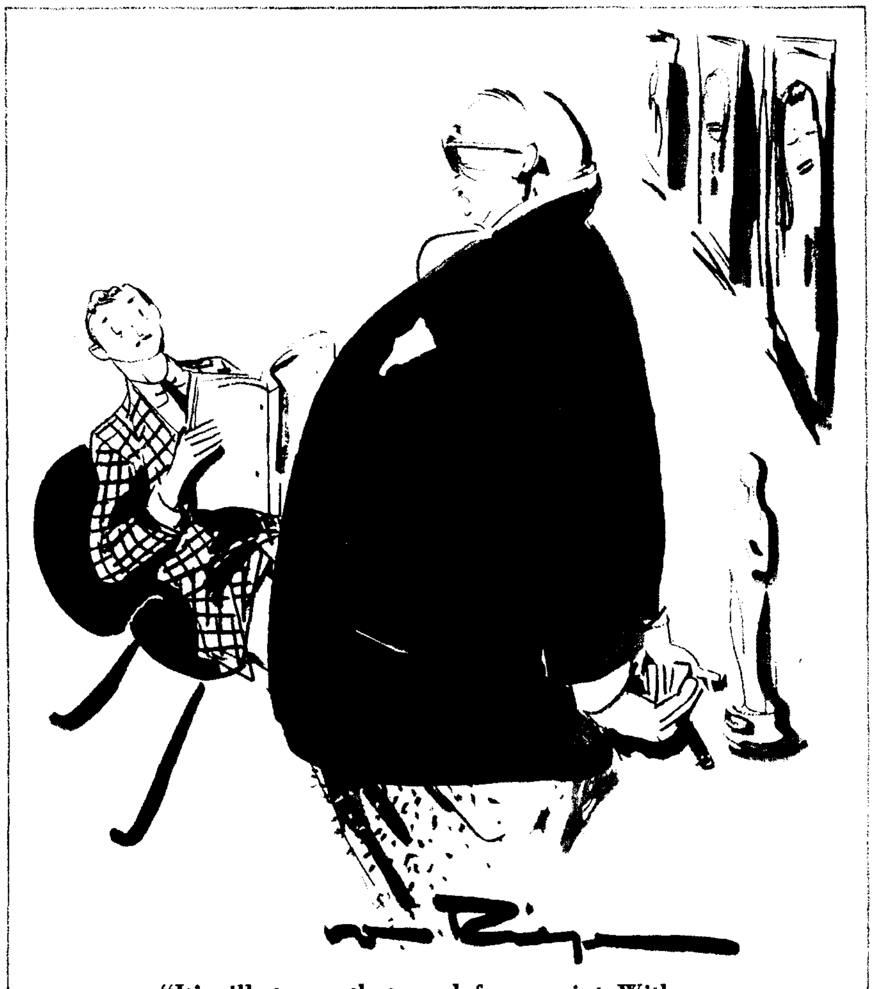
Joan licked her lips and turned greenish.

"If you're scared to death of riding, hon," I said, "for goodness' sake let's don't buy her."

She gritted her teeth. "I'm not," she said. "I'll ride."

I HELPED her into the saddle and led her around once. Then I released her. *The horse stopped.* Joan clucked at her, timidly at first and then with vigor. The horse wouldn't budge. Presently the horse dug the toe of a rear hoof into the turf with the same air as a woman putting her hands on her hips. "I know," her manner said, "that I have a frightened woman here. If I move and she is hurt, everybody will blame me. Therefore, I will not go a step." And she didn't.

Darkness fell, and Joan and William, Jr., and I went home. Joan was shaken but determined. I was uneasy and dismayed. But then, gradually, we began to think of a horse in our own pasture, a beast we could even use to mow the lawn. And we spoke of being, if only by extension, a member of the hunting set! When the romance



COLLIER'S

"It's silly to pay that much for a script. With Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in the picture, how much of a story do we need?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

of a prospect like that stops overthrowing your better judgment, you are dead. We were not yet dead.

I called Baxter Severance for counsel. His counsel was: "What in the hell do you need with a horse? Don't buy it! But if you can't keep from buying it, get it vetted first. You might as well be sure it can see out of both eyes."

BY THE time we'd had our evening wine and candlelight and dinner and put William, Jr., to bed, it was too late to turn off the dream. It wasn't until then that I realized that Joan, having enough money for the horse, meant I'd have to have enough for the tack. But why squirm then? I was hooked and I knew it. I listened to Joan arrange for the vet and tell Cushman to bring the horse over the next week end, if the vet said she was sound.

I lament to report the vet found her sound as a dollar, and, at noon the following Saturday, Cushman, looking lean and cadaverous in weary jeans, arrived on the beast I had named Folly. He handed me the reins, slid down, collected his money, got in his car—which his wife had driven over—and went away.

Our trance was interrupted by an impatient snort from Folly. I took this to mean: "Well, you got me now. What you want me to do next?"

Since she was tacked up, and there was some doubt about our ever getting her tacked up again, once we untacked her, we all had a go at riding her. We even put William, Jr., in the saddle and led him around. He was the only one who enjoyed it. Then we unsaddled Folly and turned her out to graze.

So there it was. We had a horse, and in the pasture she looked great. She gave a lot of tone to the premises. But I've never seen such an animal. She had a hay belly the size of an observation balloon, and the rest of her was in scale. I wasn't impressed with her shape, but Cushman admired it. She had just foaled, he said, and these ample proportions of hers showed she was built to be a good mother. I said we would not put her to the test.

"Do we have to feed her anything special?" I asked Cushman on the telephone the next day.

"Not until you ride some of the weight off her," he said.

It turned out our enthusiasm was not up to riding Folly's weight off. After a day in town I wanted to sit in a chair, not on a horse. After a day with the other livestock, Joan was tired too. But about twice a week we gritted our teeth, saddled up and hacked a while, trying to keep Folly in the pink. It wasn't that she got high and wild standing around, as a thoroughbred would; she just got fatter.

Meanwhile Joan bought, begged and borrowed every horse book she could find. She read about snaffle bits and Pelham bits, single reins and double reins. Such nights as we had wine and candlelight instead of frightened canters around the fields, she told me how to cure lame muscles and other horse ailments. It had taken Joan a month and a half, several riding lessons on other horses and a two-hour swearing-and-beating session one afternoon in our back field to negotiate a working agreement whereby Folly would move when Joan was up, rather than stand still and go to sleep. Joan struggled through it all with good spirit, but she actually was much more interested in reading about riding than she was in doing it.

For a while Folly was content to graze in the pasture with the sheep. But soon, like the sensible horse she was, she discovered the grass outside the fence, where the sheep had not grazed, was easier to crop. So she leaned against the fence and grazed. At first she got only her front legs tangled in the wire, and had to be cut loose with resulting holes in the fence. Then she began to walk through the fence, taking it with her, the fencing wrapped around her like a kimono.

I understood that a thoroughbred, on getting tangled in fence, goes out of its mind, stampedes and, if not rescued promptly, breaks its legs and has to be shot. Hopefully I bought a pistol.

It was a waste of money. Folly was as skittish as a bale of hay. When she had barged a great hole in the fence, let out all the sheep, and finally become hopelessly snarled and immobile, she would simply stand and wait for help.

It had taken me two weeks of backbreaking work to string the half mile of wire around our pasture. What Folly did to this fence in a single week made me bitter. I began to suggest that we get rid of Folly for what we'd paid for her, if possible. For other reasons—notably concern for Joan's continued ability to bear children and her general physical safety—Mrs. Oster and the sewing circle began to make the same suggestions. But Joan was stubborn with all of us.

"Well," I asked irritably one night, "are you going to put the fence back up?"

She gave me a defiant look and said, "Yes!"

By then autumn was well advanced. Dismal rains blew in. Trees dropped leaves and the pasture grew sear and unnourishing. On the gloomiest of the rainy evenings in early November, I came home and found Joan working on the fence. Folly had broken out and worked over a neighbor's cornfield. Polite but firm representations had been made.

JOAN had repaired all the fence Folly had knocked down that day, and she was stringing heavy sheep wire. She looked pathetically small and unequal to the job, and I felt sorry for her. She was exhausted and on the verge of tears. Her hands were cut and bleeding and her clothing was soaked through. I changed to my work clothes and came out. "Go in," I told her. "I'll finish this."

"No. If I let you, I'll never hear the end of it."

"You'll never hear the end anyhow."

"But it's time to sit and talk and have wine and candlelight."

"I guess those days are past," I said grimly. "Now all there is to life is looking after a horse nobody rides." She bit her lip and I felt pretty mean. But after all, just because you're in love with somebody is no reason for her to pull the house down on top of you. "I see we bought hay," I remarked pointedly. "I saw it in the barn. Is it charged?"

"No!" she said, her eyes bright. "I paid for it." And she stalked away.

It turned out, of course, that the money for the hay had come out of our food budget. It kept coming out. As Folly ate better and better, we ate worse and worse. We gave up wine. Then we gave up meat, except for low-grade hamburgers and wieners.

I do not give up my comforts happily. After three weeks of deprivation, and after seeing that, once she had gauged the initial shock, Folly found

High point of a Happy Trip...

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Prime Ribs *of* Beef

FEBRUARY—a good month to travel on Union Pacific through the West because that's when our dining cars feature prime ribs of beef, a man-size slice roasted just to the degree of "doneness" you request.

Union Pacific insists on top quality beef aged to perfection. We want you to enjoy it along with attentive, gracious service.

Ask to be routed on a restful-riding Streamliner or other modern Union Pacific train when planning a western trip.

DAILY *Streamliners*

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"
"THE CHALLENGER"
(Between Chicago-Los Angeles)

"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
(Between Chicago-San Francisco)

"CITY OF PORTLAND"
(Between Chicago-Portland-Tacoma-Seattle)

"CITY OF DENVER"
(Between Chicago-Denver)

"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"
(Between St. Louis-Kansas City-Denver and Pacific Coast)

Also between Chicago... and The Pacific Coast
SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND... and GOLD COAST

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

EYES TIRED?
Two Drops Quick Relief

When your eyes feel "used up" from the effects of wind, dust, glare or over-long hours of work, Murine comes to your aid in seconds. Just two drops in each eye—and the feeling of fatigue seems to float right away. It's so easy and simple to use Murine this way. And it makes your eyes feel good.

MURINE
for your eyes

HEARING BAD?

If so, you will be happy to know how we have improved the hearing and relieved those miserable head noises, caused by catarrh of the head, for thousands of people (many past 70) who have used our simple Elmo Palliative Home Treatment in the past 16 years. This may be the answer to your prayer. NOTHING TO WEAR. Here are SOME of the symptoms that may likely be causing your catarrhal deafness and head noises: Head feels stopped up from mucus. Dropping of mucus in throat. Hawking and spitting. Mucus in nose or throat every day. Hearing worse with a cold. Hear — but don't understand words. Hear better on clear days. Worse on rainy days. Head noises like crickets, bells, whistles, clicking, escaping steam or many other sounds. If your condition is caused by catarrh of the head, you, too, may likely enjoy such wonderful relief as many others have reported. WRITE TODAY FOR PROOF AND 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER.

THE ELMO COMPANY
DEPT. 4CL2, DAVENPORT, IOWA

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

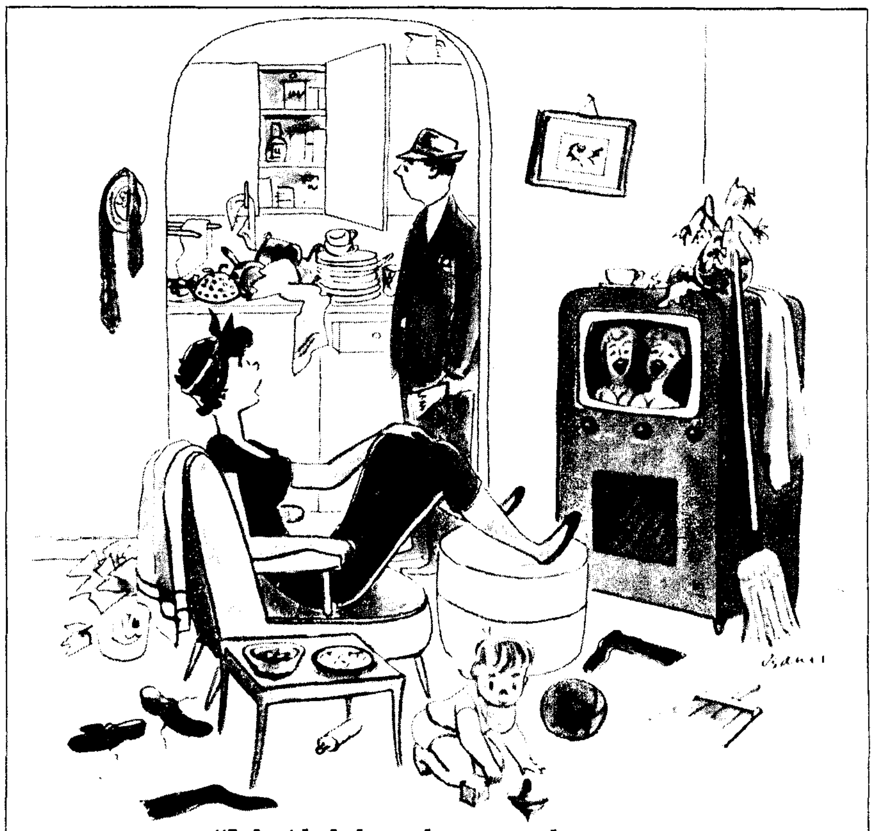
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 35c and 60c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5407-B, ELMIRA, N. Y.

EASE
COLD
DISCOMFORTS

Take
Tabcin
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Made By MILES LABORATORIES INC. Elkhart, Indiana



COLLIER'S "I decided the only way to show you what I do all day was not to do it!" KATE OSANN

the pain from ripping out the new fence not unbearable, and after tripping over Folly every morning on the way to work because she'd got so she liked to hang around the house and be near people, I laid down the law. "Folly must go!" I said.

"Bill! Please! No."

"Joan, be sensible. We haven't had a pleasant word since she's been here. We haven't had a happy moment. She's tearing out fence I can't keep replacing. She's going to ruin us. I don't want to be a horse owner!"

With great sadness, after we'd argued it for hours, Joan agreed. I called Baxter Severance and got the names of some horse dealers. Need I say Cushman did not want Folly back at the same price we paid? He didn't want her at any price. So we went to see a man named Dubuque. He was supposed to specialize in pintos.

WE FOUND Dubuque sitting in an ancient and dusty tackroom. He was a broad-shouldered, bench-legged old man with a gnarled face. As we came in he looked up from a bridle he was mending, nodded for us to sit down and listened to our problem.

He shook his head. "Ain't no market for pintos any more," he said. "I done right well right after the war when folks had money to spend and couldn't get no television sets and washing machines. Now they can get that stuff, they ain't buying horses." He scratched his cheek. "You might take her up to the auction in Cornwall. You might get half what you paid, you real lucky. You say she weighs about fifteen hundred pounds. Get more for her as dog meat."

Joan gasped.

Dubuque looked at her speculatively. "You got money stuck in something, ma'am, and you want to get it out, you take the best and quickest way." He shrugged. "You want my answer? I ain't interested."

As we drove home, we spoke only once. "If I can't get what I paid for Folly," Joan said, "I won't sell her."

"But we've got to sell her!"

Joan began to cry. "For dog meat? You want to sell my horse for dog meat?"

"I want to sell her; I don't care *what* happens afterward."

As we usually do when we're very angry, we walked around the house without speaking, except to be cuttingly polite about essentials. This is better than fighting because you don't say anything that hurts afterward, but while it's going on it's more painful than divorce. Our fight upset William, Jr., and he came out in hives. Even the dog was sad.

The trees were bare now. The outdoors was chill and morose and dismal. But Folly wasn't bothered. Rain or shine, snow or sleet, hard frost or sunshine, Folly broke out and greeted me each morning at the front door. She developed a fleece as thick as the sheeps'. And sometimes she was covered with frost and sometimes with snow. She was always wet, and she steamed like a Turkish bath. None of it bothered her. We didn't ride her now. We just repaired the fence she broke, and ate wieners so she could have hay, and grew bitterer.

What would have happened without Mrs. Oster and Joan's sewing class, I don't know. The sewing class is good for Joan. The older women tend to mother her, and the atmosphere of elegance gives Joan a sense of security.

At the crucial point, when Joan and I were on the verge of some sort of permanent termination to our fight, Mrs. Oster and the others stopped begging Joan to get rid of Folly and demanded that she do so. How could she have more children if she damaged herself on a horse? How could she run a farm? These women followed up their questions with what I have looked on since as remarkably good and interesting stories about friends of theirs whose horses maimed them.

Joan tried to be stubborn, but she respected these women. They all owned horses and knew whereof they spoke. It was Mrs. Oster herself who laid on the clinching argument. "After all," she said, confecting what I regard as the bon mot of the season, "it's as distinctive to *have* owned horses as it is to own them, and it's much less trouble."

This brought Joan to the "We had horses, but we had to give them up. We're so busy we never get a chance to ride" frame of mind. It brought her, too, to admitting that we had tried to give up Folly, but we couldn't find out how to do it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Oster, "you just bring her over to my stable. I'll keep her for you through the winter, and I'll try to sell her next spring."

The first convenient day that we could take Folly over was a drizzling and bitter cold one. It was over a mile and a half to Mrs. Oster's stable. I could have saddled Folly and ridden her, but I disdained this. I wanted to show my contempt for the whole idea of Folly. So I hitched on her halter shank and led her. Every step that brought me nearer to being rid of this beast brightened my outlook. The chill air seemed more bracing, the landscape less bleak.

As Joan drove me back home, we spoke pleasantly to each other. We got home at the witching hour, and shyly Joan brought out a bottle of wine. "I saved up for it," she said softly, pleading. "I had a little money left each week after the hay." And as she lighted the candles I felt a flood of warmth and contentment. Over our wine we tried out the line about having owned horses but having given them up. It sounded good. And I noticed it gave Joan even greater confidence than being a horse owner had given her.

Our house was whole again. Christmas came and went, bright and delightful, and so did New Year's Day. Mrs. Oster had sailed to spend the hardest days of winter on the Riviera. Much as I admired the woman, with her away I wouldn't even hear about Folly.

STILL, I knew Folly wouldn't evaporate. Though we didn't discuss her until the last Monday in February, she lurked in my mind as a sort of impending menace. That day Baxter Severance, who usually lunches alone with me, brought a friend named Pringle. Pringle spoke as if he were buying up all the horses in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. After sitting through a dozen or so transactions, complete with pedigree, I took the plunge. "Mr. Pringle," I said, "how would you like to pick up a cart horse real cheap?"

He gave me a modified Dubuque leer. "When you say 'a cart horse,' what do you mean?"

I told him if this nag was in Europe she would be pulling a wagon that said *Münchner Hofbrau* and making a reputation at it. Baxter Severance seconded Folly with some more delicate compliments. He had ridden her but never had had to repair fence behind her, so he could make a more convincing case than I. He promoted Folly as just what Pringle needed in a lead pony.

Pringle asked about price and I mentioned what we paid for Folly. "It's a deal," he said.

This was too fast for me. "Do you mean it?" I asked.

"Of course he means it!" Baxter said, implying that this was the way *real* horse trades were always handled.

"I'll be out in a week or ten days," Pringle said. "I've got to van a mare back from Kennett Square. Give me your number, and I'll call you."

The following Friday he called to say his wife would bring the van on Monday. On Sunday I told Joan she'd better get in touch with the people at Mrs. Oster's and let them know.

Joan put in the call and a hitch developed at once. Mrs. Oster appeared to have left her premises in the hands of relations who were convinced that all people who traffic in horses are thieves and pilferers. The van could not come in. If we wanted our horse, we'd have to come and lead her away.

IT WAS snowing, but we went that afternoon. Folly was in poor shape because we hadn't given the groom time to attend her. He apologized and was very embarrassed because she hadn't been curried lately. It didn't matter except that I worried about Folly's making a good enough appearance not to spoil the sale. She was filthy, and when a white horse is dirty, nothing is dirtier. The only positive word to be said for her was that she must have eaten well. She was so broad by now she was misshapen. Her weight distribution was wretched. Her middle sagged dismally. "Look at her," I told Joan, who was cooing and clucking and welcoming Folly back to her stall. "She's sagging so badly she's sway-back."

"Poor baby," Joan said. "All out of shape."

Folly snorted to show that no matter how her body looked, her spirit was unbowed. We did the best we could with the curry on short notice and prayed Mrs. Pringle wouldn't find Folly looking too ghastly to buy.

The next morning at the office I was restless. I knew how a general must feel when a battle is going on and he isn't there. Joan was to call me when she had the check clutched in her hot little hand. She called at eleven. She was giggling.

"What's funny?" I asked her. "Did the Pringles come?"

"Yes," she said over the bad connection. "And they took one look at Folly and said she's going to fold before dark!"

"Fold! What's she sick of?" My blood ran cold. I have seen a dead horse. A dead horse is twice as big and four times as heavy as any known live horse. I had visions of trying to get rid of one.

"She isn't sick of anything. I said foal, not fold! She's going to have a baby. We must be blind," Joan said. "She's dripping milk all over the ground. She's what's called waxing." Joan sounded proud because she had this new word. I didn't think much of it.

I was stunned. "You're all crazy," I said. "Cushman said she'd just foaled before we got her in August. It takes a horse eleven months to—from start to finish!"

"Well, I don't care. The Pringles say she's going to foal. Mrs. Pringle's been talking to her husband on the phone, and he wants her anyhow, but his wife says that's too many horses."

You see how it is? Men who are sensible about horses marry women who are not and vice versa. I had never seen this Mrs. Pringle, but I was sorry to note she was a woman after my own heart. She knew too many horses when she saw one.

The Pringles went away, and Folly's threat materialized. That night the dog barked violently from midnight until dawn. And when I went out the next morning, Folly was not alone. Beside her was an ungainly, knock-kneed, skewbald filly with big brown eyes and brown lashes.

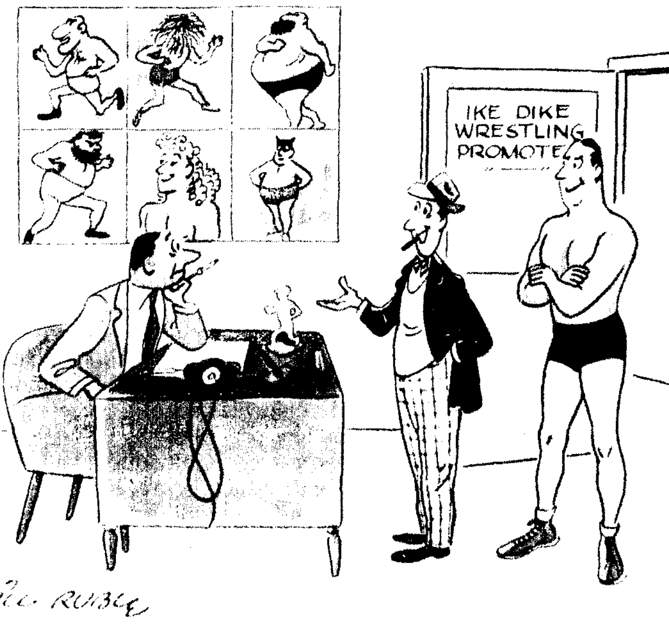
I called Baxter Severance and told him. It was a couple of minutes before he could speak. When he did, I had to ask him to repeat what he had said, because Joan was squealing with excitement, and I couldn't hear. "I said," he repeated, "that's the way people get into horse raising."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose that's what people mean when they say farm life grows on you."

THE only consolation was that spring was coming. There would be grass for Folly and her foal. Joan had gone on to the barn, and as I went out I wondered how anybody goes about selling two horses when it takes six months to get an offer for one.

But what I saw at the barn made me stop wondering. Joan had her back to me, and Folly was nuzzling her, thanking her for understanding. That slender girl and that tremendous mare understood each other. And all at once Folly wasn't just a cart horse. She was a member of the family. All families grow, and you just have to make enough for everybody—and wine and candlelight too. When the foal grew up, we could ride together, Joan and I. And William, Jr., who was patting the filly, could ride someday too.

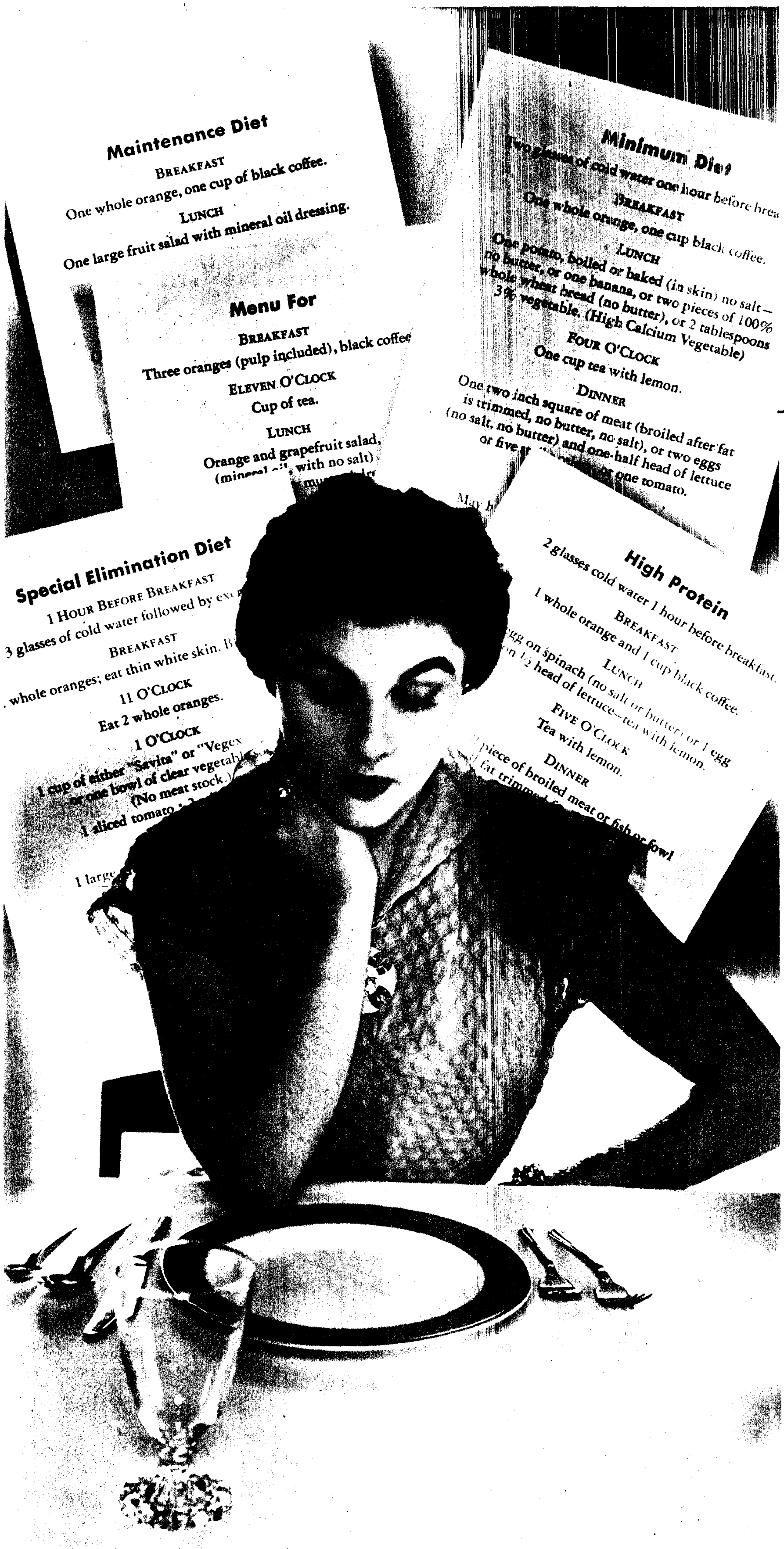
Besides, have you ever really seen a newborn foal? —EDWIN A. PEEPLES


IKE DIKE
WRESTLING
PROMOTER
Bill Ruble

"He'll be a sensation! No curls, no beard, no mask, and no ugly features. He just wrestles . . ."

COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

Choose the right point
for the way you write...by number
1551 Student
2668 General writing
9550 Extra Fine
1555 Shorthand
2556 Fine writing
9314M Medium stub
2968 Broad writing
9460 Medium Manifold
9788 Shaded Writing
2550 Bookkeeping
9668 General writing
2284 Signature Stub
Add it to the barrel of an Esterbrook Fountain Pen
Write with the pen that writes your way...naturally
ONLY A FEW OF THE MOST POPULAR POINT STYLES SHOWN
Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN
THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN
COPYRIGHT 1953 THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY


Maintenance Diet
BREAKFAST
One whole orange, one cup of black coffee.
LUNCH
One large fruit salad with mineral oil dressing.
Menu For
BREAKFAST
Three oranges (pulp included), black coffee
ELEVEN O'CLOCK
Cup of tea.
LUNCH
Orange and grapefruit salad,
Minimum Diet
Two glasses of cold water one hour before brea
BREAKFAST
One whole orange, one cup black coffee.
LUNCH
One potato, boiled or baked (in skin) no salt—no butter, or one banana, or two pieces of 100% whole wheat bread (no butter), or 2 tablespoons 3% vegetable. (High Calcium Vegetable)
FOUR O'CLOCK
One cup tea with lemon.
DINNER
One two inch square of meat (broiled after fat is trimmed, no butter, no salt), or two eggs (no salt, no butter) and one-half head of lettuce or one tomato.
Special Elimination Diet
1 HOUR BEFORE BREAKFAST
3 glasses of cold water followed by
BREAKFAST
whole oranges; eat thin white skin.
11 O'CLOCK
Eat 2 whole oranges.
1 O'CLOCK
1 cup of either "Savita" or "Vege
or one bowl of clear vegetable
(No meat stock.)
1 sliced tomato
High Protein
2 glasses cold water 1 hour before breakfast.
BREAKFAST
1 whole orange and 1 cup black coffee.
LUNCH
egg on spinach (no salt or butter) or 1 egg
1/2 head of lettuce—tea with lemon.
FIVE O'CLOCK
Tea with lemon.
DINNER
piece of broiled meat or fish or fowl
fat trimmed

When

Sometimes a reducing progra

ARE you about to go on a diet? Stop and think a moment: Are you sure you should? There are times in your life when you should not diet at all—and you may be one of those who should *never* diet.

If you're the average overweight person, you're probably a veteran dieter. You know how to count calories. You've tried the crisp-carrot-and-lettuce diet, the all-meat diet, and the morning-noon-and-night egg diet, among others. Whatever the latest reducing fad, you're always willing to take it on.

But chances are the result is always the same: while your enthusiasm lasts, the pounds melt away. Then, gradually, you find yourself eating (and soon weighing) as usual. Even when your doctor has prescribed a sound weight-losing regimen just for you, you've gone back to him after a few weeks or months and shamefacedly confessed that all you lost was the sheet of paper with his carefully calculated menus on it.

Before you can make a diet stick, you must know when *not* to diet. One such time is when you're dieting for an unrealistic reason. The other is when you are under emotional tension—in your family or social life, or in your job.

The people who diet successfully stay slim not because they have a magic diet formula but because—perhaps unconsciously—they avoid the danger periods of dieting.

You must also consider the possibility that dieting is not for you at any time. If you've found through experience that when you lose weight you also lose strength, or don't feel well, you shouldn't diet even if you do tip the scales at more than the standard-weight tables say you should.

But if it's safe for you to diet and you intend to do so, first ask yourself these questions: "Do I really need to reduce?" and "Why do I want to?"

Analyze Your Motives for Reducing

The second question, in particular, may seem silly to you. Everyone knows why it's bad to be overweight; as a doctor, I'm especially well aware of the reasons. Fat is unattractive and a social and psychological handicap, and it can also be a threat to your health. But precisely what difference will it make to *you* to be fat or thin? What are you really trying to accomplish? Your motive may spell the difference between the success and failure of your reducing program.

Sometimes a goal is obviously bad. Although grownups aren't usually so revealing as the seven-year-old girl who cheerfully told me she wanted to reduce because "then I can eat all the chocolate I want," the fact is that a lot of her elders feel the same way, dreaming illogically of being able to gorge on luscious meals after a long, dreary siege of reducing. One forty-year-old business executive I know literally wept when told that even after he

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURICE BAUMAN

NOT to Diet

By Dr. HILDE BRUCH

oes more harm than good—and there are "overweight" people who shouldn't diet at all

lost weight he would not be able to indulge again in that Danish pastry he loved.

Some people expect their lives to be revolutionized by the loss of weight. When the irrational dream fails to come true they quit dieting.

I knew a heavy young woman with an unusual talent for acting. Her friends implored her to lose weight so that she could follow what seemed like a promising career. For a while she made a strenuous effort, and shed an amazing amount of weight in a short time. But then she gained it all back.

No Assurance of Stardom if Slender

It developed that after losing her extra pounds she'd had many opportunities to act in amateur shows, but had turned them down. At the same time, she had lost interest in dieting. "I want real acting in a big hit on Broadway," she protested. "Why should I try and try when nobody will promise me that even if I stay slim I'll be a star?"

Then there are the people who have great plans—but postpone them until after they've lost weight. Once they have set slimness as the condition for achieving their puffed-up ambitions, the temptation is strong to do nothing about reducing—so they'll have an excuse for doing nothing about their great plans. "I'm too fat to get anything done," they say, "and somehow I just can't seem to take off weight."

The reason for an unrealistic attitude about dieting and its relation to life's goals is usually some deeper emotional disturbance. Many people use overeating as a defense against the stresses and worries of life, or to compensate for failure. Quite often, as with the young actress, the goals they set themselves cannot be guaranteed in advance, or are unobtainable. Overeating may also be used to combat feelings of boredom or loneliness, or to relieve worry about a loved one. Sometimes it serves to help overcome the shock and terror of an accident or the anxieties of an illness.

If the psychological aspect of overeating is recognized, it may not be too hard to correct—so long as its causes are of recent origin. But in many cases the entanglement of overeating, obesity and personality problems is long-standing, tracing back to childhood and adolescence.

Obesity is looked upon with such disapproval that plump youngsters are repeatedly urged not to overeat. Often the only result is to intensify the problem, and they live through their formative years in a state of constant conflict. They want to eat, because from infancy eating has comforted them during moments of disappointment or emotional stress. Moreover, as small children they may have been urged by their mothers to eat. Now they are told they're greedy because they eat so much, and food is denied them. Deprived of an important psychological prop, they become sullen and withdrawn—and the only way they know to relieve the tension is to eat. They just keep getting fatter and fatter.

The author, a nationally known specialist in both psychiatry and obesity, received her degree as a doctor of medicine at Freiburg University in Germany (she is now an American citizen). She has made special studies of the psychological factors in the obesity of children and adults, and is currently an associate in psychiatry and associate psychoanalyst at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. Dr. Bruch also is in private practice in New York City, specializing in psychoanalysis and child psychiatry

The dilemma of such youngsters is often pathetic. They grow more and more apart from the activities of other young people, sometimes living in real isolation, socially and emotionally. They resort to a life of daydreams in which they try to imagine all the excitement and achievement of real life from which they feel excluded, often rightly, because they are fat.

It is the privilege of youth to dream of a glorious future. Normal young people gradually learn to correct their expectations. But the fantasies of the fat adolescents become increasingly unrealistic. They begin to think that only obesity prevents them from achieving their wonderful ambitions—and finally they expect reducing to make their dreams come true.

Some of the commercial reducing salons take advantage of that misconception by promising a magic transformation. A severe psychological shock awaits those who take such promises literally, when the expected miracles do not come true; and even if they succeed in keeping their weight down for a short time, their real problems are far from solved.

One of the unhappiest women I ever met was a graduate of one of the salons who had seemingly achieved everything promised. She became so slim and glamorous, in fact, that she was given a position as a demonstrator at the salon—a shining example of what reducing could do.

A year later she weighed 30 pounds more than when she had started the reducing program. Why? Because, despite her new beauty, life had not lived up to her fantastic expectations, and the worry and strain of staying slim were too much for her. She had begun to eat gluttonously; now she was despondent. This woman was so confused that she needed psychiatric help. Only after she learned to find satisfaction in doing a job that suited her talent was she able to follow a reasonable diet. She lost weight once again—and never regained it.

Even when your motives for reducing are sensible, dieting is not a simple job. As with any other hard work, you should understand what you are doing and figure out the best time and place to do it. Though only you can do the dieting, others around you can co-operate—particularly if you don't do the cooking—in two ways: by supplying tasty meals that are not fattening, and by not playing the policeman.

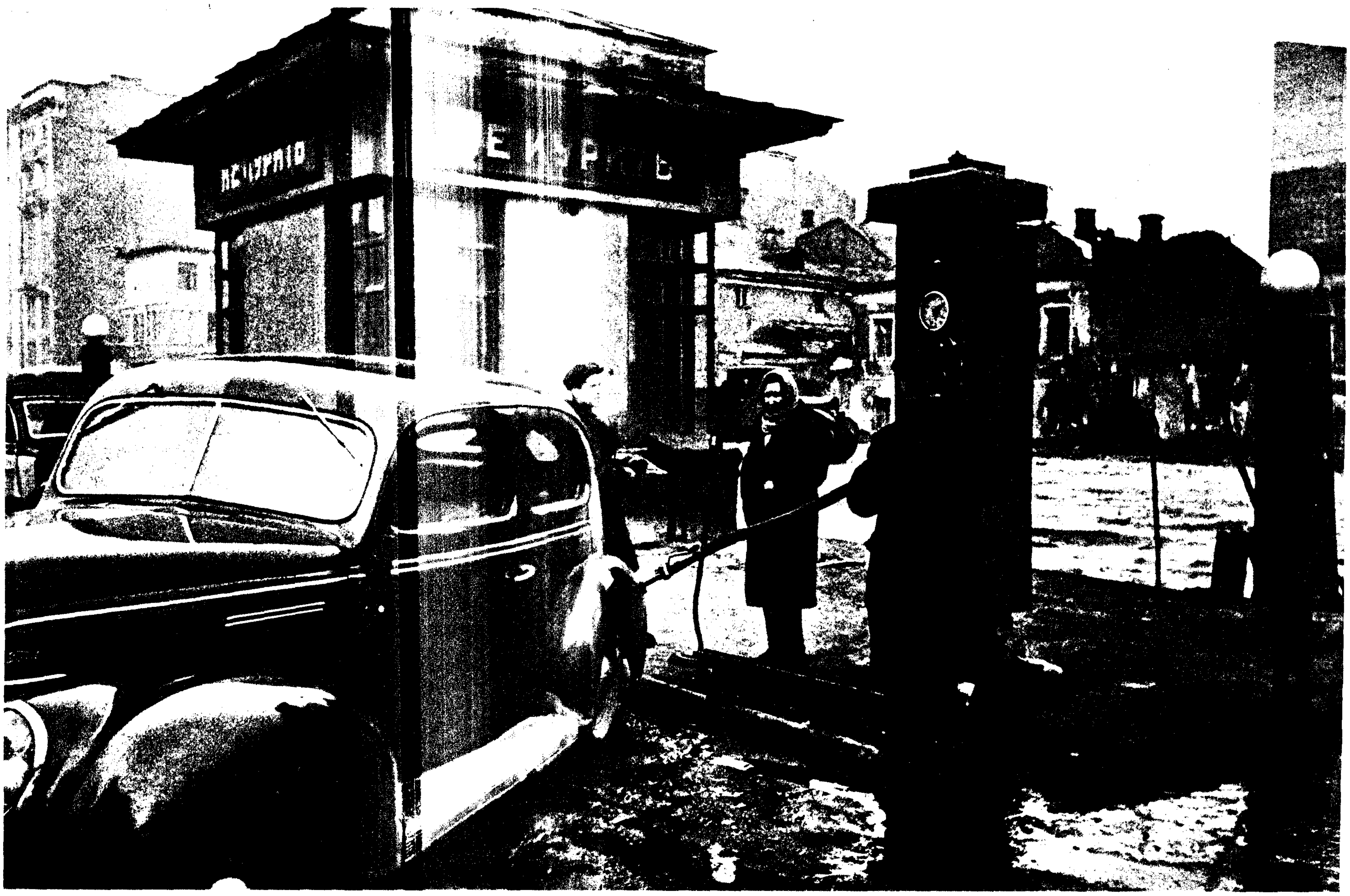
I've known many a husband whose efforts at dieting were doomed because the wife took pride in preparing rich, tempting dishes and refused to stop, or because she prepared his diet in such a tasteless way that he couldn't eat it. Such situations may indicate marital problems that have nothing whatever to do with dieting.

Mothers, too, often find it difficult or even impossible to prepare reducing meals for their overweight children. Although they know their sons or daughters should lose weight, they become panicky when the children actually begin to look thinner. For many mothers the urge to make the diet richer seems irresistible.

When Family Co-operates Too Eagerly

Nevertheless, most people co-operate eagerly with the dieters in their families—often much too eagerly. They may make such an issue of the reducing program that the dieter rebels. The inability of many adults to control their eating can be traced to the bitterness they still feel at having been nagged about overeating as children. It seems safe to say that any parent who can't keep quiet about what his child eats should give up any idea of helping the youngster lose weight.

Husbands and wives also may make it impossible for each other to follow through with a reducing regime, even though an adequate and tasteful



"FILL'ER UP"—SOVIET STYLE. Rare photograph shows Russian driver filling his own gasoline tank at one of Moscow's 5 "service" stations. Station attendant offers no service. He merely collects rationing coupons and rubles. Sign on state-owned station doesn't announce a brand of gasoline. It just says: No Smoking.

THIS IS A MOSCOW "SERVICE" STATION

Unretouched Pictures Show Conditions Motorists Face Today In Russia

From behind the Iron Curtain come recent photographs of a typical Moscow "service" station showing what the Russian motorist is up against.

American editors who recently visited Russia report that even the fortunate few who *do* own cars have serious motoring problems. (Only 1 out of every 3,000 Russian families owns a car, while America has more cars than there are families.)

At the few filling stations service is non-existent and gasoline is rationed. Black market gasoline, for those who can afford it, costs $1.00 a gallon. Travel outside city limits is almost impossible if you aren't a party official.

Conditions like these are what you can expect under a system where all industry is controlled by the State and where there is no competition for the motorist's business.

It's far different over here! Americans are used to having many independent service station operators compete for their business by offering them the world's finest oil products at reasonable prices. U. S. gasoline today, for instance, costs about the same as gasoline did in 1925—only the taxes are higher.

This contrast between conditions here and in Russia shows once again how important it is to all of us that America's system of privately-managed industry be continued.

AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 W. 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.

← **ANOTHER VIEW OF** same "service" station points up Russian motorist's daily problems. Car in foreground has broken down—owner usually must fix it himself. With only 5 filling stations for all of Moscow's 5 million inhabitants, cars have to wait in line.

diet is available. A man who has to watch his diet may be greatly annoyed to see his wife grow fatter—yet I have known couples where the husband's habit of comparing his wife to slimmer women drove her to eat more and more, just because it was the only way she could keep her humiliation under control.

Sometimes so much mutual sensitivity piles up that really absurd situations develop. One woman told me her husband had humiliated her in public by exposing her as greedy at a dinner party. When I asked her how, she could remember only that he had not taken any bread or rolls and had also passed up the dessert. To her oversensitive mind, his actions were clearly intended to demonstrate to the others at the table that he could restrain himself but she couldn't. She was so upset that she ate much more than usual.

When to Postpone Dieting

If you belong to a family which tries to *make* you reduce, perhaps you'd better postpone dieting—not indefinitely, but until you are on your own or in surroundings where there's no interference. Otherwise the very thought of dieting may make you rebellious—and you may even use the meddling of your family as an excuse for eating more. Quite often, overweight people who get away from their families actually resent it when nobody notices whether they are following their diets; sometimes they even have difficulty breaking the habit of cheating—of eating on the sly. Everyone has known overweight people who eat little at mealtimes but never seem to lose weight. There really is no secret. They still "defy mother" and eat when nobody is looking.

Before you start your next diet be sure you're free of such real or remembered entanglements. Also, don't try to diet at a time of emotional upheaval.

A very gifted advertising man I knew had no trouble keeping his weight at a comfortable level—so long as he did routine work. But when he had to meet a new customer or negotiate some important transaction he would go on an eating binge, gorging on ice cream, soft drinks and cake, and gaining weight incredibly fast.

He despised himself for this weakness, but when he tried to stop his overeating he would go into a depression so real that he was unable to conduct his business properly.

This man's trouble stemmed from a conflict between the knowledge that the new customer or transaction could bring him fresh success—and the fear that he would be disappointed. In a way, the fear was justified: his ambitions were so unrealistic that nothing he did could achieve them. Eating was an outlet for his emotional tension; it wasn't until he came to understand the nature of his psychological conflict that he was able to bring down his weight and keep it down.

For that advertising man, it was a mistake to try dieting during periods of emotional upheaval. For others, it's a mistake to diet at all.

You may have heard that no possible harm can come from dieting. But there are many people whose well-being is affected if they try to push their weight below a certain level which may be somewhat higher than that of the standard tables.

A woman I know, who for many years had worked in an executive teaching and research position in the Orient, was interned by the Japanese during World War II and suffered real starvation. Part of the joy of being safely back home was having enough to eat.

But as she approached her former weight her sister prevailed on her "not to get so heavy again." Having been in good health all her life, my friend had never considered herself too heavy, and, as a matter of fact, she never was. But her sister was persuasive. So the woman watched her weight and was pleased at the fact that she could wear dresses one size smaller.

Then she returned to the Orient. Somehow, her old job now seemed too much for her. She always felt tired. Finally she hit upon the reason: she was trying to eat according to the scale and not according to her needs. She promptly junked her diet—and regained both her old weight and her old working capacity.

The fact is, she was never overweight—except by fashionable standards—standards which had nothing whatever to do with her health. Before you start dieting, it would be well to ask yourself this question: What price are you willing to pay—in well-being, cheerfulness and efficiency—for a trim figure? Look around you and see how many of the youthful-looking dieters you know are tired, tense and dissatisfied. We hear much about the self-indulgence and lack of will power of people who overeat. It is rarely recognized that dieting may also be a kind of self-indulgence, a selfish preoccupation with appearance that may breed characteristics which make the dieter unbearable to those about him.

Since our society places such a high value on slenderness and youthful appearance, the desire to keep your weight down is reasonable enough. My purpose is to warn against a mechanical approach—dieting without regard for your basic human problems.

Formulas in Human Terms

The principle of the reducing diets is well known: you can lose weight by eating meals that are high in protein, vitamins and minerals, and low in carbohydrates, fats and calories. But this scientific formula must be translated into human terms.

At the moment, the most popular form of dieting is to count calories. Theoretically, this method permits you to choose your daily menu from a large variety of foods. But in practice, it is a poor method because it makes you tense—makes you feel you're being deprived of what you really want to eat. Most people would find it much easier to follow a well-defined diet that settles once and for all what food is allowed, without posing the dilemma of choice and decision at every meal. A fixed diet has this advantage: once you decide on it, with due regard for your tastes and living habits, you can relax until you have reached your weight goal.

If the demands of daily living make it impossible for you to stick to your diet on certain days, then don't stick to it—so long as you immediately pick it up again. People who approach dieting with an all-or-nothing attitude usually wind up with nothing; it's easier to give up altogether than to observe the diet rigidly.

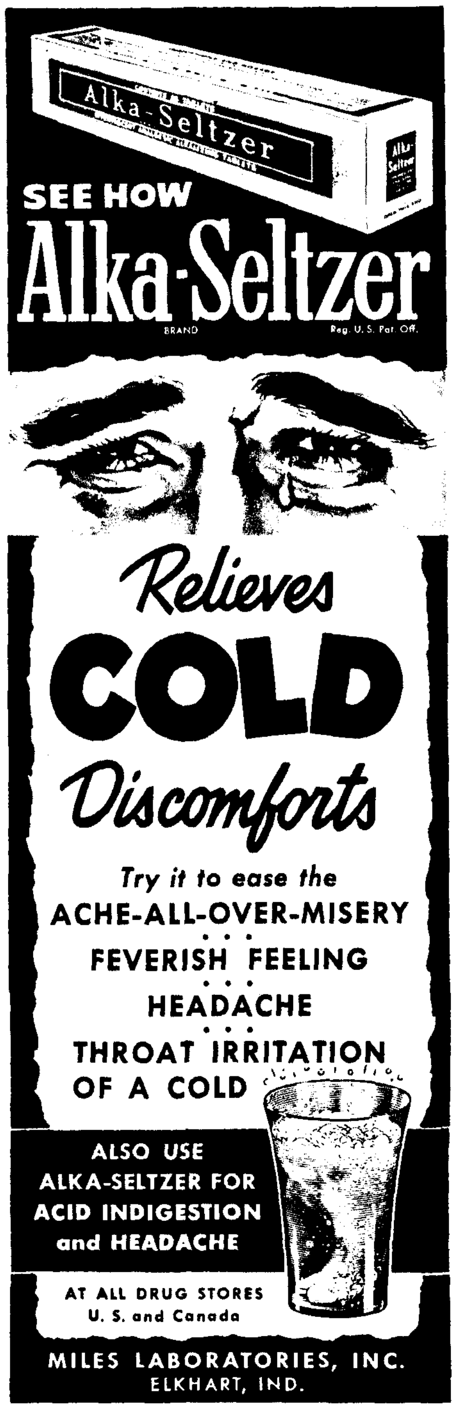
If you find that you deviate from your diet so often that you really are not following any diet at all, then you must re-examine what your real goal is, or postpone your dieting to a more appropriate time.

If you give attention to your real needs, rather than become the slave of arbitrary rules, you'll be able to diet and still enjoy life. ▲ ▲ ▲

EXIT
ROCKY MARSHALL
CAVALLI

"I suppose you know you're allowed to hit him back?"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI


Alka-Seltzer

SEE HOW Alka-Seltzer BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

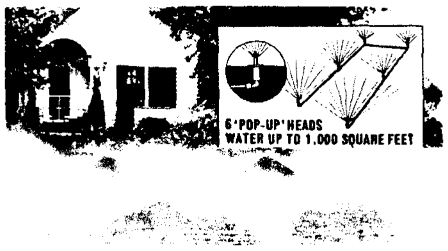
Relieves COLD Discomforts

Try it to ease the
ACHE-ALL-OVER-MISERY
FEVERISH FEELING
HEADACHE
THROAT IRRITATION OF A COLD

ALSO USE ALKA-SELTZER FOR ACID INDIGESTION and HEADACHE

AT ALL DRUG STORES
U. S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC.
ELKHART, IND.



New Automatic UNDERGROUND LAWN SPRINKLER SYSTEM

INSTALL IT YOURSELF IN A FEW HOURS

AS LITTLE AS $59.50 COMPLETE

New *Automatic* EVERSPRAY Underground Lawn Sprinkler System gives you the most beautiful lawn in the neighborhood. Six "POP-UP" spray heads water up *to 1,000 square feet of lawn!* Entire system made of Solid BRASS and special alloy Copper Piping. Ordinary wrench only tool needed to assemble. No upkeep. No repairs. Fingertip adjustment from fine mist to heavy rain. *Drains self* every time water is shut off. *Can't freeze!* Made to last a lifetime. Electronic. Automatic device turns water ON or OFF at any hour. F.H.A. approved. Buy for as little as $2.00 per month.

USER-AGENTS—Get Yours FREE

Neighbors want EVERSPRAY when they *see yours*. Be a User-Agent! You can sell them and quickly get back the cost of your own EVERSPRAY.

SALESMEN — DISTRIBUTORS

Ask about openings for top-flight Salesmen. Exclusive County Franchises are also available. Leads furnished distributors from National Advertising. Write for details today—ALL FREE.

FREE! Send Name for Booklet

EVERSPRAY fits any shape or size lawn. Keeps lawn beautifully green from early spring to late fall. Send name today for Illustrated Booklet that shows EVERSPRAY in operation, letters from enthusiastic owners, and other valuable information on the care of your lawn — ALL FREE. Send name today.

EVERSPRAY DIVISION
2001-09 W. Carroll Ave., Dept. 72, Chicago 12, Illinois

"I like this one," said CBS-TV's Roxanne of wig with dark bangs. "It makes me feel mysterious"

5 Heads, No

"This is fun," she commented on brilliant effect in red wig. "Pixy-ish—but not exactly my type"

"This one thinks she's really somebody," Roxanne said into mirror, "but she's definitely not me!"

"Funny, how a face can change. This is an ingénue, part scared and part saucy"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE FRIED

In this salon, you know how hairdos look before the cutting starts—and see your hair in any shade before the dye is cast

ONE of the great conflicts in a woman's life is the wish to stay in style pulling against the wish to look her best. For the last five seasons fashion has been telling the American woman to cut her hair. She's tempted to obey but, in an area where one mistake could have devastating results, she's understandably apprehensive: how's it going to look?

One beauty salon—Antoine's in Manhattan's plush Saks Fifth Avenue store—recently came up with an answer. The doubtful customer can slip on a series of wigs in various styles and colors and choose whatever is most becoming. The device is sure-fire, Antoine's reports; women with waist-long tresses have been submitting to the shears for the first time in their adult lives.

The bleaching and dyeing business also is booming since the advent of the wigs (typical customer reaction: "I always *felt* like a redhead, but I never dared try it before.") Five years ago, only 5 per cent of U.S. women colored their hair. Today, the number has increased to almost 20 per cent; and with the wigs to show a woman exactly how she'll look as a blonde, brunette or redhead, hair-coloring manufacturers are hoping it will go even higher. One firm, Clairol, Inc., is now introducing the hairpieces into 200 department-store salons across the country.

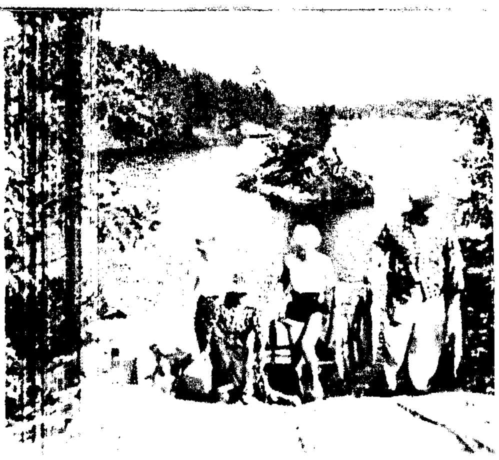
Recently I visited Antoine's with Roxanne, the attractive young blonde star of CBS-TV's Beat the Clock. For more than an hour she fooled around with bangs and pompadours, dark hair and red, ended up with the conviction that she was born to be a brunette with bangs (upper left). Roxanne was kept from making the switch only because her own long blonde hair is too valuable a TV trade-mark. But for women with no such considerations, it's exciting to know that you can change your looks and have them, too.

—MARTHA WEINMAN

Waiting

Roxanne for real: she wanted to switch to dark bangs (upper left). But her blonde hair is too valuable a TV trade-mark

YOU'LL still find picture-book villages as you follow history's by-ways in the older provinces.



TROPHY-COUNTRY for anglers! National Parks, other famed areas yield bass, trout, musky, pike.

This year: Canada

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

RIDE TRAIL IN AN ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN WORLD, OR ENJOY EASY-GOING LIFE ON A DUDE RANCH

Make the most of those precious vacation days and dollars! Know the thrill of crossing over onto foreign soil — of exploring strange cities — of travelling scenic highways, cruising great inland rivers, visiting coastal beauty spots. A rich choice of vacation pleasure and a neighbourly welcome are waiting . . . right next door. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.

Get this beautiful Free Book!

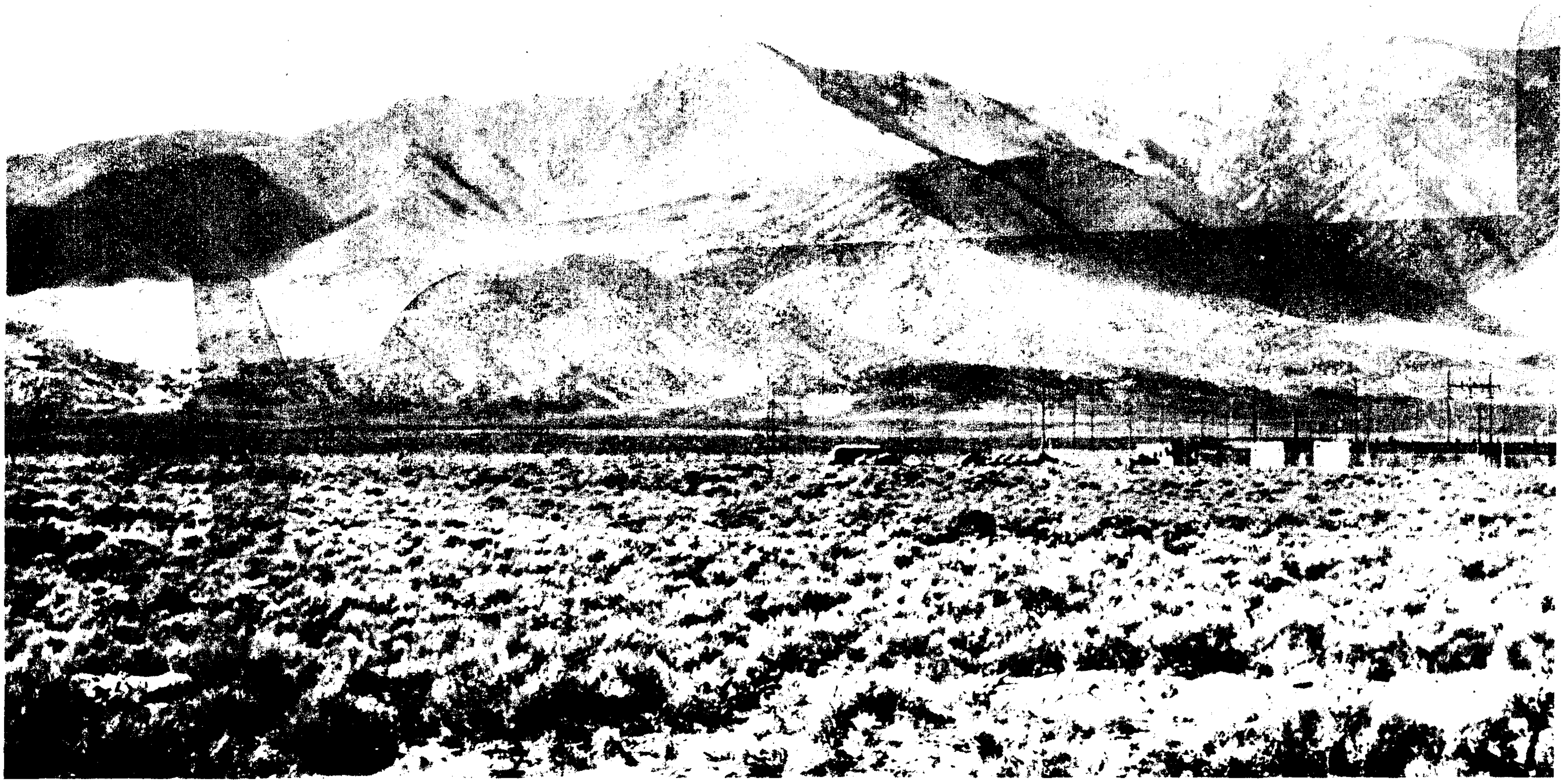
01-1-05-54-01
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . . ☐
Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A. . . . ☐
Check ✓ as required

Name ____________________
PLEASE PRINT
Address ____________________
Town ____________________ *State* __________

There's a dramatic story behind the headlines acclaiming the launching of the Nautilus, the world's first atomic sub. In fact, there would be no Nautilus today if it hadn't been for our . . .

SUBMARINE



By RONALD SCHILLER

THE newspapers these days are full of the Nautilus, the new atomic submarine which will travel farther, faster and longer than any undersea craft ever before constructed. Headlines proclaim it "the first atomic-powered submarine in history." Strictly speaking, the headlines are right. Practically speaking, they're wrong.

The Nautilus is not the first submarine hull to be built around an atomic engine. She is the second. Her power plant is listed as "Mark II" in the Navy's roster of nuclear-powered ships. The world's *first* atomic-powered submarine—a torn-down vessel complete in most essentials but never meant to float—was built 2,000 miles away in a lonely valley in Idaho. Her engine, Mark I, began operating secretly on May 31, 1953.

The day the Mark I's propeller shaft first turned was fateful for mankind. It ushered in the new Age of Atomic Power which will revolutionize our lives.

In generations to come, the Valley of the Lost Rivers, where the Mark I was built, may be remembered as the Kitty Hawk of the atomic age, scene of some of the most important engineering events in human history. The precise site is the Atomic Energy Commission's vast National Reactor Testing Station, usually called Arco, after the name of the nearest town.

Rising from the desert floor of the station, five to 20 miles apart, stand four giant structures with concrete walls 10 feet thick, built to last as long as the Pyramids. Three of these great buildings house the awesome new tools of an atomic age: the materials-testing reactor, which serves the same function in nuclear engineering that a wind tunnel does in the development of new aircraft; the experimental breeder reactor, where men are working to create more atomic fuel than they use up; the chemical processing plant, where unburned uranium is separated from radioactive waste.

In the fourth great building on the desert, a thousand miles from the nearest ocean, sits the atomic submarine—at least, as much of a submarine as is useful so far from salt water. It is not a dummy craft or a mock-up, but an actual working section of a ship, lacking only the parts which might be required for an actual voyage. It has no conning tower, crew quarters or galley, and the bow, stern, diving planes and torpedo tubes are missing. But it has completely equipped engine rooms, power compartments, controls and most of the other apparatus required for modern submersibles.

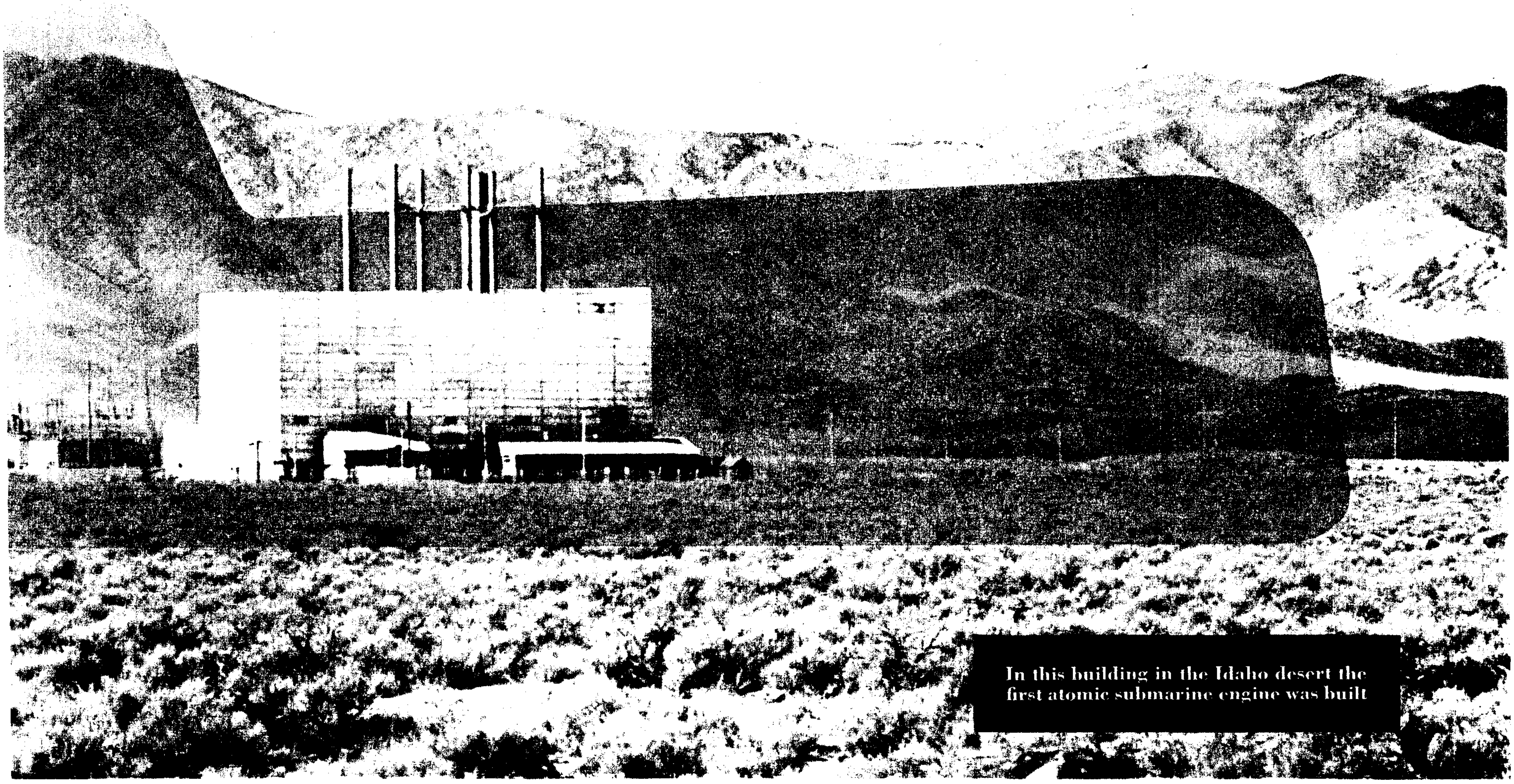
Part of the hull lies in its own private "ocean"—a 185,000-gallon tank of water, named the McGaraghan Sea in honor of Commander Jack McGaraghan, of Eureka, California, local construction supervisor. The rest of the hull, for convenience' sake, lies open on the floor of the building, giving the ship the look of a disemboweled whale.

Although manned by naval officers and crew, this submarine in the desert will never go to sea, bear a flag or have a name. It is known simply as Mark I, or by the initials STR, for submarine thermal reactor. It's one of the deadliest weapons ever developed, and Navy men are too awed by it even to give it a nickname. They know it will revolutionize the art of naval warfare, enabling ships to travel much faster, farther and more silently than ever before, without refueling for months.

But far more significant, the Mark I's engine is the first practical atomic power plant ever built for any purpose. With modifications, it can be adapted to provide electricity for factories, farms and homes of the future. Its fuel is comparatively weightless. Uranium can generate as much power as 2,600,000 times its weight in coal. A few pounds could furnish all the power needed by a large city for years. It will someday bring power to islands, mountains and desert regions where none was ever available before. And every nuclear engine of the future will owe its existence to the submarine in the sagebrush.

The construction of the atomic sub has been described by engineers as "the most difficult feat ever attempted by American technology." That atomic energy would be harnessed someday was a foregone conclusion. But the job was so complex that some of the best scientific brains in the coun-

in the DESERT



In this building in the Idaho desert the first atomic submarine engine was built

try expected it to take as long as 50 years—and in nothing so complicated as undersea craft.

The Mark I, from inception to completion, was built in only five years. There was no precedent for the job the builders undertook, no backlog of engineering experience and know-how. Not a single vital component could be ordered from a catalogue; each had to be manufactured from scratch.

The builders started with the knowledge that uranium, under certain circumstances, will explode with tremendous force. Their job was to harness this ferocious energy—convert it for propulsion without risking the lives of those who approached it. Special heat-removal devices had to be developed. Precautions had to be taken to protect the crew from lethal radiation. Machinery had to be built to specifications more rigid than anything ever before attempted by American industry. Parts had to be virtually perfect; once installed, many of them could never be touched by human hands again. Controls had to be devised to regulate the tremendous energy of the atom with the flick of a switch.

Moreover, all this intricate machinery had to operate even with the ship lying on its side or with its bow sticking up at a 60-degree angle, and it had to be rugged enough to withstand the impact of depth charges. Then the whole mechanism had to be hooked up to a steam generating system.

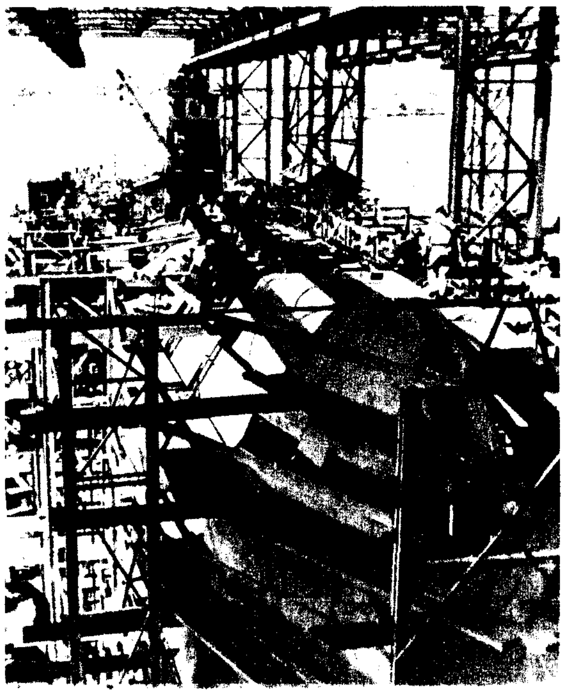
It is ironic that, at least at present, the world's newest source of power can be used only by converting it to steam. In the words of the atomic engineers, "It's as though the first automobile engine were used not to turn the wheels of a carriage, but to prod the horse that was pulling it. Unfortunately, *right now steam is the best we can do.*"

At that, nobody had ever been able to make a steam engine work in a submarine before. Both the British and American navies had tried, and given it up as impractical. But the atom sub builders did it. "That steam plant alone," says one of America's foremost ship designers, "would ordinarily have taken a dozen years to develop, and would have been considered a notable feat. Yet it was almost an incidental accomplishment in the Mark I project."

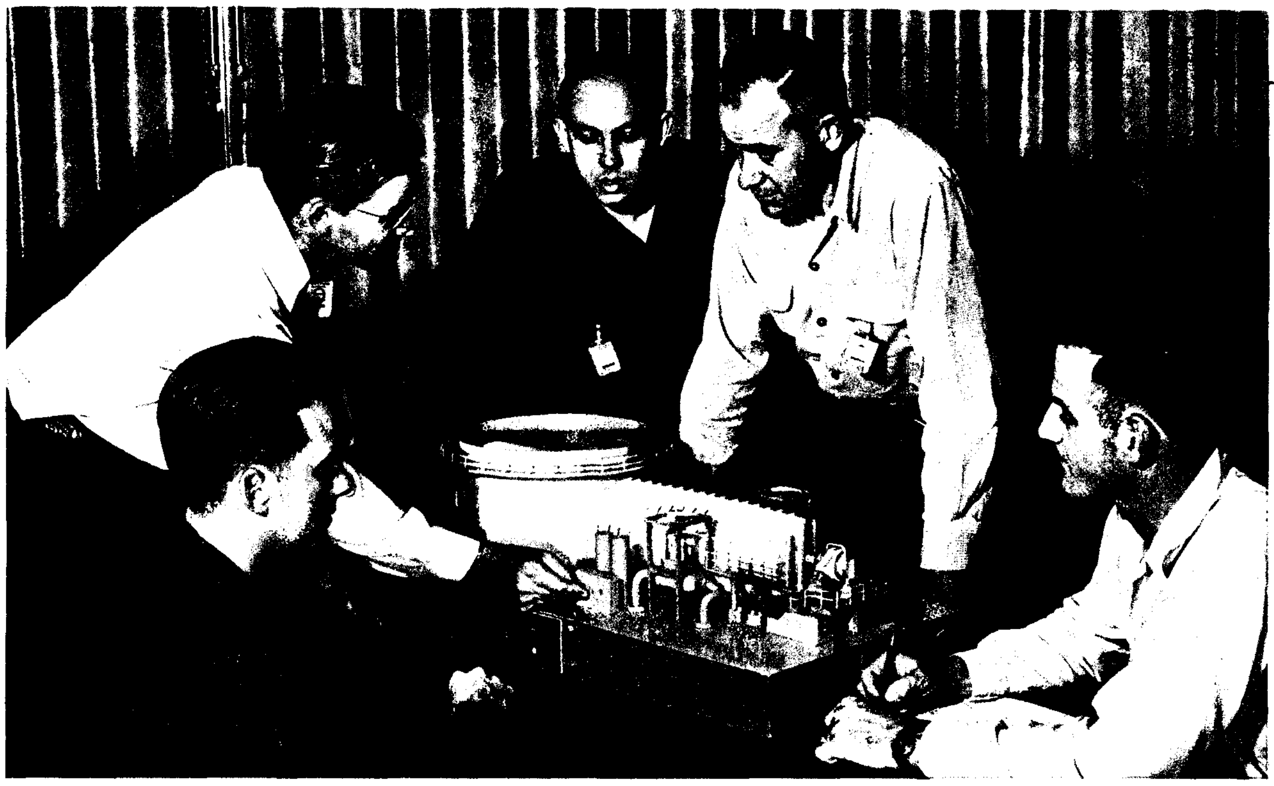
There was no single inventor of the atomic sub. The job was far too complicated and expensive. It was entrusted jointly to the Atomic Energy Commission and the Navy, working as a single organization. Every man in the program, military or civilian, was simultaneously an employee of both agencies, and all worked in harmony with private industry, independent engineers and research scientists.

But chief credit for the achievement must go to the small, silver-haired fifty-three-year-old boss of the operation, Rear Admiral (then captain) Hyman George Rickover, a man whose name should appear in the schoolbooks of the future beside those of Robert Fulton and the Wright Brothers.

Rickover was graduated from Annapolis in



The Nautilus, before its launching at Groton, Conn. As each new problem of atomic power was solved in Idaho, the answer was rushed to Groton for incorporation in the Nautilus



Checking engine model at Arco. From l., Lt. J. H. Nicholson, Winnemucca, Nev.; A. E. Voysey, Boston; Cmdr. E. E. Kintner, Canton, O.; Cmdr. J. H. McGaraghan, Eureka, Cal., and Lt. L. D. Kelly, Nashville

1922, and had gone on to a brilliant career as a naval engineer. In 1946, convinced that an atomic-powered submarine was feasible, he lobbied his idea through the various echelons of Washington officialdom, fighting bureaucratic lethargy for three years, until he finally got a go-ahead in 1949. Without his brilliant leadership, in the opinion of everyone connected with the program, the atomic sub might still be on the drawing boards.

Rickover had the knack of inspiring his subordinates with intense enthusiasm and fanatic devotion to the job. He kept before them three vital facts: "The nation that first develops nuclear engines will rule the oceans of the world; our enemies are working on such engines; we *must* be first."

Time became their enemy. They worked 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week, without overtime pay, ate at their desks. Rickover himself kept a packed suitcase in his office and habitually flew to distant plants or laboratories at the end of the working day, calling meetings of engineers and industrialists at all hours of the night. He awakened the president of one of America's largest corporations at two o'clock in the morning for a conference, interrupted a minor operation to get another to the telephone, sent a Mountie in a canoe to bring back a third who had fled to a remote lake in Canada for a badly needed rest.

"Unreasonableness" was one of his most useful traits. He simply refused to take no for an answer. "You would go to him with absolutely incontrovertible proof that a job couldn't be done," recalls a physicist, "and he would look at you as though you were a mental defective. He wouldn't listen to reason. He'd needle you until you'd walk out in a blind rage, still convinced the job couldn't be done. Then you'd do it anyway, just to spite him!"

A metallurgical firm demanded a year to put a certain processing plant in operation. Rickover got the plant in 10 weeks. The president of another company insisted he needed 14 months to create a vital component. Rickover went to the company's engineers; they delivered in ten. It all saved time.

But the biggest timesaver was Rickover's insistence on skipping stages of the job. The normal way to build an atomic sub would have been first to study the theory of its operation, then to build a big experimental reactor—which would later be redesigned and tried out on a surface ship with plenty of room. Finally, it would be compressed and installed in the cramped confines of a submarine.

Rickover insisted on cutting out all the intermediate phases. While the primary research was still going on at the AEC's Argonne Laboratories in Chicago and a dozen other research centers, Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, aided by 3,000 subcontractors, was building the actual engine, submarine-size. The engine builders were still at work when Rickover began assembling engine components for installation at Arco. After each part was tested and revised, and all the bugs and guesswork taken out, it was duplicated and raced to Groton for installation in the Nautilus, already on the ways.

No Margin for Relaxation

It was as though the Wright Brothers, before they even knew if airplanes could fly, had undertaken to build a four-engine Flying Fortress. Rickover's speed-up saved from five to fifteen years, but it left little margin for error, and none for relaxation.

"We were like four locomotives roaring down a single track a few yards apart at ninety miles an hour," says young Commander Ed Kintner, of Canton, Ohio, project officer of the Mark I. "No one dared slow down because he knew the guy behind would come piling into him."

The Idaho desert was an ideal location for building the atom sub. The AEC studied a hundred other sites before selecting the Valley of the Lost Rivers in 1949. The primary consideration was safety. The 439,000-acre site—more than half the size of the state of Rhode Island—was a former naval ordnance testing ground. The town of Arco, 20 miles to the west, and the cities of Idaho Falls and Blackfoot, 45 miles to the east and southeast, were out of range of radioactive gases, yet close enough to serve as housing areas for the workers. The valley was far enough from the coasts to be protected from air raids and, as Security Director Dick Georgi, of Idaho Falls, observes, "Sabotage is pretty tough in a place where you can see two weeks in every direction."

At first the citizens of eastern Idaho weren't sure how they felt about the reactor station. They appreciated the business the projects would bring, but what about radioactivity?

Uniformed guards patrolled the area night and day, warning casual sight-seers away. Firearms were forbidden on what had once been the finest antelope-hunting range in the state. Sheepherders could not understand why they now needed permission to graze their flocks in the area. People could approach the installations only on official business and had to be under escort every moment of their stay. No one could enter the reactor buildings without a security clearance which has such a high priority that it is described as "one stage removed from a permit to heaven." It is granted only after weeks of FBI investigations.

Dr. G. Victor Beard, of Idaho Falls, health and safety officer at the station, stumped the countryside to reassure Idahoans that every possible precaution was being taken for their safety. The surrounding region is constantly monitored for any possible concentration of radioactivity; the plants would be shut down immediately if any dangerous situation developed.

Every employee on duty in an area containing radioactive materials must carry a strip of undeveloped film in a special badge or finger ring. By developing the film, health physicists can determine how much radiation the man has absorbed. There has never been a serious case of harmful exposure to radiation in four years of operation, although shoes and other clothing sometimes become contaminated and must be buried.

One time, antelope found a pool where slightly radioactive—and salty—water was being held until its radioactivity diminished. Although the creatures weren't likely to absorb enough radioactivity to harm themselves or anyone else, officials decided to play it safe: they fenced in the pool and lured the animals away by placing salt elsewhere in the area. Nevertheless, farmers, alarmed by visions of exploding antelope, armed themselves with shotguns for protection.

Diapers Aroused Suspicion

Nor were people reassured by the fact that atomic workers made frequent reference to lead "coffins," in which uranium is transported, and "graveyards," where slightly contaminated material is buried. The AEC discovered that disposable diapers were ideal for sopping up radioactive liquids, and ordered them by the carload—which led some suspicious Idahoans to inquire just what kind of hanky-panky was going on out there in the desert.

Most of the doubts about the project were dispelled when AEC manager L. E. (Bill) Johnson, a South Dakotan, established his office in Idaho Falls and laid down a set of ground rules. "We are not," he announced, "going to build a government city like the ones at AEC projects in Tennessee, Washington and New Mexico." Workers would live in the local communities. There was to be no public housing for them; private builders would be expected to do the job. (Building lots jumped from $100 to $1,000 at the news.)

Johnson also decreed that he would erect no lavish "monuments in the desert." The reactor plants were built by private companies as inexpensively as possible, consistent with efficiency and safety. They are also managed by private companies. The materials reactor and the chemical plant are operated by the Phillips Petroleum Company, the submarine by Westinghouse, and a recent addition, an atomic airplane project, by General Electric.

As a result of Johnson's economies, Arco's physical plant, which it was estimated would cost $82,000,000 to develop, was actually built for $12,000,000. The machinery that went into the buildings was considerably more expensive. It's worth an estimated $130,000,000 and preliminary research and development probably ran into the billions.

In 1950, hard-muscled, free-spending construction men and their families converged on Arco. The word "atomic" suddenly became magic. Local schools added atomic science to their curriculums. The Atomic Restaurant opened in Arco with a rival Tomic Lounge a few doors away. The oasis of Midway, which consists of a handful of beer parlors and service stations, built a 12-foot-square "city hall," and changed its name to Atomic City.

In early 1951 the construction men hitched up their trailers and drove away, leaving behind them on the desert a huge concrete shell, 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and 100 feet high, in which the submarine would be built.

Then came 300 men from the Electric Boat Company, of Groton, Connecticut—highly skilled craftsmen with salt water in their veins, who had passed down the intricate art of submarine building from father to son for generations. They settled with their families in Idaho Falls and Blackfoot.

At first, the homesick New Englanders formed the "Connecticut Society of Idaho" where they met for clambakes and to read one another's letters from home. But the openhanded Idaho hospitality soon thawed their Yankee reserve. They were made welcome in churches and homes, invited to ranches and rodeos. Public services strained to accommodate them; the schools sought more space to take care of their children.

The job the EB men had to do sounded simple. It was to take the hardware—the finished parts and assemblies that came from Westinghouse—and put it together in the hull of the submarine. Actually, the task was fantastically difficult.

The men were dealing with newly developed machinery that no shipbuilder had ever handled before. Welders with years of experience had to learn a new technique of stainless-steel welding. Machinists worked to tolerances usually found only in watchmakers' shops. Shipfitters, wearing white plastic smocks and gloves, had to work under conditions that approached the immaculacy of a hospital operating room. Any grain of dirt or foreign matter allowed to remain in the machinery might become radioactive and a serious menace to the sub's crew.

And, of course, the job had to be done at "crash" speed. It had previously taken the submarine builders at Groton 33 months to build the Tang, first of a new class of snorkel submarines. "That was record time," says EB construction boss Joe Milligan. "But at Arco, Rickover gave us only 24 months to build an atomic submarine that no one had ever seen before. And compared to the Mark I, the Tang was a toy."

Enthusiasm Was a Vital Factor

The work could not have been completed on schedule simply by ordering it done, or by putting more men on the job: only a limited number of men at a time can work inside a submarine hull. It could be accomplished only by generating enthusiasm among the workers.

"We are partners in a historic enterprise," Rickover told the EB men when they arrived. "Some experts say this submarine will never work. Whether it does depends on you. I don't want you to leave the job behind when you knock off at the end of the day. I want you to spend your spare time figuring out ways of improving the work."

The builders responded superbly. "I never saw men work like that before," says EB personnel manager Charles Farrell, "and I don't know if I ever will again. We developed a new technique of working relationships that was, in some ways, more revolutionary than the sub itself. The men threw away their clocks and worked up to fourteen hours a day, including week ends, when needed. In most cases no one could tell them what to do, or even supervise their work, since the inspectors didn't know any more about the job than they did."

Knowing the responsibility was theirs, the men performed production miracles. One of the jobs required of them, for example, was to weld a cooling circuit for highly radioactive water that would leak no more than "one drop of water in a hundred years." That would make it several thousand times tighter than the best system previously built, and consulting experts assured them it couldn't be done. But the men at Arco did it. Each weld in the system took three days to complete, required 33 passes of the welding torch as compared to a normal seven or eight, and was then X-rayed to make sure it was perfect.

Their efforts would occasionally approach heroism. "A weld had to be made on a certain vital valve," recalls Commander Kintner. "But the job was so delicate and the valve in such an awkward position that it just couldn't be done right, no matter how often we tried. It looked as if the valve would have to be replaced, holding up construction for several weeks. I think that was the lowest point in my life.

"At the last moment, two Groton welders, Nelson Reed and Harold Shippee, volunteered to take one more crack at it. They wore goggles to shield their eyes but nothing to protect their faces from the molten, sputtering stainless steel, because welding masks had previously interfered with the required delicacy of the operation. They made the weld successfully, but they suffered such severe burns that they were hospitalized for a week. In my book those men deserve medals for heroism—and there were plenty of others like them."

After a few months, the EB men were joined by naval officers and enlisted men who would get their training on the Mark I, then go on to man the Nautilus when it was launched. Chosen for their educational backgrounds, high IQs and service records, they comprise the most carefully selected ship's crew in Navy annals. Since the Mark I was on dry land, they had to give up one third of their pay—their submarine and sea duty bonuses—but most of them leaped at the chance.

Before selection, every officer had to undergo a questioning by Rickover that was so rugged they invariably emerged shaking and wet with perspiration. One officer fainted. Another came out in a white rage, grabbed his hat and flew back to California without waiting for orders.

Some of the officers who survived the ordeal (it was intended to test their judgment under pressure) were sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where in eight months they had to master a two-year college course in chemistry, physics, calculus, nuclear engineering and thermodynamics.

Other officers and the enlisted men took a special course at the AEC's Bettis plant near Pittsburgh. All were subjected at the same time to a searching FBI loyalty check.

When they returned to Arco, the sailors, both officers and enlisted men, donned civilian clothes and went to work beside the EB men, standing the same shifts under the supervision of civilian bosses. There was none of the usual Navy formality among them, and no saluting. "For visiting brass, we'd button up our shirts," recalls Commander McGaraghan; "for a four-star admiral, we'd put on a tie."

The sailors accepted responsibilities that few enlisted men had ever been asked to assume before. They were assigned to 12 committees to study and recommend improvements in the ship. They investigated every assembly, valve and mechanism aboard, and their suggestions were forwarded under their own names, direct to the Mark II Review Board sitting in Washington. Of the 133 major suggestions they submitted, 80 per cent were officially adopted—including several rule-of-thumb solutions to problems that had stumped scientists. Once a visiting admiral was taken through the Mark I by a group in civilian clothes and stayed on to have lunch with them. When he later learned who they were, he exploded: "Enlisted men! I thought they were college physicists."

On March 31, 1953, the nuclear reactor of the submarine in the desert went critical—that is, the atomic furnace actually began its self-sustained chain reaction. The time it took to bring the reactor up to the critical point was a period of understandable tension. The uranium core of the reactor is small but it can go off with the impact of an atomic bomb. When they had proved the reactor would work, the tired men shook hands and went home to bed. Some of them had been on their feet for 36 hours.

Adm. Hyman G. Rickover

The more significant test was yet to come. Would the reactor, coupled to the steam turbines, actually turn the sub's propellers? The lieutenant who was to run the submarine for the first time was coached in his duties for four days. Then, at the last moment, Rickover suddenly showed up with Commissioner Thomas Murray of the AEC.

"Turn that valve, Commissioner," he told Murray. As the onlookers held their breath, the commissioner turned the valve. The reactor heated up. The turbines caught hold. The submarine propeller shaft whirled. The first nuclear-powered engine in history was operating. "As it turned out," one of the bystanders remarked later, "it was less exciting than firing up an oil burner."

The men stood around grinning at one another. No one had remembered to bring a camera to record the historic event, or a bottle of champagne to celebrate the "launching." Someone got a flagon of alcohol from the chemistry laboratory and mixed it with soda water from the soft-drink dispenser. With these improvised cocktails, scientists, engineers and Navy men drank to the success of the new age of atomic power that had just been born. The time was 1:30 P.M., May 31, 1953.

When it was learned that the submarine in the desert was actually working, a rumor arose among some gullible Idahoans that a canal would be dug through the Rocky Mountains to float the craft down to the sea. Actually there was never any intention of moving the ship or any part of it. It is far too valuable where it is, both as a testing station and as a training center for the crews of future nuclear-powered craft.

Stepping Up Engine Power

In the months since it first started working, the engine has been stepped up in power (gradually, so as to guard against unforeseen dangers), and tested at different speeds and under every emergency condition likely to be encountered. "We haven't scratched the surface of the information we can get from the Mark I," say the builders, but lessons learned have already brought improvements in the machinery being built for the Nautilus, the Sea Wolf and other atomic ships to come.

All this data is, of course, shrouded in secrecy. The builders will concede only that the engine "has exceeded all expectations"; that its speed is "more phenomenal than anticipated"; and that its ease of operation is "highly gratifying." Its only disturbing characteristic, in fact, is its uncanny quietness. "It doesn't even purr!" they say.

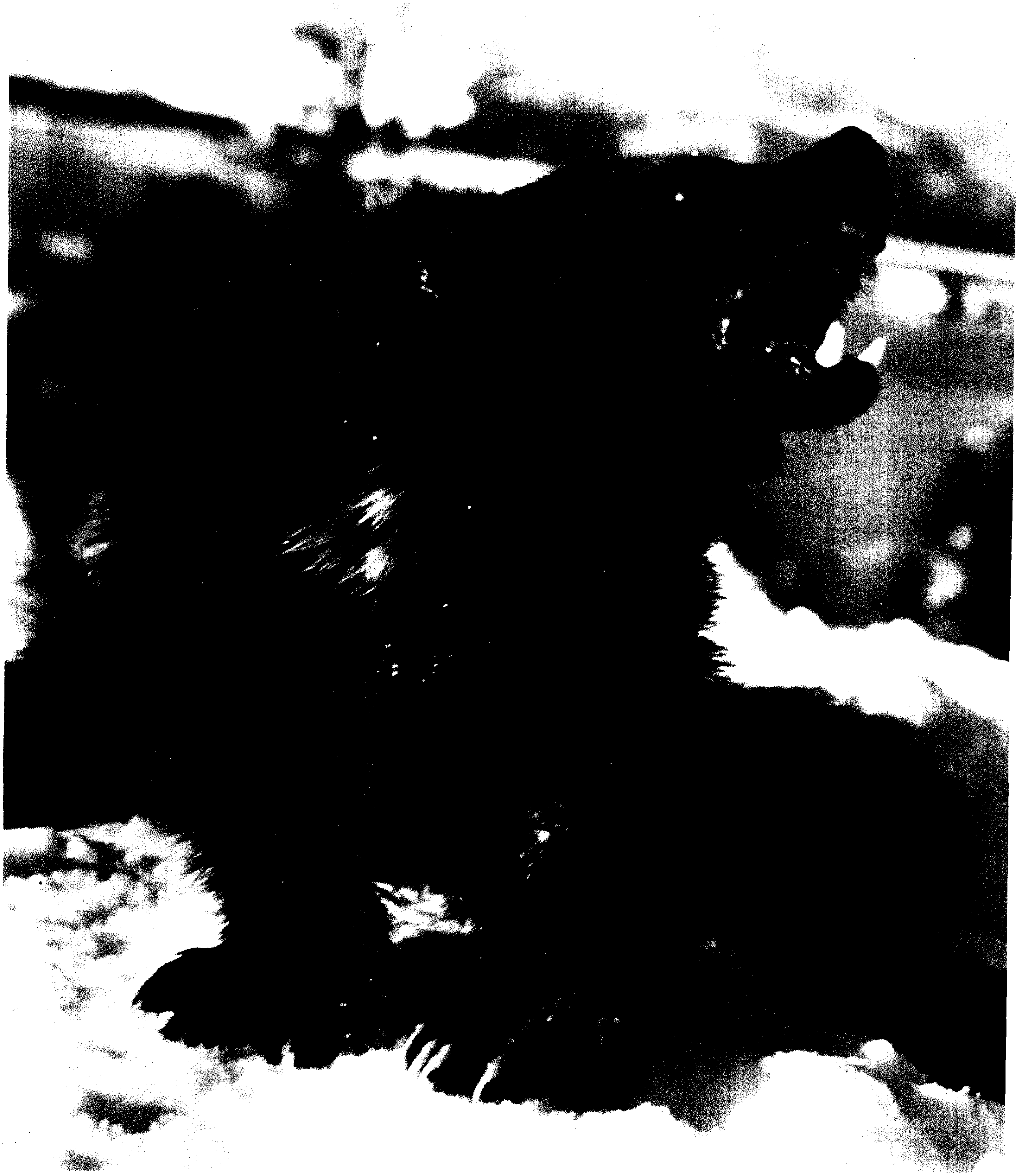
The success of the Mark I has been so great that the first nuclear power plant for civilian use, whose construction was not expected for years, will shortly be started under Admiral Rickover's direction. When completed, within four years, it will be a vastly larger, more powerful duplicate of the submarine in the desert.

The submarine is only the first of the atomic wonders that may be expected to come from the AEC Testing Station. Arco has become one of the most important nuclear engineering stations on earth (besides being the biggest business in Idaho).

One of its plants is working to cut the cost of nuclear power so that it may someday—in another 20 years, perhaps—compete commercially with other fuels. Another plant, whose reactor creates the most intense neutron bombardment ever known, is testing the effect of severe radiation on a variety of materials. A third, whose function is to recover valuable nuclear fuel elements from radioactive wastes, is operating with such success that it will soon pay back its $34,000,000 construction cost.

The fourth and most exciting Arco project is at work on the development of an atomic-powered aircraft—a proposition even tougher in many respects than the submarine. How do you convert atomic power to make it propel a plane? Can an engine be built that will be light enough? If so, how can the crew be shielded from the radiation? Usually, when a plane lands it's lighter than it was at take-off, because it has burned up most of its fuel—but atomic fuel won't burn up that way. Will an atomic-powered plane be too heavy to land on present fields?

The problems are many, but they don't faze the people at Arco. After all, everybody agrees the atomic airplane is possible—and that's more than many people were willing to say about the atomic sub. ▲▲▲



The prize—first known photograph of wolverine ever taken in his native wilds. Instant after this picture was made, the enraged animal leaped at auth

The wolverine—30 pounds of fury wrapped in fur: an incredible mixture of stren

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

Satan of the North

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

THE wolverine is not much larger than a cocker spaniel and so, you'd assume, hardly big enough to inspire terror. Yet, Kadiak bears—the largest flesh-eating animals on earth—are afraid of him. So are mountain lions, wildcats and coyotes. If a dog comes onto a wolverine's scent, he'll turn and flee in fright. A pack of timber wolves feeding at a fresh kill will slink away at his approach. The wolverine weighs only 25 to 30 pounds, but he has been known to take on a 1,400-pound moose in life-and-death combat, and come out the victor.

Every creature who has encountered him hates him. His incredible ferocity is matched by his immense cunning. In self-defense or just out of meanness he can exude a foul odor like his fellow member of the weasel family, the skunk. Fortunately for most of mankind, he confines his viciousness largely to the ice-choked barrens of the Far North. One of his common names is *carcajou,* a corruption of an Indian word for a despicable creature. He is also called Satan of the North, because he represents a mysterious symbol of ill fortune and death. The Alaskan Indians know him as a killer and a thief, a devil who'll rob a woodman's trap line, break into his cabin and steal his food—without ever being seen. He is so elusive, it's probable you can count on the fingers of both hands the number of living men who have glimpsed a live wolverine in the forest.

Among those men I can now count myself. I was in Alaska when I met my wolverine. I was sprawled helplessly flat on my back in a snowbank when the enraged animal came straight at me. How did I find myself in that predicament? Trying to take the photograph on the opposite page—the first picture ever made of a wolverine in his native wilds.

Why does anyone ever get started on a crazy project like coaxing a wild wolverine to pose for his first picture? I guess it was because I heard it had never been done before. At first I was skeptical; no animal could be as scarce as the books said wolverines were. Everyone has heard of them: wolverines have given their name to a motor oil, motor boats, a train, gun sights, a college football team and even the state of Michigan.

I thought it should be easy to locate one and take its picture. I started looking.

I went to some of the top wildlife experts in the United States. Not a chance, they said. The fish and game departments of Montana, California, Wyoming and several other states where a few wolverines are still supposed to exist were no more hopeful. "There may be wolverines around," one official wrote, "but to find one would be practically out of the question."

Next, I turned to the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg, Canada. Through one of their 196 outposts, some located in the most far-removed reaches of Canada, I thought certainly I could locate a wolverine. A company spokesman, F. B. Walker, felt otherwise: "No one around here has ever come face to face with this animal."

It was a challenge now.

Lee Crandall, general curator emeritus of the Bronx zoo in New York, told me the Detroit zoo had some captive wolverines; if I phoned Frank McInnis, director of the Detroit Zoological Park, Crandall said, maybe McInnis would reveal where he had got them. McInnis passed on to me Dr. Will Chase, of Cordova, Alaska. If there was anyone in North America who knew how to get hold of a wolverine, he said, Dr. Chase was that man.

I cabled Dr. Chase, and his answer arrived in a few days. I was in great luck. An expedition headed by a man named Ed Bilderback was setting out by fishing boat to capture wolverines. If I wanted to join it, I should head for Cordova immediately. In a couple of days I had rounded up my winterized cameras, film and winter clothing, and boarded an airplane in New York. Next day I landed in Cordova, a small fishing village on the southern coast of Alaska, about 200 miles east of Anchorage.

Bilderback was at a wharf, readying his 57-foot fishing boat for the trip. He was twenty-six, younger than I had expected; his shoulders were heavy set and his waist narrow. His face was freckled and deep-lined from long exposure to the weather. After all my difficulty in trying to locate a wolverine, I was surprised to learn that he and his brother Don (who was later killed in an airplane crash) had been going after the animals for four years. They sold them to zoos in the States; all told, they had sold nine—a majority of all those in captivity in the U.S. On this expedition, Bilderback said he hoped to catch two more to fill an order from the St. Louis zoo.

A Veteran Catcher of Wolverines

He finished up at the wharf and took me in to Cordova, where he introduced me to Dr. Chase. It turned out the elderly Alaskan sportsman had more than 50 years' experience with wolverines in the north.

"No matter how you hate them," Bilderback said, "you've got to give the devils plenty of credit. They'll never quit fighting. Name any other animal you think of. If you catch him and show him who's boss, he'll eventually become afraid of you. But not wolverines. Capturing them is tough enough, but the real job is keeping them from escaping."

Both Bilderback and Dr. Chase explained that anything made of wood was useless for holding a wolverine. Bilderback showed me a sheet-metal cage he had once used, which had been built around a framework of wooden two-by-fours. A wolverine had chewed the two-by-fours to slivers.

A few years ago, Dr. Chase said, a trapper had caught a wolverine near Cordova and put him in his cabin in a cage made from railroad ties. That night the wolverine gnawed his way through the ties. The trapper never heard a sound until suddenly the animal leaped onto the bed, and grabbed the trapper's foot in his jaws. The wolverine had torn a toe off and badly mutilated the rest of the foot before the trapper's screams brought help from a nearby cabin.

In the town of McCarthy near Cordova, a trapper put a captured wolverine into a fifty-five-gallon oil drum made of sheet steel. The trapper removed the bung to permit the animal to breathe. In the night, the wolverine wedged his jaws into the bung hole, ripped away the steel and made an opening large enough to permit escape.

Bilderback's cages now are made of welded corrugated sheet steel. The tops are constructed of fine, heavy wire mesh which is fastened on the outside. Inside, the cages are seamless so that the animals can't get a grip. The construction of the cages evolved from some nasty experiences with wolverines.

A few years ago, one broke free from a steel trap in the welding shop owned by Bilderback's father. It took 20 nerve-racking minutes for Ed and Don to recapture the animal. "But that was nothing," Ed said, "compared to the time a wolverine escaped from his cage on our fishing boat."

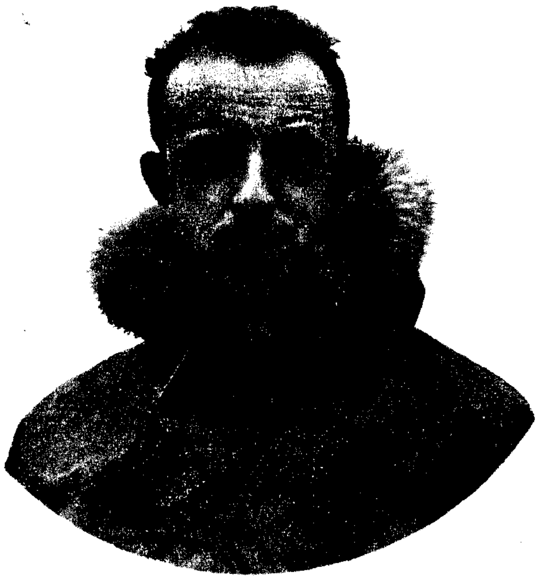
Accompanying the Bilderbacks on that wolverine expedition was a friend, Bob Dettinger. Dettinger was sleeping in the boat's forecastle one night when he was awakened by a scratching on the door of the hold where the wolverines were caged. He listened a while, then got up to investigate. Cautiously, he opened the door: he saw nothing, and went back to bed. The noise began again. Dettinger got up and opened the door again to peer into the darkness. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a wolverine's fangs. The animal snarled and sprang, and Dettinger just managed to bang the door shut before the wolverine crashed into it.

Dettinger's yells brought Ed Bilderback and his father down from the galley at a run. Realizing that the animal might gnaw his way through the door at any moment, the three men jumped into the hold after him. Growling, frothing at the mouth, the crazed wolverine dived at them, his two-inch-long claws eager to dig into flesh. The men leaped atop cages to keep out of the way. For nearly a half hour the mad footrace went on. Finally Bilderback tipped a cage on its side and the wolverine, making one of his lunges, inadvertently dashed inside. Bilderback slammed the cover shut.

"Did you ever try to trail a wolverine," I asked, "stalking him like you would a deer or a bear? I'd think that tracking one down would be just about the ultimate in hunting."

"I'd feel foolish even chasing one," Bilderback said. "You'd never even get near him."

He had once chased wolverines unsuccessfully



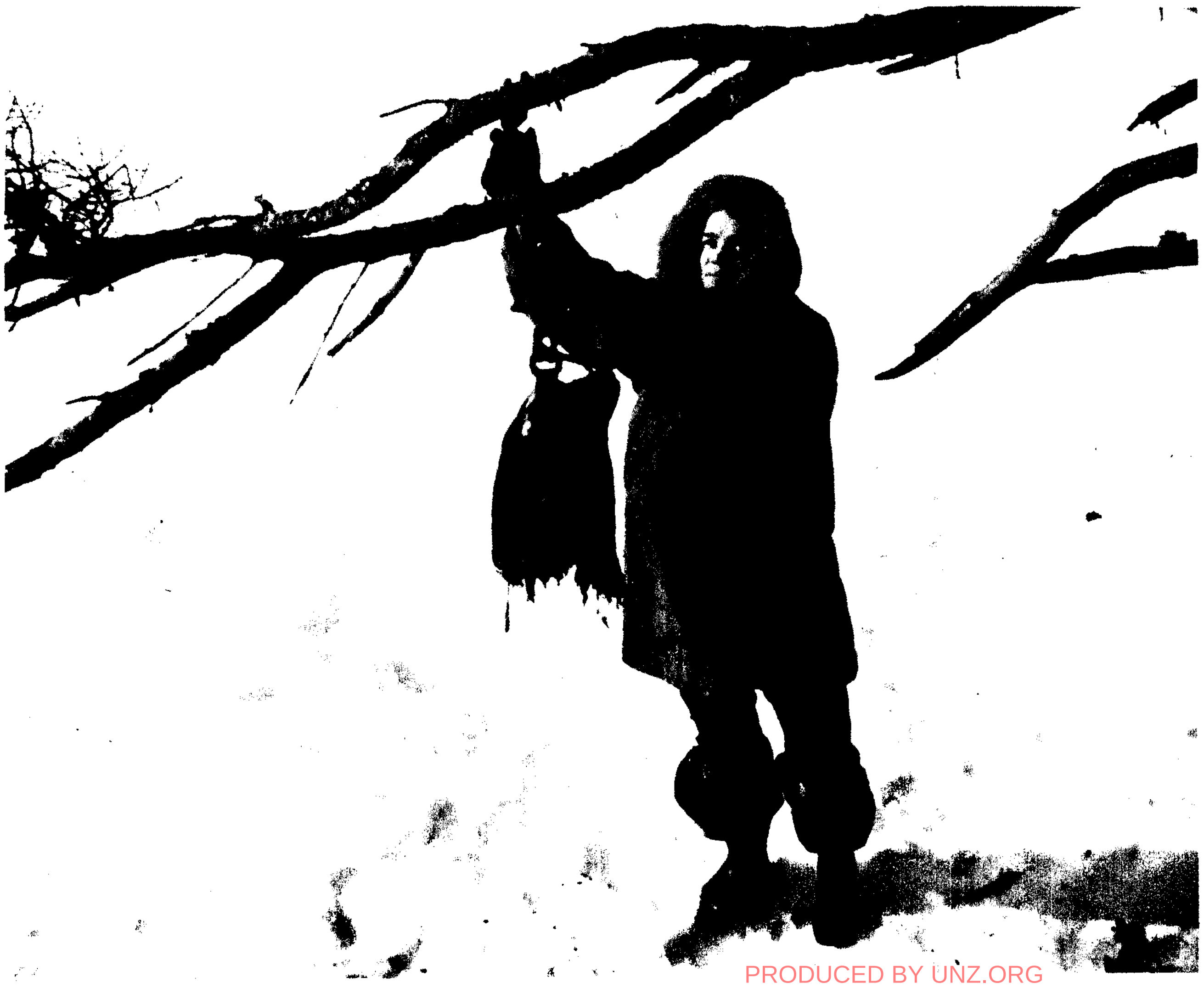
The author. He got the picture he went after

rocity and cunning. Your assignment: Go capture one

To outsmart a wolverine, yo

Andy Nilson pulls dead seal, destined to become wolverine bait, from bloodstained waters of College Fiord, Alaska. Killing harbor seals is encouraged because they eat valuable salmon

Ed Bilderback, expedition leader, makes ingenious trap-set by first hanging seal head from tree limb. Trap then is placed on nearby mound. Wolverine, trying to get bait, climbs up—and whang!



for two weeks, he said. He tried tracking them with two dogs who had been trained for bobcats, cougars and bears. But the dogs must have instinctively sensed that they were headed for a tangle with wolverines because nothing—threats, bribes—could drive them onto the trail.

Bilderback tried using a motorboat to outrace the wolverines, who usually travel along the beach. Several times he spotted one, jumped into his boat and sped up ahead to cut off the wolverine. He would land and run inland, but he was always too late. Bilderback said the futile pursuit sometimes lasted for more than 200 miles.

The information given me by Dr. Chase and Bilderback whetted my appetite anew. And I was excited to learn that our trapping expedition was to set out the next day. Besides Bilderback and myself, our party included Bilderback's wife, Doreen, who took care of the cooking, and his twenty-year-old brother-in-law, Andy Nilson. It took us a full day to make the 135-mile run across Prince William Sound, but then we reached College Fiord, an area Bilderback described as "good for wolverines."

It was desolate, lonely country. Mountains rose precipitously from the water and soared more than a mile into the sky. As we moved in toward shore, we had to crook our necks to see the peaks, like city dwellers looking up at the tops of tall buildings from the street below. The mountains were treeless and scarred with long streaks where avalanches had roared down.

We anchored offshore, and Bilderback lowered his 22-foot plywood skiff into the water. Leaving Doreen on the boat, we climbed into the skiff and headed for the beach.

It was deep in snow—and covered with wolverine tracks. They were everywhere. Handing me the bait—a fresh chunk of seal meat weighing about 15 pounds—Bilderback collected his trapping equipment from the skiff, and we moved off to the edge of the trees to construct our first trap-set.

He selected a tree that had a strong limb about seven feet above the ground. Taking the seal meat, which was fastened to a length of rope, he walked back to the beach, dragging the fresh bait over the snow to leave a thin, red trail of blood up to the tree. Then he tied the rope to the limb so that the meat hung about four feet above the ground.

The steel trap Bilderback used was smooth-jawed and designed for coyotes and wolves. But then he surprised me. He didn't place the trap directly under the bait, as I thought he would, but set it to one side, on top of an elevated hummock about two feet high that he had first noticed when he selected the tree. By means of a long steel wire, he connected the trap to a tough, springy branch of the tree. Finally, he camouflaged the trap with moss and snow.

Lured to Bait by a Trail of Blood

Here's how the trap-set was supposed to work:

The trail of blood was intended to lead the wolverine from the beach to where the bait hung. There he would probably circle the tree trying to figure out the best way to get at the seal meat. He'd move in cautiously and swat at the meat. But the bait would be too high for him to reach.

Up to this point, the wolverine's craftiness would be working overtime. But after a series of vain attempts to bring down the bait, his greed would work against him. The more he'd lunge, the less he'd think. Then he'd spot the hummock off to one side and see that from its elevation he could reach the meat. That, of course, would be his fatal mistake. As he stepped onto the hummock, he'd land in Bilderback's steel trap.

The real battle would begin when the wolverine lashed out for freedom. But Bilderback was prepared for that. By wiring the trap to the springy branch, he lessened the chance that the animal would wrench himself free (as he might do if the trap was fastened to something solid, like a tree trunk). Bilderback would thus force him to struggle against the branch, which could swing about with the tough resiliency of a fishing rod. The illusion of not being completely caught would cause the wolverine to drag the trap about, instead of concentrating on gnawing his foot free.

During the first afternoon in the fiord, we set only three traps, each approximately a mile apart. Everywhere we saw wolverine tracks, and Bilderback felt sure we would capture one the next day. But it snowed that night, and next morning when we tended our traps, we did not find any wolverines. The snow had covered the old trails and there were no new ones.

Hunting Seal Among the Ice Floes

The second day passed, and the morning of the third day. We had set seven traps over some 10 miles, but we saw no more tracks. On the afternoon of the third day, Bilderback decided we needed more bait and upped anchor. He sailed within a few hundred yards of a huge glacier where he knew seals could be found. In the space of an hour, he shot two, loaded them on the boat and headed toward the other side of the fiord to set more traps. The tide going out made a narrow, crooked channel in an ice floe which blocked our passage, and we hurriedly set our traps and headed back before the tide could shift and close up the floe, imprisoning us overnight.

Next morning we inspected our traps again. The first two told the same story: no wolverines, no tracks. We had just checked our third and were heading for the fourth when Bilderback spotted a trail in the snow running along the edge of the beach. Pulling in closer, he saw it was a wolverine track headed for our trap.

Bilderback swung the skiff in to shore and waded up the beach. He broke into a run, but as he caught sight of the trap, he stopped abruptly: our bait was gone, and the trap untouched. The wolverine's prints explained everything.

The animal had approached the tree and circled it. Then he had leaped into the tree and climbed out onto the limb from which the bait dangled. With his teeth, he cut the rope holding the bait. The seal meat dropped and the wolverine sprang down the tree, grabbed the bait and ran for the mountains. Bilderback pointed at the severed rope. It was neatly cut, as though done with a knife.

"See what those devils can do?" he said. "I've looked at the teeth of a dead wolverine. They're angled so they cut like shears. If a wolverine can get a rope in the back of his jaws, he'll snip it in two with one bite."

Our fifth day turned up the same bad luck. In the afternoon, we set out in the skiff for our traps on the opposite shore. The ice floe was more closely packed than before, and Bilderback cut the two outboard motors for fear of damaging the skiff. Nilson took to the oars, while I sat on the bow and shoved the cakes of ice out of the way with my boots. Suddenly Bilderback, watching the shore ahead, shouted.

"Look there!" He grabbed his telescopic-sighted .22 rifle, aimed it and then told me to look through the scope. I saw movement in the limb of the tree where the rifle was pointed.

Nilson rowed steadily, while Bilderback kept watching through his rifle sight. A few minutes later, Bilderback said, "It's a wolverine, all right. We've got one." He pounded me on the back. "They're not as smart as you thought, see!" About 40 feet from the beach, Bilderback and I climbed overboard and sloshed our way through the shallow, icy water and up the beach. We approached to within five feet of the tree and stopped. I was face to face with my first wolverine.

He was chewing on the trap. On top he was black, and underneath dark brown. His wide neck led to a small, flat head. He had a short bushy tail, and his legs were stout. Protruding from his shiny black feet, which looked too big for his body, were white claws half the length of a man's finger. Bilderback reached for the wolverine's tail and the animal wheeled, growling deep in his throat. Each growl was preceded by a blast of air which sounded like a shattering cough; it had the quality of wood scraping against concrete.

With a snarl, the wolverine lunged at us, as far as the trap on his front foot would permit. The top of his nose was drawn up and arched; his jaws opened fully, revealing a mouth the color of a red-hot poker, against which his fangs gleamed white. At each new growl, bubbles blew from the corners of his lips and he frothed at the mouth.

His eyes were beady and deep sunk, their color blending with the fur so as to be almost hidden. Only when light reflected from them did they glint.

Bilderback made another move. The wolverine whirled onto its back, striking at the air with long white claws.

"That's the way they fight," said Bilderback. "He's hoping we'll move in on him so he can have a chance to rip our guts out."

We stepped back to study how to free the wolverine from the trap, and he turned over, rose to his feet and stopped growling. He showed no fear and was obviously resting. And as he did, he ate snow, slobbering and gulping it down.

"Look at that!" said Bilderback. "He doesn't waste energy. He'll even eat in a trap if you give him meat. Only animal I know that'll do that."

The trap was caught on a small stump, and Bilderback decided to pull the trap loose. Reaching for the wire attached to it, he yanked. The wire came free. The wolverine had chewed it off; he had been free, but he'd retrapped himself by hooking onto the stump. At any moment, we realized, the animal could tear the trap loose and escape.

"Hurry up!" Bilderback shouted to Nilson. "Cut a forked stick."

I ran back to the skiff for a meshed wire basket to carry the wolverine in.

When I returned, the stick was cut and Bilderback told Nilson to give it to me.

"When he gets on his back," Bilderback said, "jam the fork over his neck and pin him to the ground. Make damn' sure he stays down while I snare his hind foot."

I poked the snarling wolverine with the stick. Over on his back he spun, and I jabbed the stick toward his neck. He caught one of the forks in his jaws and sheared off the tip in a bite. I pulled back, and the wolverine spit out the wood.

"Try again!" Bilderback snapped. "He'll get rougher if he thinks you're afraid."

Pinned Down But Still Full of Fight

I made a more determined lunge, and this time succeeded in jamming the fork over the wolverine's neck. Leaning over him, I applied a lot of weight to hold him down. Directly under me was his twisting body with its slashing claws. I moved my feet back to keep out of his way.

Then I got a sharp whiff of the wolverine's secondary defense—his stench. From special sacs he released a vile liquid which had a musty, poorly ventilated old-cellar smell mixed with a pungency like the odor of rotting meat, or the monkey room of a zoo. I had to turn my head away.

Meanwhile Bilderback was trying to snare the wolverine's hind leg. He aimed and reaimed with a wire loop, missing the kicking rear legs. Even when I threw on all my weight, the animal didn't slow up his fight. Finally Bilderback caught him and pulled quickly on the cable, tightening it around his leg and fastening it to a rope, which he slung over the limb of a tree. He told Nilson to hold the far end ready to hoist; then, taking great care, he pried the steel trap open.

"Get ready to let go and jump," he said to me.

"Now!"

I released the stick and the wolverine struck out violently for revenge. As Nilson hauled, the animal clawed up snow, earth and pieces of rotten stump in his efforts to get at us. But in a matter of seconds, he was swinging in the air, head down, from the tree.

We had our wolverine. There he was, hung up like a bag of clothes on a line.

Not Eager to Have His Picture Taken

But I didn't have my picture. I ran to the skiff and got my camera. In order to photograph the animal on the ground, I asked Nilson to lower the rope carefully. The wolverine had no disposition to gain fame as the first of his kind to be recorded on film. Furiously he growled, spitting bubbles from his mouth, and tried to reach me by lunging against his rear-leg leash.

Kneeling down, I began clicking the shutter and winding the film as fast as I could. I focused on his teeth, his red mouth, his claws. Each malicious expression leered up at me through the camera viewer. Suddenly there was a shout of warning from Nilson and at the same moment the wolverine's features swarmed toward me.

"He's loose!" Nilson yelled. As the animal sprang, I threw the camera to one side and plunged backward. My foot caught in a hole and I stumbled. My boots shot out and the wolverine sank his teeth into one of them; his fangs cracked through the rubber and into my flesh.

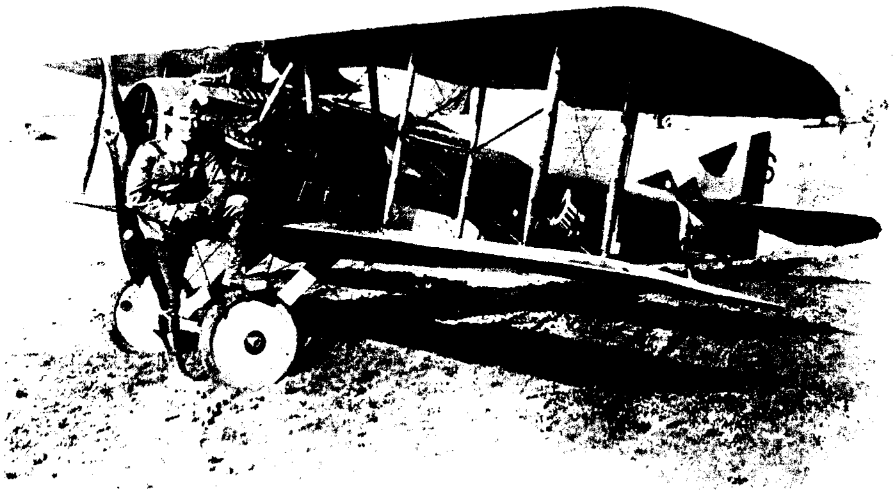
In terror I kicked out. The wolverine clung to his grip and swung into the air. I saw his clamped teeth over me, his claws slashing, and then suddenly he stiffened.

With a tremendous jerk, he was yanked back to Nilson, who had recovered the snare and was quickly hoisting the animal back up into the air.

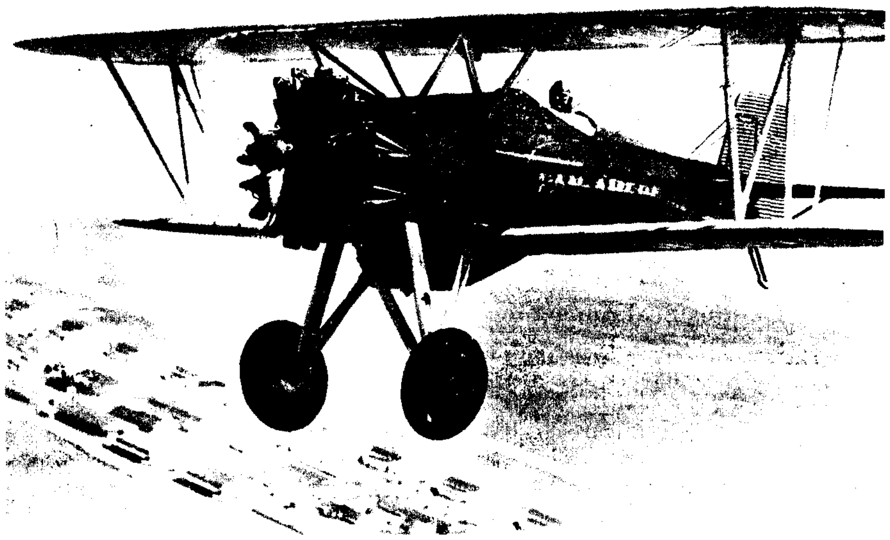
Bilderback rushed over and helped me up. The boot had protected me from the full force of the wolverine's teeth, and I had only an ugly scratch. Although shaken and dazed, I was unhurt. The animal snarled from the tree as I picked up my camera. I had my picture.

Success! Wolverine, in fine wire cage with no opening to get bite-hold, on captor's shoulder

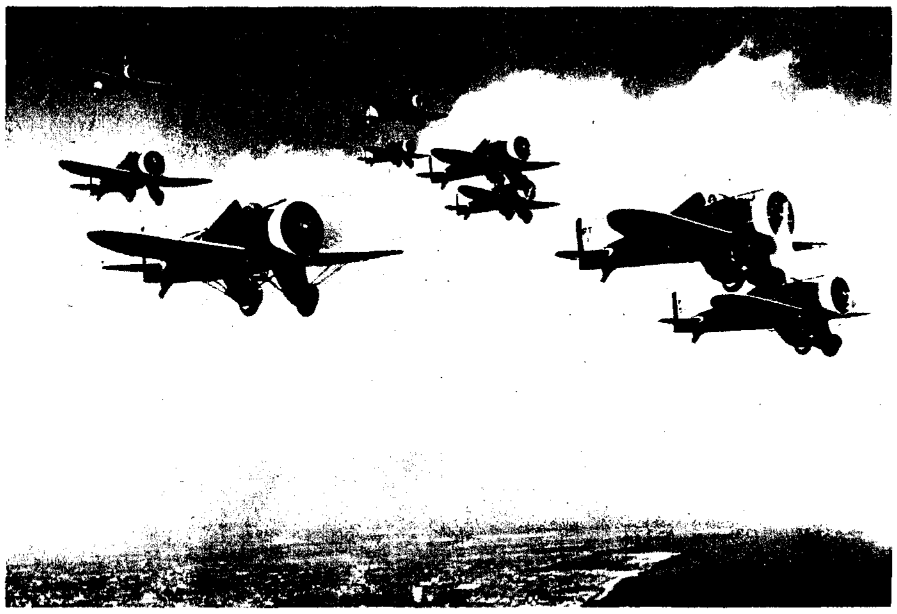
As THE PLANES on these pages show, the American aircraft industry has led the world in fighter development since World War I. Development and production of superior fighters, and aircraft in every other category of Air Power, must be continued year after year without interruption if American Air Power is to be an effective instrument for peace.



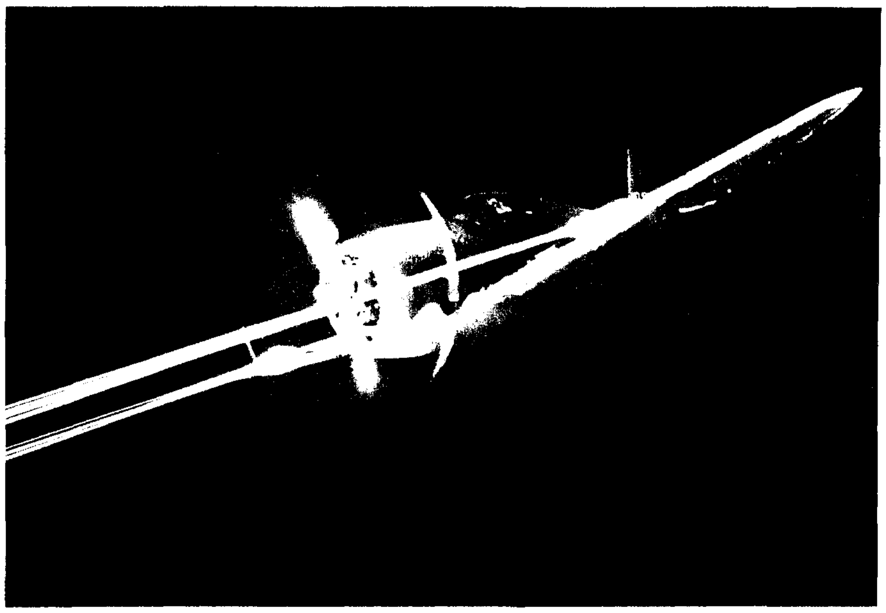
1. In 1918, France, not America, led the aviation world in fighter airplane development. U. S. pilots, like Ace of Aces Captain Rickenbacker, flew 130 m.p.h. Spads. Though primitive, they represented huge technical advances over the frail 28 m.p.h. aircraft flown by the Wright brothers a mere 15 years earlier at Kitty Hawk.



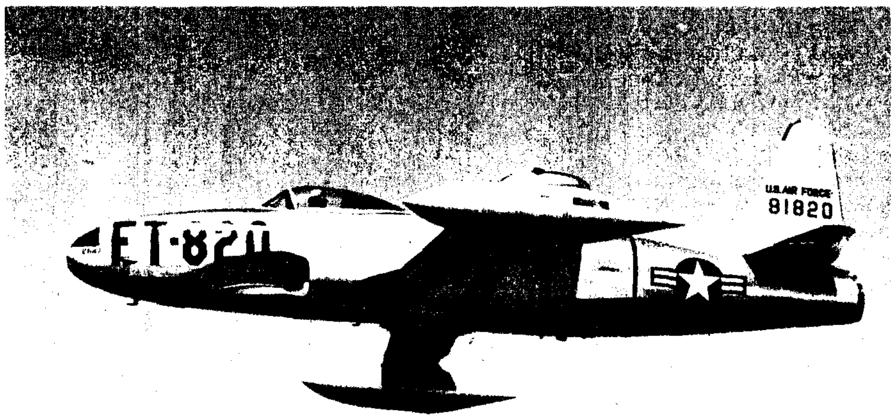
2. By 1926, America's young aviation industry had developed a powerful new air cooled engine, Pratt & Whitney's Wasp. Rugged and very light, the Wasp produce over 400 h.p., a huge output for its day. Wasp-powered airplanes set many world rec ords. A generation of fast fighters, like Boeing's P-12, was built around the Wasp



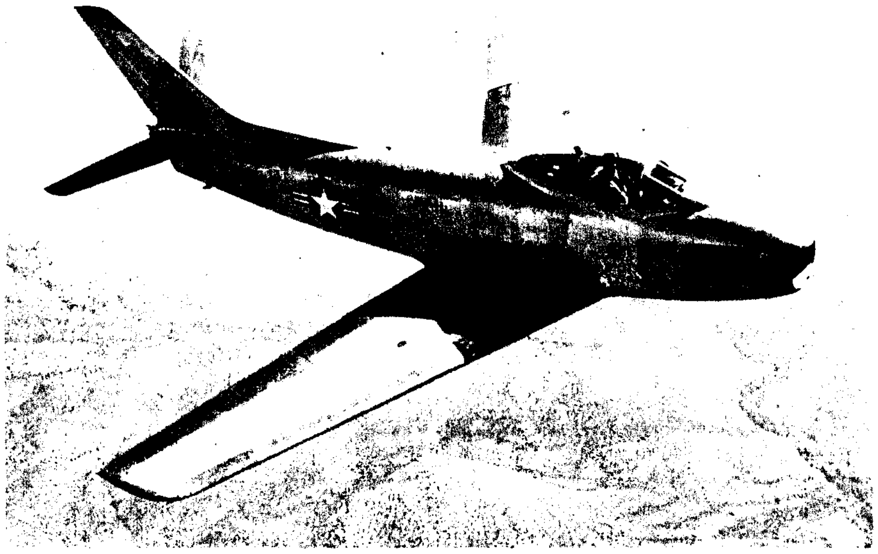
3. More powerful engines and growing design experience led to more streamlined, low-wing monoplanes in the 1930's. Between the 230 m.p.h. Boeing P-26 (above) and the 300 m.p.h. Curtiss P-36 which flew for France in World War II, speed-cutting external struts and bracing wires had disappeared from fighter aircraft.



4. The big, rugged Republic P-47 Thunderbolt brought Army Air Force fight speeds to well over 400 m.p.h. Built in 1941 around a new 2000 h.p. Pratt Whitney engine, this heavily-armed airplane became one of World War II top fighters. It outflew and outfought the enemy's best in every theater of wa



5. The jet age in America dates from October 1, 1942, when an experimental Bell P-59 fighter first flew. Its two small turbojets each developed 1250 pounds of thrust. By 1945, America's aircraft industry had designed 4000-pound thrust turbojets, and the 550 m.p.h. Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star (above) was in production.



6. As early as 1945, design work began for the first of the famed families North American F-86 Sabres (above), and Republic F-84 Thunderjets. In Kore even though far out-numbered, Sabres scored a 13 to 1 victory margin ov Russian-made MIGs, while Thunderjets starred against enemy ground target

FW-751
FW-754

First of several U.S.A.F. supersonic fighter types in production, North American F-100 Super Sabre, is powered by Pratt & Whitney's J-57 turbojet.

Can U.S. Air Power *Prevent* a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues a sound peacetime Air Power policy

FROM the Spad of 1918 to the Super Sabre of 1954, American Air Power has grown in importance to the stage where its strength or weakness can mean the difference between winning, losing, or *preventing* another World War. To succeed in preventing a war, our military aircraft must be second to none *in performance* and strong enough *in numbers* to discourage aggression before it starts.

Never before—not in 1918, 1941 or 1950—has America had Air Power of such effective dimensions when the chips were down. To build this kind of Air Power and to have it ready at the time of some *future* emergency, there must be a continuous long-range program of production of the finest military aircraft that can be developed, in sufficient quantities to do the job.

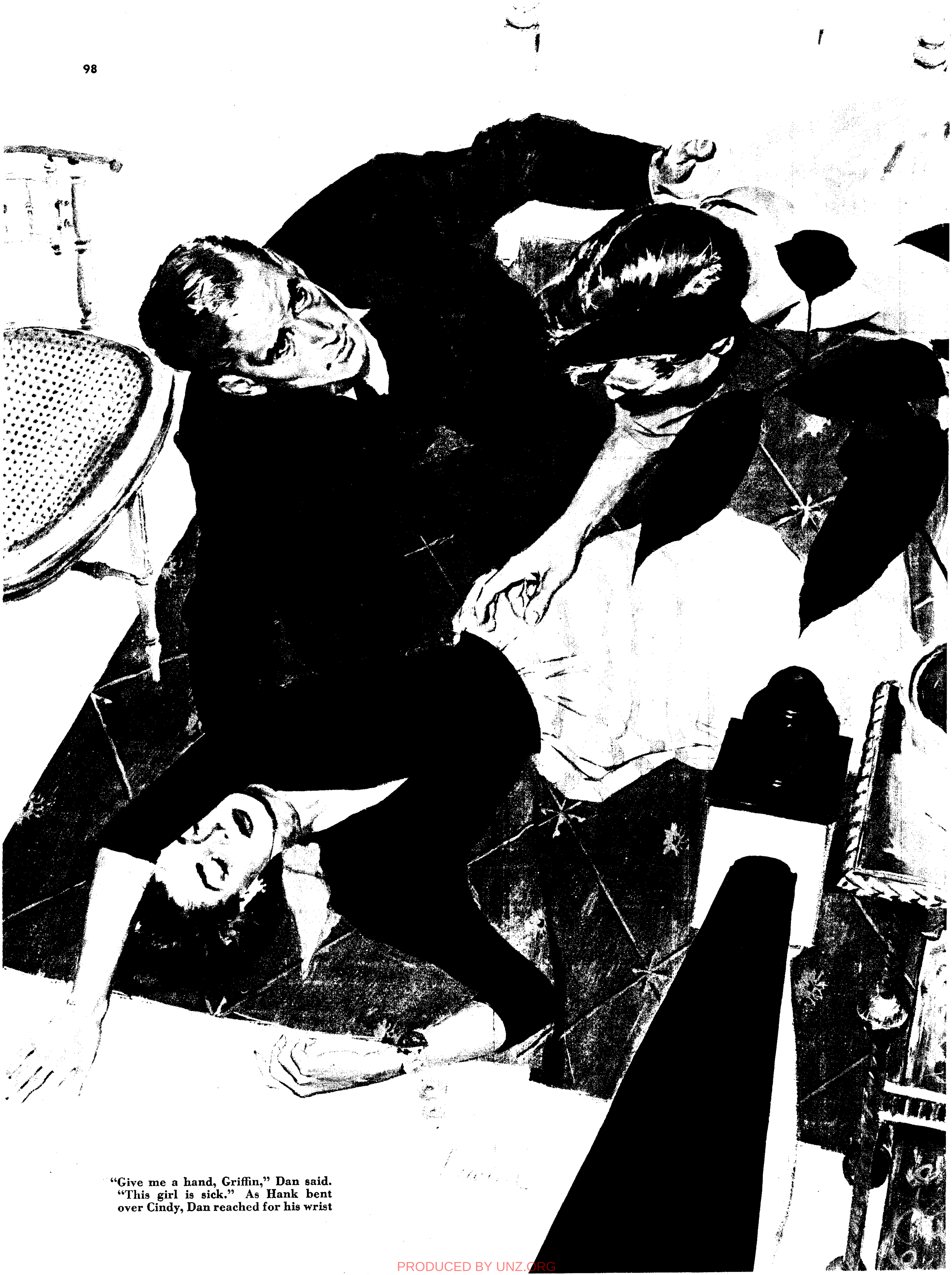
As the Secretary of Defense has said, "It is especially important . . . that we organize our military efforts for maximum effectiveness and efficiency over a period of years." That is why the Department of Defense—the Air Force, the Navy and the Army—must have the support of every citizen for a realistic, long-range Air Power program.

Only through such a long-range program can America meet—and even forestall—any emergencies which lie ahead.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Makers of Pratt & Whitney jet and piston engines, Hamilton Standard propellers and aircraft equipment, Chance Vought airplanes and guided missiles, and Sikorsky helicopters.

Engineers: We need additional experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not now in national defense work, please write to our Personnel Director stating your complete qualifications.



"Give me a hand, Griffin," Dan said. "This girl is sick." As Hank bent over Cindy, Dan reached for his wrist

The Desperate Hours

By JOSEPH HAYES

COPYRIGHT 1954 BY JOSEPH HAYES

Three hunted criminals held his family captive. Dan's only hope was to turn the men against one another—and now he thought he saw a way to do it

THE SECOND OF FOUR PARTS

The Story: When GLENN GRIFFIN escaped from prison—with his younger brother HANK and a middle-aged convict named ROBISH—he headed for Indianapolis, his home town. Before he left the Midwest for good he planned to hire someone to kill JESSE WEBB, the deputy sheriff who, two years before, had caused his arrest. Webb, hearing of the escape, was just as determined to get Griffin, who had shot Webb's uncle, an elderly policeman, and crippled him for life. Despite an intensive search by the FBI, state and local police, headed by Webb, the three fugitives reached Indianapolis and picked their hide-out: the home of DAN HILLIARD, local businessman, in a quiet residential section. Keeping Hilliard, his wife ELEANOR, his teen-age daughter CINDY and young son RALPH as captives in their own home, the three men settled down to wait for Griffin's friend HELEN LAMAR, who was to arrive from Pittsburgh at midnight with $5,000. With the threat that one of the Hilliard family would be killed if the police were tipped off, the fugitives forced the Hilliards to shield them. Meantime, Webb, who had hoped Helen Lamar would eventually lead him to Griffin, learned that the police had lost track of her in Columbus, Ohio. That evening Cindy kept a date with CHARLES WRIGHT, a young lawyer; she did not dare tell him of her family's distress, but in her anxiety she accidentally left her house key with him. At the Hilliards', Griffin was having trouble keeping the drunken Robish in check, and when Robish left the house after Cindy's return home, Griffin went out after him—leaving only Hank inside to guard the Hilliards. Knowing that when the fugitives left at midnight they might try to take one of the family to ensure a safe getaway, Dan devised a plan to get possession of young Hank Griffin's gun; he whispered to Cindy that she should pretend to faint.

As DAN reached his decision there in the front hall of his home, it did not occur to him that he was taking advantage of the one decent impulse he had found in any of the three fugitives: Hank Griffin's protectiveness toward Cindy. Now, as Cindy fell, he watched Hank Griffin's face. The boy's dark eyes glanced in bewilderment toward the doorway where his brother had gone out; gun in hand, he seemed poised uncertainly for action or flight, straining to listen for any sounds Glenn and Robish might be making outside the house.

Dan was bending over Cindy. "Give me a hand, Griffin," he said. "This girl is sick."

Hank came forward and bent over Cindy. Dan moved quickly, reaching out and seizing the boy's left wrist; the automatic clattered to the floor. Dan made a dive for it. Behind him he heard a small cry of astonishment and pain and then saw Cindy clutching the boy's arm and biting it hard.

With the gun in his hand Dan turned on young Hank Griffin. "Get out," he said curtly. "Cindy, lock the other doors and get upstairs." Then he called out to his wife: "Ellie! Get on the phone up there and keep Ralphie away from the windows!" Already Cindy was switching off the dining-room light, locking the side door. "Hurry up," Dan said to Hank, whose face was mean and ugly as he backed toward the front door.

As he shoved Hank outside and locked the front door, Dan heard Eleanor's scream. He bounded up the stairs. Eleanor was coming out of Ralphie's room, a terrified look in her eyes. "Ralphie," she said. "Dan, Ralphie's gone!"

Cindy came rushing up the stairs then, flipping the switch that plunged the whole house into total darkness. They stood there motionless then, the three of them—not four, as Dan had pictured it—mute and trapped, until Glenn Griffin's voice called from outside: "Hilliard, listen!"

At first Dan could not believe the voice that he heard next, but Eleanor recognized it and uttered a faint cry of defeat. "Dad?" Ralphie called. There was no outrage or bravado in his voice now, only terror.

"Open up the back door and throw out the gun, Hilliard," Griffin called, "or we'll take the kid with us."

Dan's hand tightened around the grip of the automatic. He could shoot; that would

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

bring help. But Ralphie was outside, perhaps with Robish's gun against his head.

He flicked the safety latch on the automatic and called out, "I'm coming down to the back door, Griffin." To Cindy he said: "If you hear a shot, call the police. But if you hear any other sound—no matter what it is —don't."

At the back door, as he tossed the gun out into the dark, he heard Glenn Griffin's low laugh, an arrogant sound of triumph. Dan stood in the doorway, without choice again, waiting for whatever was to come. Ralphie rushed up and hugged him, and he whispered, "Go upstairs to your mother, son."

Hearing the boy's footsteps on the back stairs made Dan relax slightly, although Glenn Griffin was standing before him now, a tall, angular shadow. "I had to put Robish on ice a while," Griffin said, "so he'd learn who was boss around here. It looks like you still got to learn, Hilliard."

In the darkness Dan did not see the blow coming, a vicious downward swipe of the gun barrel that caught him on the forehead just below the hairline. He went down.

HE HAD no idea how much later it was that he heard first his own muffled groan, then Eleanor's voice at his ear. "Don't move, darling," she whispered. "Dan, can you hear me?" The darkness threatened to close in on him again, but her hand over his mouth, gentle and cool and soft, seemed to bring him back to consciousness.

"I gave you some pills, Dan," Eleanor was saying. "You've been sleeping; it's almost morning. Ralphie's all right—locked in his room, and Cindy's with him." She paused a moment and then went on: "Dan, what you did last night was foolish and terrible and wonderful, but you must never do anything like that again. Darling, can you hear me? You can't save us if you die. Promise me now. Promise me you won't try anything like that again."

He nodded in silence. "Don't be brave, darling," she said, and he felt her lips on his, soft and full, and he felt his love for her perhaps more deeply than ever before.

"They're still here?" he said after a moment. "What about the woman? Didn't she come?"

"She telephoned some time after midnight," Eleanor said. "A collect call to a Mr. James. She's not coming, Dan; something must have happened. And they're staying. It was all arranged somehow. I don't know."

Something must have happened. The woman had telephoned. Something . . . Dan's mind drifted off into darkness again. . . .

Just before dawn it began to rain. Jesse Webb had been dozing with his head down on his desk when Carson, the FBI man on the case, a studious-looking young man in a brown double-breasted suit, came briskly into the office. He pulled a chair around, straddled it, and without preliminaries told Jesse Webb what had happened.

At about one o'clock that morning two uniformed policemen and three plain-clothes men had closed in on an apartment in Columbus, Ohio, because they had reason to believe that the woman, Helen Lamar, was hiding there. They had not found Helen Lamar, but they had learned that she had left a short time before to make a telephone call and to buy another car. This information set in motion a vast, swift but complicated series of investigations in the Columbus area, but Carson was inclined to think that only the telephone call would prove helpful—if they could find out where she had placed it and to whom.

"Heaven knows how many long-distance calls are placed that time of night in Columbus, but there's a record of all of them," Carson said. "Any that came this way, Webb—well, we'll soon have the list. It'll give you something to do, I guess."

The list of telephone calls did provide action of a sort, and it carried Jesse Webb through the early part of the morning. But all the while, working his way through the first half-dozen Columbus-to-Indianapolis calls that had been placed between midnight and three o'clock, Jesse Webb wondered: What is Griffin doing now?

As he cruised along now in the black police car, Jesse began to sense that all his efforts were wasted. He had only one name, address and telephone number left to check in the collect-call group. The other deputies and the city police were checking on the prepaid calls. They were plugging up all the holes, but Jesse was convinced they were only stabbing blindly in the dark.

DEPT STORE
INK
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "Good for you, dear! You mean you were able to spend two thousand dollars today?" JEFF KEATE

There was always the chance, although it seemed slimmer as time wore on, that he would walk up a sidewalk somewhere and directly into the guns of the three men. But that was a chance he had to go on taking. Better that than to alert Griffin by making inquiries on the telephone, or panicking him into turning on someone else.

Jesse turned the wheel and slowed to a stop along the curb; he reached under his jacket and touched his gun and then climbed out. With the rain pounding down and dripping off his hatbrim, he started toward the house. It was not until he was almost on the front porch that he saw a floral piece, lavender in color, hanging on the door. Several folding chairs from an undertaking establishment were on the porch.

The explanation of the midnight call to this house was too obvious. Jesse went back to the car and crossed the name and address off the list. Then, glancing automatically at the clock on the dashboard, he put the car into gear. It was twenty-seven minutes after nine. He sighed, thinking of the other list—the list of prepaid calls. It was going to take most of the day for him and the others to check all of the numbers.

THE mail arrived at nine thirty-one in large canvas bags in the mailroom of the department store where Dan Hilliard was personnel manager. Dan stood in the doorway of the mailroom, watching the mail being sorted and dispatched by messenger to the various departments. It was not usual for him to be on the ground floor at this time of day, but the mail clerks scarcely noticed his drawn face and the strip of adhesive on his forehead.

As Dan waited tensely for the mail for his department, he was seeing his family gathered around the breakfast table an hour ago while the rain pelted down outside. He hadn't been able to look at Eleanor then; the way her soft, oval face had aged and hardened in one day and night filled him with a futile anger and dismay. Cindy's eyes were no longer contemptuous, only hard and determined. And Ralphie had sat staring in awe at the bandage on his father's forehead.

Glenn Griffin, with one of Dan's hats pushed back off his high forehead and a cigarette dangling from his mouth, was announcing what each of them was to do during the day. A great deal depended on the arrival of the money, he said, and since the police had tried to pick off Helen Lamar last night, the money would come by mail in a plain envelope to Dan Hilliard at his office. "We wouldn't want the coppers following it right here, would we, folks?" he'd said. "Meantime, everything goes on just like normal. You and the redhead go to work," he'd told Dan. "The missus stays. And Junior here—he's gonna miss school."

When Dan had objected that he couldn't leave his wife in the house with Robish, after what had happened last night, Griffin had grinned derisively. "I'll keep Robish down here," he had said softly. "Just don't push too far, pop. I've taken too many orders in my life from guys like you."

"Dan," Eleanor had said, taking his hand in her own, "I'll stay upstairs. If one of them starts up, I'll scream so loud they'll have to shoot me and that'll be the end of it."

It was Eleanor, then, who had settled it. He and Cindy had left, and here he was, waiting for the money.

"When it comes," Griffin had said, "you call and say you're coming home. And be careful. The kid and wife'll be with us, in case you get any ideas."

Dan Hilliard had no ideas. He would do as he was told.

He flipped through the envelopes in his hand again and then walked abruptly out of the mailroom. The money had not come. The next mail was at two forty-five—five hours and ten minutes away. And no power on earth could hurry it.

In his office on the sixth floor, he sat down stiffly behind his desk and forced himself to think about what could happen in his home within the next five hours. There was the gray sedan in his garage—everyone within a radius of a hundred miles must have heard the description on the radio and would be on the lookout for it now. And the police had tried to arrest the Lamar woman. What if they had finally caught her? If she'd telephoned, couldn't they trace the number? He could picture Glenn Griffin turning angrily from the window, convinced that Dan had sent the police after all. He could see the loutish, dull-witted Robish leaping, his hands going out—

But still another and somehow greater fear, elusive and shadowy, hovered in the back of his mind. He struggled to bring it into focus: even afterward when they had the money, they would not risk leaving without taking someone along. He had almost lost track of that nagging, persistent fear in the course of the previous night.

SUDDENLY, on an impulse he dared not question, he reached for a piece of paper and his pen and wrote:

To whom it may concern—Innocent people will be in the automobile with the three escaped convicts you want. If you shoot, you will be responsible for the lives of innocent people. To attempt to trace this letter will endanger these same people, my family, and will accomplish nothing.

He sat back and studied what he had written; then without signing the paper, he folded it, sealed it in a plain envelope, and addressed it: *Police Headquarters, City.*

In five hours, when the next mail came, the money would arrive. Until then, he prayed silently: "Please, God, make them all stay away from the house. Everybody. The police most of all, but also peddlers, salesmen, friends, everyone, everyone . . .

"That old guy's snooping in the garage window," Robish said, and he was trembling. "He's got his check—so why don't he go? If he don't get outta here, we gotta grab him, Griffin!"

"No, no," Eleanor said quickly. She was sitting at the kitchen table with an open checkbook still before her. "Mr. Patterson always comes on Thursday, just after lunch, to pick up the trash. I pay him every other week. He—"

Robish stepped closer. "He spotted the car in there," he said nervously. "I seen him go around to the other window to get a squint at the license. Gimme your gun, Griffin."

"Hey, Hank!" Glenn shouted into the living room. "Where'd the little guy go?"

"House next door. Behind the trees."

"Calling the cops!" Robish growled.

"No," said Eleanor hastily. "The Wallings aren't home today, and Mr. Patterson wouldn't—"

"Gimme the gun, damn it! They been bleatin' that license number on the radio all day and night. I can still catch him, Griffin!"

It seemed to take Glenn Griffin a moment to make up his mind. "Mrs. Hilliard," he said then, "you don't want that old guy bringing the cops here, do you?" He held out the gun to Robish. "What else can we do?" he said and warned Robish: "You get in any trouble, don't come back, see."

"Me?" Robish said, slipping the gun into the coat pocket of Dan's tweed suit. "I don't know what trouble is."

At approximately this same time Dan Hilliard, in the lobby of a downtown hotel, was handing to a bellhop a plain white envelope and a five-dollar bill. In a few moments the bellhop was walking rapidly toward the offices of the city police department.

THE Wallings were not at home so Mr. Patterson returned to his parked truck, a little stiffly because this cold rain raised merry hell with his arthritis. Then he saw the big man in the tweed suit sitting in the cab of the truck; and he saw the gun.

"Just drive east, Jack," the man said. "And no hurry about it."

After a few moments of driving, after the shock had worn off slightly, Mr. Patterson recognized the face and connected it with the strange car parked in the Hilliard garage and the radio reports and the pictures in the morning paper. He said in a cracked whisper, "Those poor people."

The man chuckled heavily. "I was right, wasn't I, Jack?" he said.

This same gun, or others, must have been pointed at Mrs. Hilliard while she wrote out his check, Mr. Patterson thought. He was angry at himself for not having gone straight to a telephone after he saw that car, instead of simply jotting down the license number, instead of wondering, and waiting. If anything happened to those people, just because his mind worked so slowly nowadays, he'd never forgive himself.

As he drove to the far eastern edge of the city, Mr. Patterson realized what was going to happen to him, and knew it was going to happen very soon. His breathing became irregular, and the arthritis pain clenched in his right knee. Behind the steady swish-swish of the windshield wipers, he heard a strange sound: the man beside him was humming, a soft, blurred sort of tune with a mounting excitement in it. The old man made a silent plan.

They were out of the city now, on a country road. With his left elbow, very quietly and cautiously, he pressed his weight down on the door handle. Timing the click, he coughed once, loudly, and the door was unlatched. Ahead, he saw two blue gasoline pumps set fairly close to the shoulder of the road, and a weathered service-station building. He gauged the distance carefully with his old eyes, tried not to take the deep breath that his lungs ached for.

When the truck was almost abreast of the pumps, he whipped the wheel to the right, stamped hard on the accelerator, and fell from the truck just as its nose plowed into the first pump. He hit the gravel and rolled, twisting, hearing the metallic crash above and behind him but wondering as he ran why there was no explosion.

He was within two yards of the weathered building when the first bullet reached him. But what surprised him was that the bullet did not sear or scorch. It was more like a paralyzing but painless blow against his back.

He didn't feel the second bullet at all, nor the third.

No one but the killer and the killed heard the shots. As a result, almost an hour passed before the report of the murder, which was thought to be an accident, reached Deputy Sheriff Jesse Webb, who was at that time southwest of the city in his car. The information was scanty: apparently the truck had gone out of control and rammed into the gas pumps at a vacant service station; the body, as yet unidentified, had been thrown clear.

By now Jesse Webb had worked his way laboriously through his share of the telephone numbers, and he was coming reluctantly to the conclusion that Helen Lamar had made no telephone call to Indianapolis from Columbus, Ohio, last night. More reluctantly he was concluding that Glenn Griffin was not in or near the city. . . .

In his office, Dan Hilliard was listening tensely to his wife's voice on the telephone. "But how can I do that, Ellie?" he said finally. "It's almost two o'clock. The money should be here in less than an hour."

Listening again, he gripped the receiver until a spasm of pain shot up the clenched muscles of his arm into his neck. He swore without realizing that he had spoken. "I'll pick up Cindy right away," he said and hung up.

As he got up from his desk Dan Hilliard had no idea what had happened at home, but in a sickening flash he knew he had been tricked. The money had not been mailed until *after* Glenn Griffin had talked to the Lamar woman on the telephone last night; so it could not possibly be delivered until tomorrow. Getting him out of the house today had been a ruse of Griffin's to make everything appear normal at the Hilliard home.

In the employees' elevator, Dan rested his burning forehead against the cool metal grillwork and felt a scalding behind his eyes. In half an hour he and Cindy were to be parked, in her car, in front of a shopping center on the far eastern side of the city. Why?

You can push a man only so far, he warned Glenn Griffin in his mind. He was approaching the limits of his patience and self-control. If he were pushed beyond those limits, all the control that he and his family had shown so far would be wasted. By playing along they still had a chance.

Remember that, he warned himself savagely as he left the privacy of the elevator. Remember it!

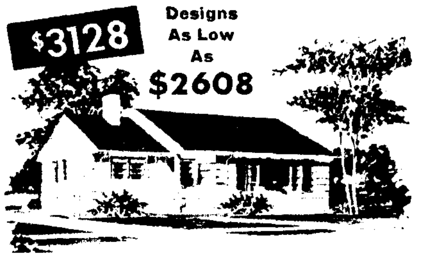
ROBISH was unable, at that moment, to leave the small room that enclosed him. He had stopped panting, and he no longer felt the sickening panic that had torn at his stomach when he had realized, after the shooting, that the truck wouldn't start. He must have run half a mile after that, crashing through the woods in wild animal terror. But all he had to do now was stay out of sight here in the men's room of this fancy new service station in this fancy new shopping cen-

See How Little It Costs to Build a Ready-Cut Liberty Home

Ranch-type home, 64 feet wide, with three bedrooms

$3128

Designs As Low As $2608



What "Liberty" Owners Say

●

Ahead $2,000 to $3,000

"We have moved into our 'Liberty' home and are more pleased with it every day. I think I would be safe in saying we are ahead $2,000 to $3,000 by buying your Liberty Home and doing the work ourselves."

Saved $4,000 to $6,000

"Compared to a local contractor's price to build a home equal to my 'Liberty,' I will be saving $4,000 to $6,000; so you can see why I have such enthusiasm for Liberty Homes."

Recommended by Banks and Building and Loan Associations

Save 30% to 40%

Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy direct from our mill at our low, factory, freight-paid price. We ship you the lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%. Architecturally approved construction. (Not prefabricated.)

Very Easy to Build

Every step in the building of a Liberty Home is figured out for you, so that all you have to do is follow the drawings and instructions that we furnish you.

Visit a Liberty Home!

Many thousands of Liberty Homes have been built in all parts of the country. If you would like to visit and inspect the model that suits you best, write us and we will give you its location.

Send for Catalogue

Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Designs to suit everyone. Send 25c for catalogue today.

BIG BOOK of House Plans in Colors 25¢

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO. 3442 LAFAYETTE AVE. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

1,000,000 women can't be wrong WHEN THEY BUY AND RELY ON THE Companion Cook Book!

2,600 RECIPES . . . each thoroughly tested and retested in the Woman's Home Companion Service Center . . . and especially selected by Dorothy Kirk, Companion Food Editor

●

"Contains everything—with so many pictures you couldn't possibly go wrong."
—Boston Post

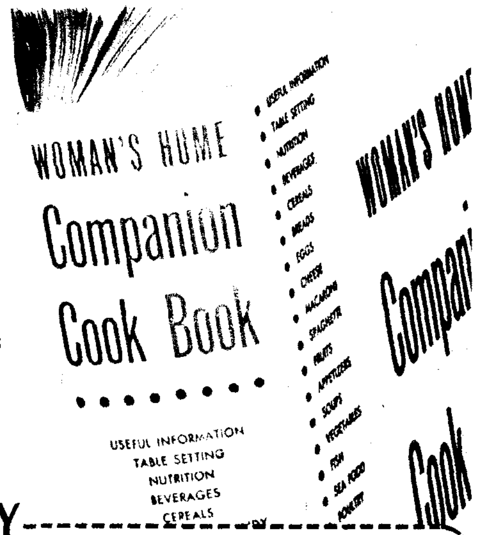
From snack to banquet . . . everything you need to make meal creation easier . . . to get more robust buoyant health from the food you eat . . . to make your cooking the joy of your family, the envy and admiration of your friends.

The favorite cook book in a million American kitchens . . . a basic reference in home economics courses. It tells you how to make the most of every bit of food you buy, including leftovers. It shows you how to produce eye-appealing, appetite-stimulating dishes.

●

1,068 Pages · 128 Pictures · Comprehensive Index
125 Recipes for Appetizers · 100 Soup Recipes
120 Fish and Sea Food Dishes · 150 Meats and Meat Dishes
170 Recipes for Salads and Salad Dressings
175 Dessert Recipes plus hundreds more on cakes, cookies, sandwiches, frozen desserts, candies.

●



SEND NO MONEY

5-Day Trial Offer

You may already own a dozen cook books, but don't let that stand in your way of getting the thrill of your life. No other cook book you ever saw holds a candle to this one for beauty, reliability and usefulness at any price! Examine it for 5 full days at our expense . . . then, if you agree, send $1.95 plus postage; and one month later send a final payment of $2.00. Otherwise, return it in 5 days and owe nothing. MAIL COUPON TODAY!

COMPANION COOK BOOK
640 Fifth Avenue • New York 19, N. Y. C-76

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone____State______

SAVE . . . send $3.95 with coupon and we will pay postage. Same 5-day trial. Prompt refund if not satisfied.

ter and wait for Hilliard and the redhead to pick him up. He'd played it plenty smart, telephoning Glenn like that after he'd got out of the woods.

Smart, he thought. Hear that, Griffin? Smarter'n all of you!

His clothes were soggy, his body wet, but he liked the secret feeling that the small, warm room gave him. He liked the thought of those three bullets left in the gun that was in his pocket: one for Hilliard, the guy who'd slugged him; one for the brat who had caused it; and maybe one for Griffin—the damn' fool who'd risked all their necks just so he could wait for some dough to pay to get that cop knocked off.

Robish was feeling great. He had the gun now, and from now on he'd hold onto it. With the gun he was smarter than Griffin.

In the distance, he heard the faint wail of siren. They must've found the old guy, he thought. Where the hell was that redhead with the car? . . .

"Where's Cindy?"

Chuck Wright did not miss the sharp note of demand in Mr. Hilliard's normally pleasant voice. Nor had he missed the gaunt, tired look on the older man's face.

"She's taking dictation from Mr. Hepburn," Chuck said. "Why don't you wait in my office?"

When Mr. Hilliard stepped in and simply stood there, his eyes staring blankly from under the dripping hatbrim, Chuck felt annoyed with him. Then, at once, he felt his annoyance ebb away. The stolid way the man stood, the droop of his heavy shoulders, the lined, tired face with the freckles clear on the pale skin—all made him feel a faint pity, mixed with alarm. He recalled Cindy's question of last night—she'd wanted to know whether he had a gun—and the cold gleam in her eyes all morning in the office, where she'd avoided him.

"Mr. Hilliard," he said finally, "is something wrong?"

"Why do you ask that?"

Chuck shook his head and leaned against his desk, lighting a cigarette. "Perhaps it's none of my business," he said. "At first I thought Cindy was just giving me the brush-off but—"

"Forget it, Chuck," Dan said sharply. "It *is* none of your business."

"It's my business if it concerns Cindy, Mr. Hilliard."

Some of the dazed hardness seemed to go out of the man's blue eyes as he said, "So it's like that, is it?"

"Yes, sir, whether you like it or not."

"I don't," Hilliard said. "Where's Hepburn's office?"

CHUCK walked past him out of the office and across the corridor and tapped on Mr. Hepburn's door. Whatever the trouble was, Chuck realized, it was bigger than any grudge Mr. Hilliard might have toward him, more urgent and vital and desperate.

When Cindy saw her father standing in the corridor she got up and without a word to Chuck or Mr. Hepburn, ran to him across the outer office. There were a few muttered words between them, and Cindy got her coat.

Chuck stood staring at the door that closed after them. He thought: It's my business if it concerns Cindy, Mr. Hilliard. And then it occurred to him that his resolve not to get involved with any girl was gone—he was in love with Cindy Hilliard. He grabbed his raincoat and strode out of the office.

Less than twenty minutes later Cindy edged her black coupé into a parking space in front of a block of stores seven or eight miles east of the downtown area. Chuck Wright, less than a block behind her in his small sport car, stopped behind the sleek white service station on the corner. Waving away the attendant, he pretended to work at his rear tires with the air hose while he watched Cindy's car.

Almost at once a ponderous man in a soaked gray suit came out of the station behind him and hurried toward the black coupé.

Mr. Hilliard climbed out of Cindy's car then, and the man slid into the seat beside Cindy. Without a word or even a nod of recognition, Mr. Hilliard stepped back into the coupé and it backed up with a lurch and then shot forward toward the thoroughfare that skirted the city on the east.

Chuck followed at a distance. He didn't want Cindy to spot his conspicuous low-slung car. He was no more surprised at the intricate route that Cindy traveled to Randolph Boulevard than he was at the memory of the huge, hatless man and the furtive way he had glanced around before getting into the car.

It made no sense, none of it. And what about Cindy's wanting a gun? What would a gun have to do with it?

As the coupé pulled into the Hilliard driveway, Chuck stopped far down the boulevard, well out of sight. Now what have you got? he asked himself. Where does this leave you? . . .

"Where does it leave us, Jesse?" Deputy Sheriff Tom Winston asked, walking away from the frail body lying beside the small, deserted gas station.

Jesse Webb walked to the two uprooted blue pumps and leaned against the fender of Mr. Patterson's truck. The drizzle had stopped, and Jesse wiped the fender dry with his handkerchief, and then laid out the few belongings he had taken from the old man's pockets: a dog-eared wallet containing a driver's license and twenty-three dollars, a stub of pencil, odd scraps of paper and nine checks, each made out for two dollars payable to Floyd Patterson.

"Shot in the back, three times," Winston said. "Why, Jesse?"

Jesse was unfolding the scraps of paper: a grocery list, a garage repair bill, and one other. "It's a good question, Tom," he said.

"State troopers are making a circle, combing the woods. My idea is—"

"Hold it," Jesse Webb said. He was holding up the last small scrap of paper. "Good Lord, Tom."

WINSTON leaned over, studied the figures scrawled in pencil, then straightened up to look at Jesse. "He might've got just a quick glance," Winston said. "In a hurry, maybe, and his eyes not what they once were. That'd explain the number *three*. Of course, he might just've heard it on the radio and jotted it down but if you change that *three* to an *eight*, you got the license number on that gray car."

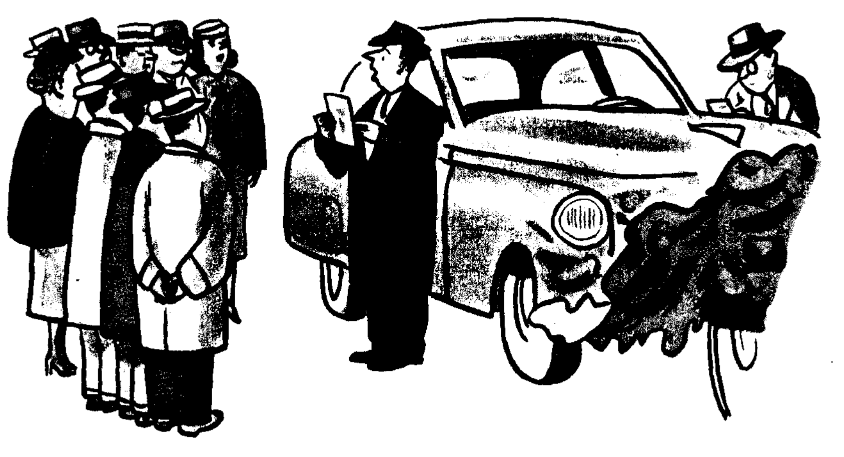
"Just for a while," Jesse said slowly, "just for a while, Tom, we are going to change that *three* to an *eight*. And we're going to locate that car, you hear? First, those checks—are they all from the same neighborhood? Where? Where's the old man been today? We're going to find out, Tom, and we're going to scour those houses with a wire brush!"

He paused a moment in thought and then went on: "And you—you're going to start working backward, tracing those checks. All the rest of Patterson's customers too, the ones who paid in cash: names, addresses, phone numbers, kind of people—"

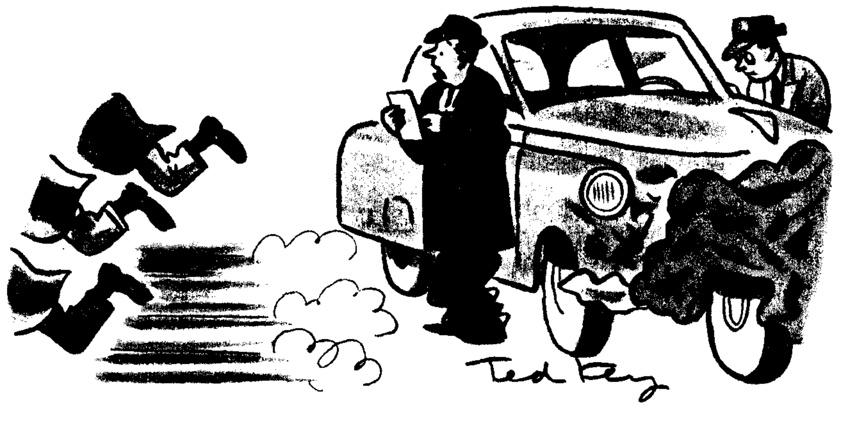
"Go ahead, Jesse, say it. This is it."

"Maybe, Tom. Let's get on it."

Behind the wheel of his car again, his siren screaming, Jesse Webb warned himself that he couldn't stretch coincidence too far. On the other hand, he couldn't overlook a single alley. Alleys were where rats hid. A feeling that was very like joy, very like hope, came over him. The car had been seen in town—today; his hunch had been right from the beginning. All right then, let the district attorney and the others cover the other angles, as they would. He himself was going to find that gray sedan. . . .



"Was anybody here a—"



COLLIER'S "—witness?" TED KEY

"The car's really hot now, pop," Hank Griffin said. "Our pal Robish here, he got jumpy and didn't go through the old guy's pockets. So—"

Hank leaned against the paneled wall of the den and, casting an occasional glance into the back yard and side driveway, he listened to his brother talking to the Hilliards in the living room. Usually when Glenn was taking charge like this, Hank felt comfortable, safe. But not tonight.

"Robish won't let go of his gun, and my kid brother won't let me have his so long as Robish's got one," Glenn was saying. "So you might say I'm as helpless as you are, Hilliard. Only one difference: Hank in there, and Robish, they don't have half a brain between 'em. Without me, they're cooked."

Hank, who had writhed for years under the stinging mockery of his brother's tongue, winced inwardly. Why'd Glenn have to say it in front of *her?* he thought. Hilliard, he noticed, said nothing, but sat leaning forward in his chair, looking already dead except for his eyes. As for Cindy—she stood a little apart from the others, slim and lovely in that aloof way of hers that made him feel faint and sick inside. It was like this every time he so much as looked at her.

"Pop, you're smart and you got guts," Glenn was saying. "That's why I'm counting on you, see. Look at it my way. Hank's been yammering at me all day—go, go, go. I can't go. The dough's coming to your office tomorrow morning and I got to have that dough here, see. Right in this town. I got a use for that money."

To hell with that, too! Hank thought fiercely. Paying off Webb wasn't worth it. Nothing was worth sticking here now, with a man dead and the cops likely to close in any minute. This time it'd be a murder charge, and that meant the chair—if caught. But he wasn't going to get caught, not Hank. Not if he had to get out on his own.

"—so we got to get rid of that car, Hilliard," Glenn said.

WHEN he spoke at last, Hilliard's voice was level, empty and dry. "The car's safe enough in the garage. No one else is likely to come around, and if you take it out on the streets you're running a fool risk, Griffin."

The poor dumb guy, Hank said to himself. Doesn't he know what's coming? Doesn't he know that Glenn won't leave now, even *with* the money, without taking the wife and kid along? Glenn would take the kid because Hank had balked at the idea of taking the girl, even though he had to admit that keeping some of the family with them was the only way to tie Hilliard's hands and give them enough time to get to Cincinnati, where Helen Lamar was waiting. "Hell," Glenn had said, giving in to Hank, "we'll take the boy then. Only don't go soft on me, Hank. You go soft, you're licked."

"You got it all wrong there, pop," Glenn was saying now. "I ain't getting rid of the gray car. You are."

Hearing those words, realizing their meaning, Hank hated his brother.

Glenn was the only person in the world who had ever been really kind to him—protecting him from his mother's drunken disdain, from his father's brutal violence, showing him the ropes, teaching him all he knew. If it weren't for Glenn, he'd still be in stir. Still, under all the twisted trust and love, he hated him now.

"Soon it gets good and dark, pop," Glenn went on, "you're gonna put the license plates from the redhead's little car on the gray job in the garage, and you're gonna dump it in the White River." He laughed thinly. "Wouldn't want a respectable gent like you gettin' picked up by the police for driving around without any license tags, would we?" The laugh was gone. "You got all that, Hilliard?"

Dan Hilliard nodded slowly.

BY NOW, at dusk, Jesse Webb had located the exact sites of the houses that Floyd Patterson had visited, or probably visited, that morning. He had drawn a red-ink marking around the neighborhood, consisting of approximately ten city blocks on the county map. He had placed small checkmarks in the boxes representing the nine homes at which Mr. Patterson had been paid by check.

He turned to Tom Winston, his codeputy. "I don't want our cars prowling around up there, Tom," he said. "Tell the men to watch, but to stay out of sight as much as possible. I don't suppose it's even reasonable to think those three are in that neighborhood at all, and if they knocked off Patterson, they'd be damn' fools to stay. But three human beings can't disappear—"

Jesse did not finish. Carson, the FBI man, had come into the office, walked swiftly over to Jesse's desk and laid a sheet of white paper in front of him. Now, as Jesse picked up the paper, Carson sat down, took off his glasses and began wiping them, very deliberately. His pale eyes had a peculiar light in them. "The city police have been sitting on this since shortly after noon, Jesse," he said. "A bellhop delivered it. So far he's given at least five descriptions of the man who tipped him five bucks for the job."

Jesse read the backhanded writing; then he turned the paper over and examined it carefully. After that, he read it again. Then, silently, he passed it over to Tom Winston. As he read, Winston whistled softly.

Afterward, for several seconds, the three men sat looking at one another. "Now we know," Tom Winston said at last.

"The idiot," Jesse muttered.

"The man's on a spot," Carson said.

"But doesn't he *know?*" Jesse asked no one in particular. "Can't he guess, whoever he is, that you can't play ball with savages like that? Look, Carson, isn't there some way to get word to that guy that he can't play their game?"

"How?" Carson asked.

"You tell *me*," Jesse said grimly. "*You* take a stab in the dark this time, Federal man. They'll tear that man to ribbons, inside and out. You can't cooperate with scum like that."

"No?" Carson said as he lighted a cigarette. "What would you do, Webb? Put yourself in his place. I think he was smart to write this note. It might keep some itchy-fingered young cop from shooting a woman or child."

"Itchy-fingered like me, Carson?" Jesse asked testily.

"Take it easy, Webb. You know what a spot the man's on. What would you do under the circumstances?"

"I don't know," Jesse said slowly. "I guess I'd have to play ball too." . . .

Dan Hilliard's feeling of frustration and helplessness had never been keener. The fears that had once been so sharp in his mind were shadowy and distant now. He could think only of the moment at hand.

"You won't take any chances," Griffin had said before Dan left the house. "Hell, it's as important to you as it is to me." More important, Dan told himself grimly as he drove the gray sedan northward. Much more.

He was approaching the spot he had in mind: a high bluff above a deep section of the river where he had swum as a boy. In those days there had been only a narrow dirt road down along the river; now he was going north on a gravel road that ran along the edge of the bluff. Far below the water glistened. The lights of the city lay far to the south. If he could cut straight across the river instead of backtracking south to the bridge he had crossed ten minutes ago, his own house would not be too far away, perhaps four or five miles. As yet, he had not faced the future; that lonely, miles-long walk home, or what was to come after that.

With nightfall a gusty wind had come up, leaving the city streets, through which he had traveled, more deserted than ever. Up here on the bluff few cars approached or passed.

As he searched for a place where he could turn off into the grove that separated the road from the edge of the bluff, he was recalling the slow negative shake of Glenn Griffin's head and his derisive, amused grin when he'd said: "The redhead don't go, pop. The more Hilliards there are around here tonight, the better. You do it alone. Afterward you can walk back. Do you good. No taxis, see. No rides. Walk."

All right, he would walk, as he had done everything else Griffin had ordered. He had disposed of the license plates from the gray sedan by hurling them deep into a thicket along a small street where there were no houses; then he had driven slowly, in the wanted car, through side streets to the river.

AT ONE point he had become convinced—although now he was inclined to think he imagined it—that he was being followed. The twin headlights he had seen in the rearview mirror, trailing him around two corners, had aroused his suspicion, but even then he had not felt panic. Fear seemed, somehow, a rather pointless emotion. His job had merely been to lose the car behind him—if it really *was* following him. This he had accomplished in an ugly, cramped neighborhood by turning a corner quickly, turning off his headlights and motor, and bringing the car to a silent stop in a shadowed driveway beside a house. In a few moments he had seen the other car, a long, low convertible, drive past him and on down the street.

Had he imagined it? Now he had no idea. Certainly it had not been the police, and that was all that mattered, wasn't it?

Get this over with, Dan told himself harshly. He decided to turn around; he must have passed the deep part, the hollowed-out pool he had known as a boy. But when he had stopped and nosed the car into a clump of trees and underbrush between the road and the edge of the bluff he saw that there were car ruts penetrating the thicket.

After he had got out and satisfied himself that he could maneuver the car through the brush, Dan climbed back into the car and sat for a moment behind the wheel. He was breaking the law, but that thought held no meaning for him. He edged the sedan in among the trees, the branches scraping and screeching against the metal. At the edge of the bluff, he set the brake, climbed out again and stood listening in silence, with the headlight beams stabbing the darkness over the water. Down below, the river was almost soundless. Far downstream he saw the occasional reflection of other headlights striking across the water from the road.

Sliding into the seat again, his clothes damp and his shoes caked with mud, Dan thought briefly ahead to tomorrow morning—to the nine-thirty mail. He threw the gears into reverse, backing into trees and stumps three times before he felt he was far enough away from the edge to gain the necessary momentum to shoot the car out and over the precipice.

He didn't hesitate now. As he raced the motor, he felt with his left elbow to make sure the door was open, warning himself that his left hand must let go of the door handle at the same moment that his right hand let go of the steering wheel. He turned off the headlights, released the clutch and the car shot forward. His ears filled with the motor roar and the angry crackling of tree limbs and the grinding spin of tires in soggy earth.

THEN he plunged sideways, throwing himself violently as the black void ahead reached him, feeling a thorny prickling against his face and the jolt of hard earth under his body. He heard the thundering descent of the car, echoing, crushing and ugly. He knew that the gray sedan had rolled, and now it seemed never to stop rolling. The splash was abrupt, and it was followed by a series of gurgles and gasps as though some living monster were battling for life below the edge of the bluff. Finally the bubbling stopped, and there was silence.

Dan rolled onto his back, breathing heavily. Had it gone under? He crawled to the edge of the precipice. Below, there was nothing but sheer darkness.

He stood up unsteadily, shaking. He couldn't know whether it had gone completely under or whether, tomorrow, some hunter or child would discover a gleam of metal far below in the sunlight.

But he had learned to live, since last night, with uncertainty, with hope. He was faced now with the long walk home. The trick was to keep from thinking, to make one leaden foot follow the other over all those miles, all the while forcing his mind ahead into that inevitable moment tomorrow when the men would leave. How was he going to prevent their taking anyone along with them?

Perhaps, before he arrived home, he would have the answer to that. . . .

"Supposing you're right then, Webb," Lieutenant Fredericks of the state police was saying. "Supposing this guy's in the fix you think he is. When they're ready to take off, if they take his wife along, how's he going to be any better off than if we start searching those houses right now?"

Jesse Webb hadn't relished being summoned into Fredericks' office. Up to now, he'd answered the man's questions civilly enough, but Jesse's own angle on the case was different from

Sexton
Quality Foods

IT'S the gentle squeeze not the hard press which captures the true nectar of fruits for every can of Sexton juices. Truly ambrosial in piquancy and flavor. And they're full of *natural* health-giving vitamins.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

Weldwood
PRESTO-SET
GLUE
FOR USE ON
paper
and other
materials
Look for the BLUE & WHITE Label
UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION

NEW! A Wizard for the Do-It-Yourself Family

READY TO USE!
SETS SO FAST!
BONDS LIKE MAGIC!

At last—a ready-mixed glue worthy of the Weldwood name. Presto-Set Glue sets fast, bonds like magic on wood, cloth, paper, etc. In 25¢ and 45¢ tubes, also pints, quarts at lumber, paint and hardware dealers. If he's not yet stocked send 25¢ for full size tube.

FREE! Leaflet of uses. Write United States Plywood Corp., Dept. 46, P.O. Box 205, New York 46, N.Y.

Another Wizard with Wood:
WELDWOOD PLASTIC RESIN GLUE,® water-resistant powder glue.

*Trademarks

Weldwood® PRESTO-SET* Glue

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
AT DRUGGISTS
53

Prints Postal Cards!

FREE Use on 30 Day Trial! Send name today for facts and FREE Illustrated Book of unique advertising plans and money-making ideas for your business. Learn how others are boosting sales with post card ads . . . easy with Cardmaster.

Cardmaster Co., 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 342, Chicago 40, Ill.

A.1 SAUCE

Gives savor to STEW!

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too!

ADDRESS POSTCARDS AT HOME
MAKE MONEY!! SPARE—FULL TIME
write LINDO, WATERTOWN, MASS.

that of the elderly lieutenant who sat stiffly in blue uniform behind his desk.

"Maybe the guy's not going to be any better off," Jesse said, "but I figure that's a decision the man's got a right to make for himself now."

"The hell he has! This is police work, son. Nobody wants to see innocent people hurt, but we can't sit on our thumbs forever waiting for those hoodlums to make the move."

"I told you, I—"

"I know, I know—you've got cars planted up there. But we don't know which house it is. Well, let's find out. What can we lose?"

"If we force their hand," Jesse said impatiently, "they might jump to the idea that this guy, whoever wrote this letter, tipped us off. They might shoot him or his wife or his kids."

"We can't put off a showdown," Fredericks said flatly.

Jesse stood up. "Look," he said, "nobody wants a showdown any more than I do—not you or any trooper in the state. But they're not going to shoot up somebody's family just because I don't like waiting."

"And while you're waiting," the lieutenant said testily, "an old man gets three shots in the back. What's to prevent that happening again to somebody else?"

Jesse, shaking his head, stepped to the office doorway. "We weren't waiting when that happened, Lieutenant," he said. "I mention that just for the record. We didn't have anything then, remember?"

Lieutenant Fredericks stood up, nodding. "Okay, Webb," he said. "We'll try it your way for a while. I'll get you as many men as you want; put 'em all over the streets. But I tell you this, the man who wrote that letter doesn't have the chance of a snowball in hell, and I think he needs help, and plenty of it. Don't take this personally, Deputy. I'm a sour old man and I hate to see young punks like you make fools of themselves. If those men *are* up there and they do slip away, you'll be looking for work, son."

"I'll take that chance," Jesse said. "But I could use some men—thanks."

THE lieutenant stood staring after the lanky young deputy. Raring to go all day, he thought, and now he's stopped dead in his tracks. "While you're waiting, Jesse," he called out, "you'd better get some sleep!"

Jesse stood on the Statehouse steps. It was a dull night with a few gray clouds drifting across the black sky. He felt a little faint. Not enough food and too much coffee and too many blind alleys, he thought. But at least his wife Kathleen was safe, and under guard, in his mother's house on the south side. Remembering his earlier fear for her safety reminded him again of the unidentified man's pitiful, pleading letter.

On the streets now only a few people strolled, secure and unafraid, oblivious to the threats of the Griffin brothers and a man named Robish. It couldn't happen to them, of course. But it had happened—or was happening—to one of them, wasn't it? If he only knew the name—

By the time he was cruising northward toward the area that had become *the neighborhood* in his mind, he felt a slow return of the old excitement. The hatred he had felt all along, remembering Uncle Frank's shapeless arm, had grown a little each time he recalled the look of death on the face of the harmless little Mr. Patterson. Now, in addition, there was the desperate unsigned letter in his pocket.

Nothing mattered now but finding Glenn Griffin and his brother and the man named Robish, and wiping them from the earth.

DAN HILLIARD was crossing the river bridge, retracing on foot the same route he had traveled an hour before in the gray sedan. He had begun to wonder whether his legs could carry him the long distance home.

Forcing him to walk it was another example of the warped ugliness in Glenn Griffin, which Dan had been aware of since the young criminal had brought the barrel of his gun down on Dan's shoulder last evening. (Was it only yesterday?) This sadistic streak in Griffin was stronger now than his judgment or his need to escape. What held him in town, Dan knew, was the fixed idea of revenge on some police officer—who'd probably forgotten Glenn Griffin completely. Yet the officer was marked for death, and the job would be paid for out of the money that would arrive at Dan's office tomorrow morning.

Until now the idea of revenge had been foreign to Dan Hilliard. But now, his chest aching and each step driving shocks of pain up his legs, he understood it. He was acutely aware that he wanted to see Glenn Griffin dead—dead for death's own sake as well as for the safety of his family.

He stopped and sagged against the stone buttress of the bridge, thinking of the dark, wet miles ahead. He was under a street lamp that cast his shadow out onto the wet pavement: slump-shouldered, small-looking, shriveled. With great effort, he turned his head to make sure that he was staring at his own shadow. He was.

Then he straightened and started walking again. Without warning—he didn't even see the flash of headlights—a car passed him and screeched to a stop on the pavement ahead. The police? The outline of the car looked vaguely familiar. He had no strength or breath left in him, but he knew that he should turn and run through the streets, down alleys, behind garages—anywhere—rather than let the man who was getting out of that car reach him. Yet he couldn't move.

"Mr. Hilliard! Let me take you home."

Dan recognized the voice and felt a profound shock. The man in the car was Charles Wright.

"Come on, sir," he said. "Let me give you a lift."

The incredibility of the encounter left Dan speechless. Without replying, without even thinking, he crossed over to the car and got in. The leather seat was cold and the chill penetrating, but the seat was incredibly soft; he sank down gratefully, only slightly aware that somehow, in some way, he was making a horrible, perhaps fatal, mistake. He closed his eyes.

"I'll have to know now, sir," Chuck Wright was saying. "You're in some kind of trouble, aren't you?"

Dan was instantly alert again, cautious, and for the first time he realized that this car was not Chuck Wright's miniature sport model. It was larger, and yet familiar.

"Is this your car?" he asked abruptly.

"My father's. I borrowed it."

Suddenly Dan remembered. This large convertible was the car that had been following him earlier. Then he hadn't imagined it all! Chuck Wright had been following him.

"If you don't want to talk, sir, it can wait till we get to your house."

Dan wanted desperately to close his eyes again, to stretch his knotted muscles. But the significance of the young man's intention stopped him. The boy had to have some explanation—or he would force his way into the house to demand one of Cindy.

A solution seemed to come to Dan from nowhere. He didn't hesitate. "You haven't got a little drink on you, have you?" he said quietly.

He heard with satisfaction the young man beside him catch his breath and saw his startled glance. "Not a drop," Chuck Wright said.

Dan was careful not to let his words blur. "Damnation," he said. "Thought you were the drinking type, Chuck. Only shows you—you can't make snap judgments."

"No, you can't," Chuck agreed.

"Tell you what, Chuck. Now that you're in on my little family secret, you can skip taking me home. Drop me off at that liquor store at the corner of the boulevard. I'll walk."

"Anything you say, Mr. Hilliard."

"And, Chuck—you won't hold it against Cindy, will you? Cindy's already worried sick about me. Man in my position . . . I'm discreet, though, always discreet about it. Notice the neighborhood I was in tonight? Lost my car around there somewhere. Parked it in front of a bar, or thought I did. You didn't happen to see my private gray car, did you, Chuck? Own private car for own private pleasures. In front of some bar."

AFTER that, there was a stiff and unnatural silence. Had he covered everything? Had he rushed it? Did Chuck believe him?

"It's a long walk from here to your house," Chuck said at last, stopping the car at the corner of the boulevard.

Long walk? As he opened the door, Dan thought back over the miles he had already walked and those that he had thought he would have to walk. He felt a wild giddiness. "Like to walk," he said. "Remember, old fellow—don't mention it to Cindy, right?"

Standing unsteadily on the sidewalk, hearing Chuck Wright's bleak "I won't," clipped and short—no "sir" now—Dan felt the weakness come over him again. When the red taillights of Chuck Wright's car had blurred in the distance, he stepped from the curb, feeling the sharp bite of wind against his face. Where had that wild idea come from, he thought wryly—trying to pass himself off as a sly and secret drunk? But more important, had Chuck believed him?

It was then that he caught sight of the first police car. The possible significance of it didn't penetrate his numbed brain until, three blocks later, he saw another, this one parked in the shadow of a darkened ice-cream parlor.

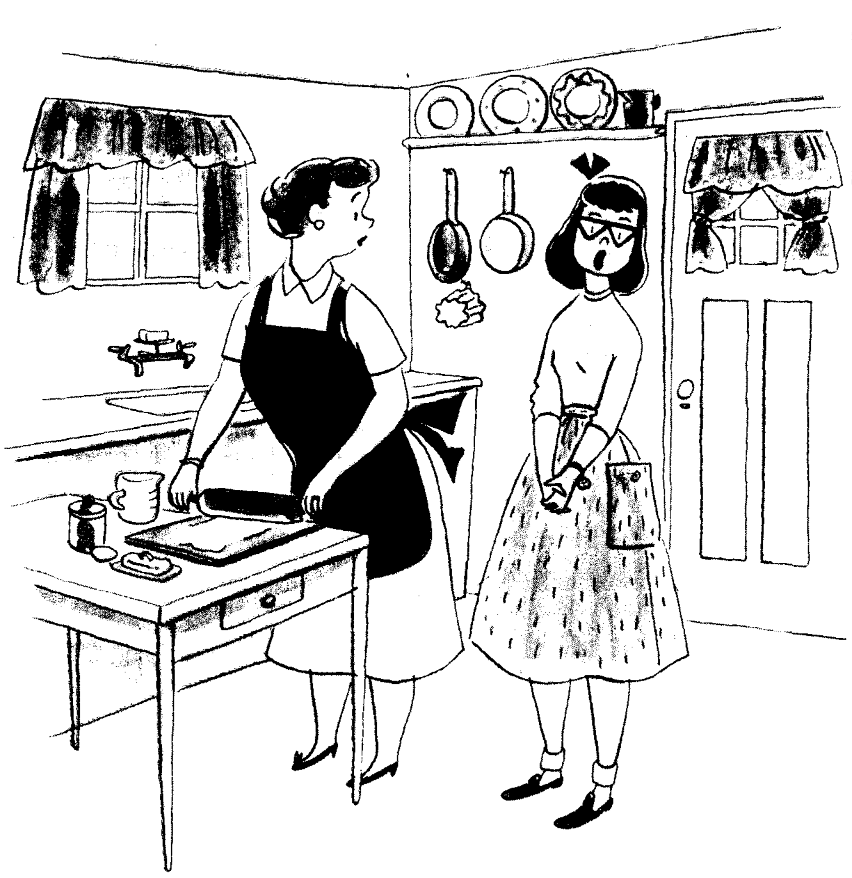
A terrible urgency drove him forward. He pulled his hat lower and hastened his dragging steps. Don't run, he warned himself over and over. Remember: If they stop you, you're drunk. Don't run!

Then, after what seemed an eternity he was walking up his own driveway. There was a light in the living room—but the room was empty. Cindy's car and the family coupé were in the driveway. The garage was closed. Nothing moved, inside the house or out. The profound quiet sent him running the last few yards to the side door. He rattled the handle.

Silence. Then, in the distance, a train whistle hooted forlornly.

Cindy appeared inside, coming across the living room swiftly. He •

TIZZY



"I've tried to attract his attention, but he's so busy going out with other girls he doesn't even notice me!"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

heard her words: "It's Dad." Still when she faced him in the open doorway, he knew that it had not been his approach that had caused the electric tension, the terrible silence. Cindy's face was ghostly white.

"Oh, Dad—Ralphie—" she began, her voice quivering.

DAN pushed past her. In the hall he stopped. He saw Eleanor on the bottom step, her eyes blank with fright. Across the hall Glenn Griffin lounged, almost casually, in the dining-room doorway. Then he saw Robish: the savagely parted lips, the yellowish face a blackish red now. Robish had been staring up the stairs, but now he turned the revolver on Dan.

Dan felt his heart pounding. "Where's Ralphie?" he said.

"Upstairs," Eleanor said quickly. "Sleeping."

Glenn Griffin's dark eyes glinted with mockery. "Yeah, the little innocent. This time I ought to let Robish handle him, pop."

"What happened?" Dan asked in a dry whisper.

"The brat's teacher drops in for a little visit—wonderin' why Junior missed school today, she says. And the kid slips her a note."

Remembering the parked patrol cars up the boulevard, Dan said to Robish, "Put that gun away."

Whether it was the cracked whisper of his tone or the glinting blackness in his eyes—whatever caused it, Glenn took a step toward Robish. "Put it away, Robish," he advised, his eyes still on Dan. There was no derision now, no sardonic grin—only caution. "The old lady covered it on the phone," Griffin said. "That dumb teacher don't suspect nothing."

Dan saw Robish start to lower the gun; but as he watched, an odd expression came over the brute face in front of him: bafflement at first, and then a stubborn hardening of the jaw muscles.

"You don't give the orders no more," Robish said heavily. "I got this now." He brought the gun up again, and this time it was directed at Glenn Griffin's belt.

The inevitability of Robish's action—for Dan had known somehow that it was coming—left in Dan no room for surprise. He could almost see the slow grinding of that dull and unpredictable mind behind the massive forehead as Robish's thoughts went to the waiting car outside. The uncertain rebellion in his face turned to flat decision. Robish could kill them, one or all of them, and be in that car and on his way in a matter of seconds. No more nerve-eating wait, no more following Griffin's orders . . . In that instant Dan knew that, any second now—and he must not wait too long—he would have to act.

With the gun inching toward his stomach, Glenn Griffin began to laugh. At first it was a crackle of defiance, but seeing the intense expression on Robish's face, Griffin seemed abruptly to lose control; the laugh died in a series of odd gurgles. "Robish!" he said quickly. "You're nuts to try anything. What the hell—"

At this Robish bellowed—a wild animal cry, vast and hollow.

Glenn Griffin's terror-stricken words echoed Dan's own thoughts. But as he heard the words, Dan knew that Griffin could not have said anything more dangerous.

Robish brought the muzzle of the revolver against Griffin's stomach in a vicious jab that doubled Griffin over with a cry of pain. Then, his back against the door frame, he began to sink toward the floor, uttering a low sighing sound.

"I'm nuts!" Robish bawled, waving the gun. "Yeah, I'm nuts, Griffin. Doing your dirty work. I conk the guard, I plug the old guy. You think you're the general, don't you?"

Dan Hilliard judged the distance. If he could move fast enough in the confusion and hit Robish hard enough the first time—

Then, from the darkness of the upstairs hall above, another voice cried: "Throw it on the floor, Robish."

Robish turned his head, peered unseeing into the shadows, blinked. Without volition Dan moved then, but not in the swift way he had been calculating. He stepped carefully toward his wife, and he was drawing her away from the stairs when, still invisible above, Hank Griffin spoke again: "Throw it on the floor, Robish. Now."

LOOK IT UP!

(And add to your sum of useless knowledge)

Don't doze while you're driving unless
You're eager to have a collision,
Which is how from this world to achieve
A dazzlingly sudden abscission.

* * *

It doesn't require
A mind analytic
To know that some words
Are plainly proclitic.

—THE WORDMONGER

With his arm around Eleanor, Dan could feel her slender body trembling. But he did not take his eyes off Robish. He saw the man's temptation to whirl, firing; he saw the slow prison-broken mind tearing its attention from Glenn Griffin on the floor. Then, with a sigh of relief, he saw Robish toss the gun to the floor.

It lay there, black and deadly, between Dan and Glenn Griffin, as Robish glowered up the stair well. Eleanor must have read the thought in Dan's mind before he himself was aware of it. She clung to his arm, her fingers biting deep, her head shaking.

FINALLY, after the unnatural silence, Glenn Griffin reached out and picked up the revolver. Very slowly he stood up, and took a deep breath. Then his eyes met Dan's; a furious shame was in his glare, a memory of those few moments of clawing fear and the knowledge that Dan and the others had witnessed his cowardice.

Hank Griffin came quickly down the stairs then, the automatic in his hand, and glanced at Robish, who stood bear-like and still now, and then at his brother. What Dan heard next was not so much the content of the younger Griffin's words as the flattened tone of finality: "Let's go, Glenn."

Frowning, Glenn said nothing.

"This is our chance, Glenn," Hank said gently, reasonably. "We can't hold these people and Robish too. This is going on too long, Glenn. The cops are bound to get here sooner or later. They're not dumb."

"All cops are dumb," Glenn Griffin said, and his voice was soft too.

"Yeah. Everybody's dumb, ain't they?" Hank asked. "That teacher the kid slipped the note to tonight. Just because she called back and said she knew it was all just kid stuff, a game—you think she believes that? How do you know there wasn't some smart cop right at her elbow?"

"Don't get scared, kid. Don't get jumpy like Robish."

"I'm not jumpy!" Hank Griffin cried suddenly, and Dan saw the odd tremble of his mouth. "But I'm not going to the chair just 'cause Robish got trigger-happy. You can't knock off everybody that comes to the door! Why don't you send him after that teacher now, Glenn? Sure. Shoot up the whole damn' city! Play safe!"

"Shut up," Glenn Griffin said evenly. "Get back to the kitchen and stay shut."

But Hank was shaking his head very slowly, very deliberately. "Come with me, Glenn," he said.

Glenn Griffin squared his shoulders and said, "Tomorrow, Hank."

"What good's that dough gonna do you in the death house?" Hank was shouting now, his voice out of control.

"You heard me," Glenn said then, still softly, but with a hard and bitter anger in his words. "We're sticking, see. I got to have that dough for Flick so he'll take care of Webb."

The younger brother took a step. "Then I'm going, Glenn," he said. "By myself."

AFTER that, the silence came back, intensified, and deeper. Finally, Glenn Griffin grinned. "Go ahead, kid," he drawled. "On your own they'll have you back in stir in less'n a hour."

Hank Griffin glanced toward Dan, but his gaze went beyond—to Cindy. "I'm going, that's all," he said. And he moved off into the lighted living room.

"Damn it!" Glenn Griffin yelled. "You'll do what I say, you little jerk! I got you this far, I'll get you the rest of the way."

Hank did not pause until he reached the door to the sun porch; then he turned. "Yeah," he said bitterly, "you got me this far, Glenn. And where the hell is that?"

"I oughta—"

Both guns came up at the same instant. Hank Griffin was shaking his head and Dan saw that he was almost crying. "It'd break my heart, Glenn," he said, "but I'd do it. You're not stopping me."

Hank backed through the door and then turned and ran, his steps sounding sharply on the tiled porch.

"He'll take the car," Robish said.

The words seemed to rouse Glenn from the stunned immobility of the moment. "Like hell!" he cried. He reached for the light switch, plunged the house into darkness and brushed past Dan into the living room. Dan heard a window opening. "Stay away from that car, you dumb punk!" Glenn cried.

Outside, a car door slammed. It was strange, Dan thought, that with his senses battered and deadened by too much happening too fast, he could still recognize minute details: the door that had closed was on Cindy's coupé. The motor turned over, caught, purred.

Above this sound though, and closer, Dan heard Glenn Griffin shouting and cursing wildly. As he heard the car speed down the boulevard, Dan knew that Hank Griffin had got away.

—JOSEPH HAYES

(This is the second of four parts.)

MUSTS
for every owner of
an 8 or 16 mm movie projector

CASTLE NEWS PARADE of 1953—authentic, on-the-spot photography of history in the making. Includes dramatic scenes of The Bloody Berlin Riots, The Holland Flood Disaster, The Coronation Naval Review and many others.

CASTLE FOOTBALL PARADE for 1953—the great action from the outstanding games of the year. The games are: Notre Dame—Oklahoma, Maryland—Georgia, Army—Duke, Texas Christian—Washington State, Michigan State—Ohio State, Wisconsin—Illinois, Dartmouth—Princeton.

AVAILABLE in these editions:
8 mm Headline—$1.95....... ☐
16 mm Headline—$2.95...... ☐
8 mm Complete—$5.95...... ☐
16 mm Complete—$9.75..... ☐
16 mm Sound Deluxe—$21.75. ☐

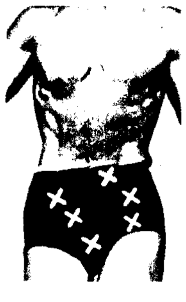
See your camera dealer or mail your order
Free Catalog
Castle Films, Dept. C, 1445 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

Personal
To Women With
Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

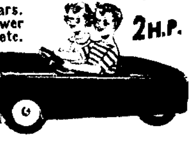
LOOK
for Rupture Help



Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

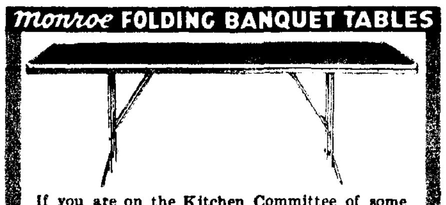
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 407-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

ESHELMAN 70 MILES PER GAL. GAS
CHILD'S AUTO WITH MOTOR



Sturdy, Safe for kids 5 to 15 Years. Also pulls Mowers, Carts and Power Take-off drives Pumps, Saws, etc.
Write for literature.
ESHELMAN, Dept. CM-71
119 Light St., Balto. 2, Md.
333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
7070 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Cal.

Monroe FOLDING BANQUET TABLES



If you are on the Kitchen Committee of some Church, Lodge, Club, School, etc., in your town you will be interested in this modern Folding Banquet Table. Write for Catalog and special discounts to institutions and organizations.

THE MONROE COMPANY 142 CHURCH STREET COLFAX IOWA

YES! AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
REDUCE SWELLING
OF SIMPLE **PILES...**
RELIEVE AGONY INSTANTLY!

Amazing Pazo* relieves torture of simple piles *fast.* Acts to relieve itching, pain *instantly.* Soothes inflamed tissues. Helps reduce swelling, prevent agonizing soreness. So don't suffer needless misery of simple piles. Get Pazo, get real comfort *right away.* Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tube with perforated pile pipe for easy thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories®*

Can You Stop Worrying

Doctors are about to ask a million youngsters to test a new vaccine which they hope will give long-lasting immunity. If the test is successful, polio epidemics may never afflict us again

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

ONE day a few weeks from now, a second-grade teacher in a school somewhere near the Gulf Coast will hand a note to each child in her class. Her act will set in motion the largest, most expensive and—it is hoped—most fruitful medical test ever attempted. The notes will read: "Permission is requested to inoculate your child with a trial antipolio vaccine. . . ."

That night the parents of those children and of other second-graders in the Southern town—still to be designated as this is written—must make a decision which ultimately may affect the health of tens of millions of people the world over.

If they agree to let their children take part in the test, the parents can be sure of only one result: the second-graders will receive about $10 worth of free inoculations each, plus $20 to $30 worth of medical attention free of charge.

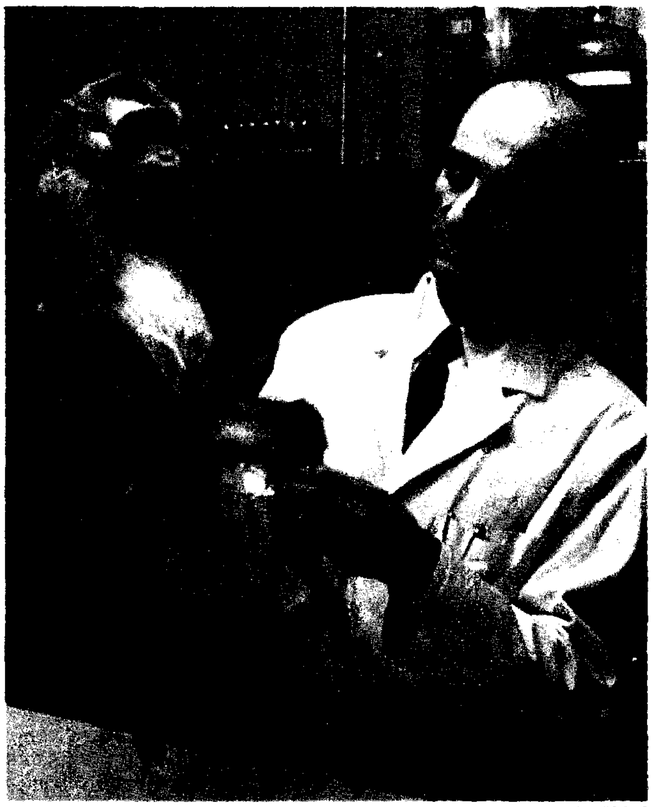
Some of the best scientific brains in the fight against infantile paralysis are convinced that the new antipolio vaccine is absolutely safe; it has been injected into the arms of large numbers of volunteers in the Pittsburgh area without ill effects. It is an advance on gamma globulin, which at best provides only temporary immunity against polio.

Designed to give long-lasting immunity, it already has protected hundreds of laboratory monkeys against otherwise deadly polio-virus injections. But not until the great mass test has been completed and the results analyzed will researchers know for sure whether or for how long the vaccine protects humans against an attack of paralytic polio.

From its beginnings in the Gulf Coast town, the test will be extended to second-graders in other Southern towns. And as winter turns to spring, the rolling barrage of second-grade teachers' notes will move slowly north. By May, up to a million couples in 200 counties throughout the United States will have had to decide whether to permit the inoculation of their children.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, sponsor of the test, expects an overwhelming majority of parents to respond, "OK—Inoculate." It has set aside $7,500,000 to make, safety-test and distribute up to 1,000,000 doses of the new vaccine. It has enlisted the co-operation of thousands of physicians, nurses, health officers, schoolteachers and other volunteers, who will contribute $20,000,000 worth of their time and skill.

What makes the National Foundation so confident that up to a million couples will give permission for their youngsters to take part in the test? The confidence is based on three solid facts.


DAN WEINER

Dr. L. James Lewis with one of monkeys used in University of Pittsburgh polio research

Fact Number One is that the American people long ago decided to spare neither money nor effort to conquer polio. Since 1938, they have contributed more than $296,000,000 to the March of Dimes to finance the battle. The National Foundation has channeled more than $39,000,000 of the total into research and the training of scientists.

Fact Number Two is that the people already have shown their faith in these scientists and their willingness to participate in mass experiments when necessary. During the last three years, nearly 300,000 parents have voluntarily presented their children for mass inoculations of gamma globulin.

Fact Number Three is that the people no longer panic at the merest mention of a polio outbreak. Fully a decade has passed since the last roadblock was set up by citizens of one town to bar polio refugees from another. We still dread the disease. But today we face it and fight it.

Yet despite their confidence that the people will co-operate, our polio fighters face one disturbing worry. Some doctors fear that the mass test may be premature; they question whether there is enough evidence of the vaccine's safety to justify the test at this time.

The question of safety has been raised publicly only once. That was last November 10th at the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association in New York City. While describing his own quest for a polio vaccine, Dr. Albert Milzer of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital made a passing reference to the vaccine developed by Dr. Jonas Salk and others at the University of Pittsburgh—the vaccine which will be used in the mass test.

Dr. Milzer was telling how his laboratory had tried to duplicate the Salk vaccine by following the method described by its discoverer. "For reasons not apparent to us," Dr. Milzer said, some of the batches of vaccine, when tested, infected tissue culture and monkeys with polio.

In a later interview, however, Dr. Milzer carefully pointed out that he had not said that the Salk vaccine was unsafe, only that he had not always been able to make a safe vaccine when he followed the published reports of Dr. Salk's method.

Behind Dr. Milzer's concern about the safety of the Salk vaccine lies an incident which the public has largely forgotten but physicians have not. Nineteen years ago the hopes of parents all over the world were raised by an announcement that two vaccines had been developed to fight polio. Both had *seemed* safe when given to the first few volunteers, and it was decided to use them generally. By the end of 1935, nearly 17,000 persons had been inoculated with one vaccine or the other. Then enthusiasm turned to dismay. Reports of illness following the vaccinations were received from all over the country. A number of inoculated persons developed polio. At least six died, although no one could say for certain whether the vaccines had infected or merely failed to protect them. Finally, the U.S. Public Health Service issued a cease-and-desist demand.

In the light of this grim experience, the doubts and forebodings of some doctors over widespread use of the Salk vaccine can be readily understood. Yet it is undisputable that any promising new vaccine ultimately must be mass-tested on humans. The sole question is—when? The answer: only after there is convincing evidence that the new product is safe and effective.

To find out just how much scientists know about the Salk vaccine, I have spent many weeks during the last six months in research laboratories and in offices of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and public-health officials. I have studied scores of records, some dating back 30 years. I

about POLIO Now?

have listened while the men who planned the mass vaccine test scrupulously weighed the pros and cons of a half-dozen alternative test procedures.

The basic facts are plain. The new vaccine is the fruit of more than $700,000 spent during the last three years on research and testing at the Virus Research Laboratory of the University of Pittsburgh. Besides Dr. Salk, the researchers included Dr. L. James Lewis, Dr. Julius S. Younger, Major Byron L. Bennett and a team of more than 50 other scientists and laboratory workers.

Evidence of the vaccine's safety was first indicated when it was used on monkeys; it caused no untoward reactions and protected the animals against concentrated doses of polio virus that paralyzed or killed untreated monkeys.

No Adverse Effects from Injections

The Pittsburgh team also gave the vaccine to human volunteers. They have published reports covering 637 children and adults who had received inoculations up to last November. *Among all these people, there were no adverse reactions—no rashes, no sore arms that lasted more than two days, no illnesses that could be traced to the injections.*

By the time you read this article, an additional 5,000 to 10,000 children in and around Pittsburgh will have received the injections.

How does the vaccine work? Tests already completed show that it helps produce polio-fighting antibodies in the blood of patients who do not possess them. In those who have antibodies for only one or two of the three polio virus types, it stimulates formation of the missing antibodies. Booster doses raise antibody levels as high as, or higher than, those found in people who have recently survived paralytic polio. But there is no positive proof that the vaccine's power to help produce antibodies is great enough to ward off naturally contracted polio infections. That proof can come only when and if polio breaks out in areas where second-graders have been inoculated.

If none of the inoculated children gets the disease while it is striking others around them, the vaccine will have proved an unqualified success. If a smaller percentage of second-graders get polio than untreated children, or if inoculated children suffer little or no paralysis, the new vaccine still will have proved of great value, and researchers will work to improve it. If statistics show no significant difference in the polio rate among inoculated youngsters and their first- and third-grade schoolmates, the vaccine will be a failure.

To understand fully why the National Foundation feels justified in going ahead with a mass test at this time, it is important also to compare what we know about polio today with what was known when the 1935 vaccines appeared.

Nineteen years ago there was no March of Dimes to mobilize the people's millions for polio research. As against the hundreds of virologists who man our polio labs today, there was then but a handful of physicians with a part-time interest in polio re-

Dr. Jonas E. Salk, whose Pittsburgh research team developed vaccine, checks nine-year-old Arthur Donahoo, one of thousands of children (including polio sufferers) already inoculated

Next in Collier's

February 19 Issue
On Sale February 5

After 39 Years—I'm Turning 40

By JACK BENNY

One of America's most famous youths discloses a staggering milestone: his 40th (that's what he keeps telling us) birthday

●

Such Interesting SNAILS

By JAMES POLING

They have 50,000 teeth, two sexes and disposable heads. No wonder they recently came to the attention of Congress!

●

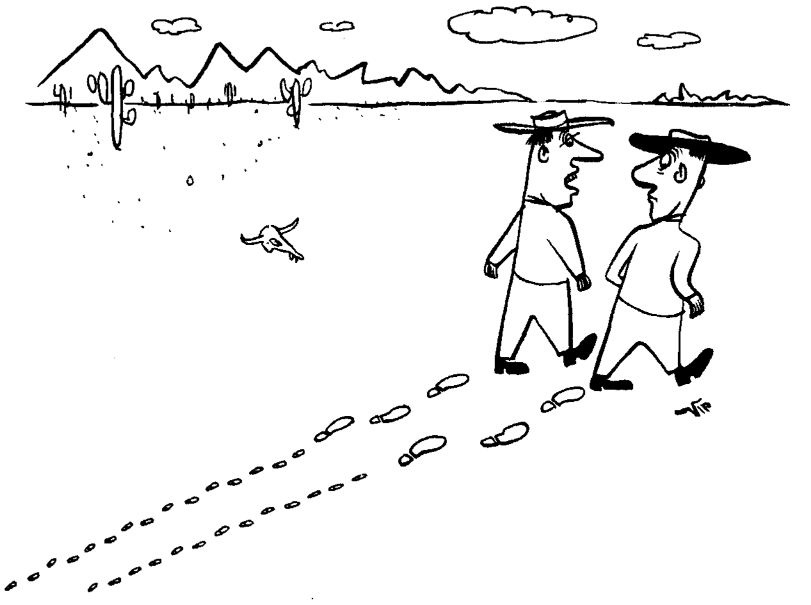
The Plus and Minus of KOREA

By GEN. MARK CLARK

Continuing his report on the Korean war, Gen. Clark adds up the gains and losses that have come from our Far East policy

---

Sometime next year we'll know if the new preventiv



"I figure we're just about crossing into Texas now"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

search. These men had scores of theories, but only one solid fact to base them on: since 1910 they had known that polio was caused by a virus.

The 1935 vaccines represented bold stabs in the dark by men who did not realize how little they knew about the disease. But their failure did serve at least one useful purpose: when the National Foundation was formed in 1938, its leaders decided not to strive for any quick, easy—and dangerous—short cut; they set themselves the long-term task of training virologists and other researchers and financing them in the even longer-term job of unraveling polio's many mysteries.

Filling the First Blank Spot

It took more than ten years of basic research to fill the first great blank spot. In 1949, Dr. John F. Enders of Harvard grew polio virus in test tubes on human and animal tissue for the first time. Until then, researchers could study the virus only by growing it in monkeys.

Dr. Enders' discovery meant tests could be made in less than a quarter of the former time. And scientists at last knew that if they could develop a vaccine, they would be able to make it in the vast quantities required. They could grow their virus in glass tanks instead of in the bodies of monkeys.

About the same time, other researchers filled in another gap. In 1948 and 1949, Professor Edward L. Kessel and Dr. Charles F. Pait, at the University of Southern California, and another group headed by Dr. David Bodian at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore almost simultaneously established the existence of at least two distinct polio virus types. A few months later, both groups confirmed the existence of a third variety. Their discovery explained why occasional persons were stricken twice by polio; the first attack gave them immunity against only one type of the disease.

Now scores of different strains or breeds of virus had to be classified by type, and the National Foundation decided to back the largest single medical research project ever attempted up to that time. The ante was $1,170,000, parceled out among teams of investigators in four leading universities: Southern California, Utah, Kansas and Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh group was headed by Dr. Salk, who had been trained in virus research under a National Foundation fellowship at the University of Michigan's School of Public Health.

Specimens of virus were taken from hundreds of polio patients all over the world and sent to the laboratories for identification and classification. By 1951, the first 100 polio strains had been tested and typed; like the 150 additional strains tested since then, all fell into one or another of three types.

Another discovery, again achieved almost simultaneously in separate research centers, came less than a year later. The polio virus had been known to enter the body through the mouth or nose and invade the alimentary tract. It wrought its paralytic havoc deep within the nervous system, in the spinal cord and brain. Many researchers were convinced that the virus passed directly from the zone of entry to the nerves.

But early in 1952, Dr. Dorothy Horstmann, professor of preventive medicine at Yale, and Dr. David Bodian of Johns Hopkins demonstrated that the bug went through an intermediate stage. For several days, it lurked in the blood stream. Thus there was a place within the body where researchers could attack the virus *before* it invaded the central nervous system.

In other virus diseases, immunity is attained when the body develops blood-stream antibodies to fight the virus. Dr. Bodian decided to find out if that was true for polio.

He drew blood from monkeys and chimpanzees that had survived a paralytic attack. He injected it into other monkeys, waited 24 hours, then gave them what should have been a lethal dose of polio virus. Instead of writhing in pain, the little creatures swung from their perches as easily as before. The antibodies Dr. Bodian had borrowed from the infected monkeys had intercepted and conquered the virus in the inoculated animals while it was still in their blood streams.

Early Tests of Gamma Globulin

Soon Dr. William M. Hammon of Pittsburgh University was ready to try the same test on humans. So that there would be antibodies for all three types of polio, blood from thousands of people was mixed. They included persons with no history of infantile paralysis as well as known survivors of the disease because many people have suffered mild polio attacks without being aware of it. From the pooled blood, the substance known as gamma globulin was extracted. Then Dr. Hammon went into epidemic areas in Provo, Utah, Houston, Texas, and Sioux City, Iowa, and injected large groups of children with the gamma globulin. The test showed that GG provided a large measure of protection against paralytic polio for a number of weeks.

Last year, gamma globulin was ready for large-scale use. In 21 epidemic-ridden counties, it was given to nearly 250,000 children in the hope of heading off the polio to which many of them had been exposed. Statisticians of the U.S. Public Health Service are still analyzing the results. But it is already certain that GG protected some children against paralysis and modified its severity in others.

From the start it was clear that globulin's borrowed antibodies conferred only temporary immunity. Summer-long protection would require from four to seven shots, each the product of a full pint of blood. It would be impossible to get enough GG to treat all 46,000,000 Americans in the most susceptible age brackets.

Vaccines for Lasting Immunity

Long-lasting immunity was needed. Then, whenever polio might strike, the body would be ready for it. Long-lasting immunity, of course, is exactly what vaccines provide against other diseases. Vaccines do not consist of borrowed antibodies; they are made from the disease virus itself. The trick is to make the virus harmless without destroying its power to help the body produce its own antibodies.

Six groups of experienced polio researchers—at Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, the University of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh University and Boston Children's Medical Center—received substantial National Foundation grants for vaccine development projects. At Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, at the Lederle Laboratories, near New York, and at many other centers, both in the United States and abroad, other investigators entered the lifesaving race.

Last March, Dr. Salk and his coworkers published a preliminary report on their vaccine in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Since that announcement, young Dr. Salk (he won't celebrate his 40th birthday until next October) has been widely hailed as the "inventor" of the vaccine. Shy and retiring, he is quick to point out that his team's achievement would have been impossible without 15 years of research by thousands of others.

Yet the Pittsburgh group deserves great credit. In less than three years, it has cut through a bewildering maze of technical problems and come up with a promising vaccine.

Dr. Salk's team divided the problem

orks. *If so, it may be generally available in 1956*

of developing a vaccine into stages. First the researchers analyzed the growth rates of all virus strains and selected three of the speediest breeders, one from each virus type. Next they began testing various monkey tissues on which to grow the virus. Months of such checks showed that kidney tissue yielded the best results.

With an adequate source of virus finally assured, the group attacked the problem of converting the virulent matter into a polio-fighting vaccine. They used formalin, the same material used in making other vaccines. But they had to learn, as Dr. Salk puts it, "how to bake a vaccine cake."

Mistakes That Must Be Avoided

With too little heat, too little formalin or too short a time in the test tube "oven," some of the virus would retain its deadly power to multiply. Too much of these elements would kill the virus all right, but also destroy the vaccine's power to stimulate the formation of antibodies.

"Baking" and testing, week after week, Dr. Salk and his colleagues finally devised a process that yielded a vaccine which passed the tests. Injected into monkeys, it showed no trace of infectivity. The virus was "dead"; it could not grow. But blood drawn from these monkeys possessed high antibody activity. And, when the researchers shot lethal doses of active virus into these same monkeys, the antibodies protected them against paralysis.

The Salk team had an effective vaccine—and a safe one—for monkeys. Would it be equally safe for humans?

Early in 1952, Salk, Lewis, Younger and Bennett went out to the D. T. Watson Home for Crippled Children at Leetsdale, near Pittsburgh. It was chosen for the first human trials because it is a treatment center for young polio victims. Their parents, it was felt, would be more likely to understand the need for experimental vaccinations than people who had never suffered directly under the impact of a polio disaster. Dr. Salk, Dr. Jesse Wright, the home's director, and Lucille Cochran, its administrator, approached the parents one by one and obtained their permission to vaccinate.

Early one spring morning, Dr. Salk and his colleagues inoculated a number of young polio victims at the home with the vaccine.

That first night there were no reactions. The next morning, none. Two days, three days, a week passed; not a child became ill from the vaccinations. Salk, Younger, Lewis and Bennett went back to work with renewed confidence.

Tests made of the children's blood before the vaccinations had shown numerous antibodies for one type of polio—whichever type had paralyzed each child—but few antibodies, or none at all, for the other two types. Follow-up blood tests a few weeks after the vaccinations showed that the vaccine had caused antibodies to spring up where none existed before and had raised existing antibody levels.

Dr. Salk and his group decided to extend their experiments. They gave the vaccine to nonpolio children at the Watson Home—arthritics, spastics and others. Dr. Salk inoculated his own three sons. Nurses and technicians volunteered for the shots. From all over Allegheny County, friends and friends of friends brought their youngsters to the Watson Home for blood tests, vaccinations and booster shots.

By last fall, more than 600 vaccinations had been completed without a single mishap. Virus and vaccine processing methods had been improved to the point where quantity production was practical. The time had come to make larger plans.

Dr. Salk met with Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, members of the foundation's medical advisory committees and members of the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers. He placed all his records before these leading experts on polio, and the debate began. When it ended, weeks later, a plan had been hammered out for the mass test. Then O'Connor went before his board of trustees and told them he'd need $7,500,000 for the test. They gulped. But they voted the funds.

To measure the vaccine's effectiveness, the test must reveal what happens to large numbers of children exposed to polio infection. Since no one can predict exactly where polio will strike, National Foundation statisticians figured that at least 500,000 children—and preferably 1,000,000—in danger areas throughout the country should be given vaccine shots to insure the success of the test. The inoculations will be concentrated in 200 counties where polio has been prevalent among children in recent years.

So that scientists can compare polio's effect on the vaccinated children with its effect on equally exposed youngsters who did not receive the vaccine, injections will be given to second-graders only. First- and third-graders in the same counties will be used for control comparisons. Once the parents have granted permission, each second-grader will receive three shots. The first two will be given at an interval of one week; the third or "booster" dose will come four or more weeks later.

One "Factory" for All Virus

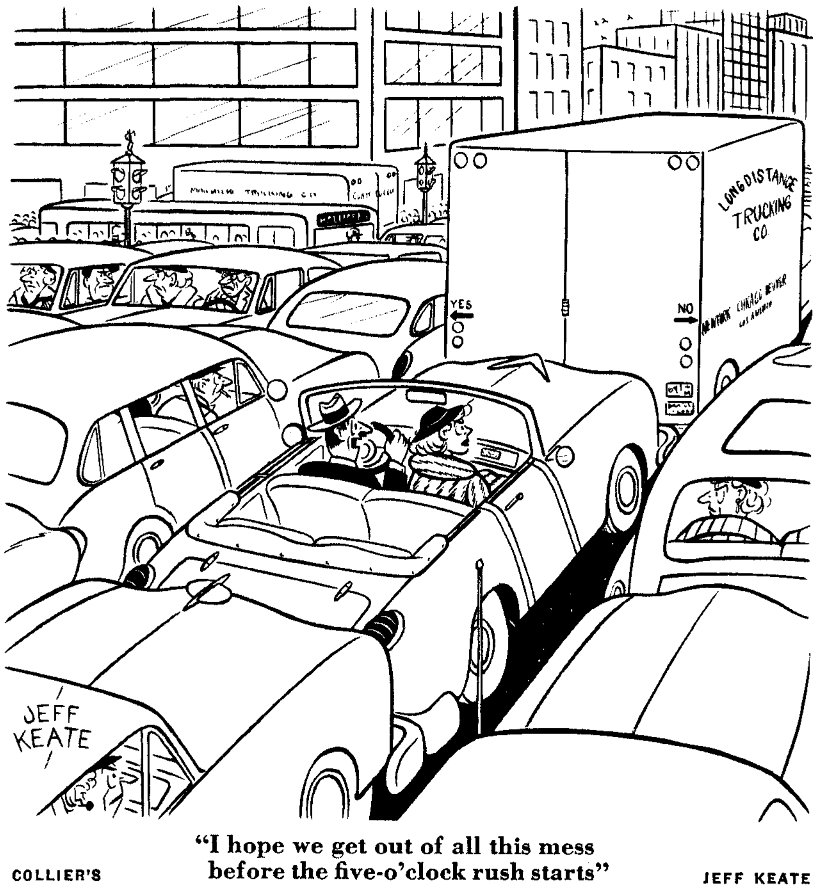
All of the virus is being grown in a special "factory" at the Connaught Laboratories of the University of Toronto. From there it will be shipped for conversion into vaccine to Dr. Salk's laboratory at Pittsburgh or to one of five or more commercial laboratories with long experience in vaccine manufacture.

Each batch will be tested three times: first by the maker, then by Dr. Salk's lab, and finally by the Laboratory of Biologics Control of the National Institutes of Health—the branch of the U.S. Public Health Service which licenses and controls the manufacture of all biological preparations.

Whether and to what extent the vaccine will cut the incidence of polio paralysis cannot be determined until the effects of this summer's polio wave upon the inoculated children have been painstakingly analyzed. These studies cannot be completed until sometime in 1955. Even then, we may not know how long the vaccine will protect, how often booster doses will be needed.

At the very best, if all hopes pan out, it will be at least 1956 before the vaccine can be made available for widespread general use.

Meantime, we can take heart that our contributions to the March of Dimes have produced a promising vaccine. And the parents who give permission for their children to take part in the mass test will be making an important contribution of their own to the fight against polio. Their decision may well mean immunity from the dread disease for their own children. More than that, it will give them a vital role in the battle to end the terror of infantile paralysis for all parents and all children for all time.



"I hope we get out of all this mess before the five-o'clock rush starts"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN
of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS
get FAST RELIEF with ANACIN
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.
HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery
Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to stop bleeding—without surgery.
In case after case, pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.
Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"
The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.
Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee. *Trade Mark

OWN a Business
If employed, start part time. Alert dealers can gross $5 hourly profit plus $3 on EACH serviceman. Clean, revive, mothproof rugs & upholstery on location. No shop needed. We locally train and assist you. Nationally advertised world-wide service. Quickly established. Easy terms. Send today for FREE booklet. No obligation.
Duraclean Co., 4-1E2 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

ITCH RELIEVED IN A JIFFY or money back
Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or moneyback. Ask druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

Try This Shaving Magic
AERO SHAVE "Push-Button" LATHER
JUST PUSH VALVE ...OUT COMES LATHER!
AERO SHAVE push button lather 69 SHAVES 59¢
Best Shave News In 50 Years!
- Richer, Creamier Lather
- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Cream
- 3 Beard Softeners
- Contains Lanolin
AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb

REPORT
CARD

LOWELL HESS

A Look at the Record

NOW THAT THE REPUBLICANS have had a year in which to run the government establishment, it is natural that many of the voters who hired them should want to take a look around and decide how the G.O.P. has been doing after a 20-year layoff.

We feel safe in saying that President Eisenhower, personally, has fulfilled the high hopes of his supporters. He has shown himself a man of stature, intelligence and integrity. His official acts have revealed a deep concern for the welfare and fair treatment of all people everywhere. His love of peace is seen in positive and hopeful effort as well as in earnest desire.

Politically, Mr. Eisenhower had a lot to learn, and he has done a lot of learning. Although a former supreme military commander, he has sometimes seemed hesitant or even unwilling to command in his present and higher post of public duty. If we may hazard an explanation we should say that, first of all, he has an obvious, scrupulous and admirable regard for the trilateral setup of the United States government. Throughout his professional military career, he seems always to have been acutely aware that he was, in the end, a servant of the people and their civilian government. Now, as the head of that civilian government, he has been zealous, perhaps sometimes overzealous, in avoiding any action which might indicate a wish to infringe on or interfere with the rights and powers of the legislative and judicial branches.

We recall—and almost with amusement in retrospect—the frightened talk we used to hear about the hazards of "a military man in the White House," when General Eisenhower was first mentioned as a Presidential possibility. Well, it can hardly be argued, at the end of his first year, that the President has not bent over backward to avoid any semblance or hint of a "general on horseback."

Mr. Eisenhower, as President, has suffered from handicaps beyond political inexperience. He has not always had the brilliant staff work which marked his career as five-star general. And he must sorely miss the counsel and support of the experienced Senator Taft, who did not let differences of opinion destroy his personal or party loyalty. Yet, in the closing weeks of his first year in office, President Eisenhower was showing an increasing awareness that stronger leadership from the White House would be necessary if a majority of his campaign promises are to become an administration program.

The Republican Congress, on its part, has shown a regard for its prerogatives which matches the President's. This is right and proper, but it's sometimes a little tough on teamwork. There has been quite a gulf between the White House and Capitol Hill on numerous issues and policies.

Since this is an election year, we trust that the Republican members of Congress will survey their slim majority of control, contrast it with the 6,600,000-plus votes by which the President defeated Mr. Stevenson, and reflect that it was the President and not the party that won the 1952 election.

Without any sacrifice of principle on *their* part, they might also reflect on the fact that the President's mandate from the people requires Congressional co-operation if it is to be carried out. A closer co-ordination of policy might well enhance the political fortunes of some of the members in November, and we are sure that it would be good for the country.

Water Over the Dam, But...

IN THE ISSUE of August 4, 1951, Collier's published an article by David E. Lilienthal titled "Another Korea in the Making?" The story grew out of a trip to India which its author made for this magazine, and it dwelt mainly upon the dispute over Kashmir between India and Pakistan. But in the article, Mr. Lilienthal devoted considerable attention to the vital problem of irrigation created by the division of the subcontinent into two independent states.

In the creation of those separate states, a boundary line was arbitrarily drawn through the great Indus River system in such a way as to put all of the dams and reservoirs in India, while most of the land that depended on irrigation was in Pakistan. There were frequent reports, in the first years after Pakistan's creation, of a shutting off or diversion of water by Indian authorities. And since the supply of water was literally a matter of life or death to many Pakistanis, the situation was explosive.

The experienced Mr. Lilienthal, former head of TVA in the United States, saw a possible solution of the irrigation dispute, and proposed it in his Collier's article: less than 20 per cent of the Indus Basin water, he found, was being used for irrigation; therefore, he reasoned, the whole system should be utilized and operated as a unit, either jointly by an Indo-Pakistan Agency or by some supranational international agency or corporation. He further suggested that the World Bank (International Bank for Reconstruction and Development) might lend its assistance.

Among those who read Mr. Lilienthal's story were Eugene R. Black, head of the World Bank; Prime Minister Nehru of India, and the late Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan. Mr. Black wrote to the two heads of government, suggesting that action be taken on the basis of the Lilienthal recommendations, and offering the bank's services in the undertaking.

As a result, both governments and the bank appointed engineers to conduct surveys on the scene, and later—in September of last year—to meet in Washington for protracted discussions which are continuing. Prospects are good, at this writing, for a solution of a problem which can and must be solved, a problem which, in Mr. Lilienthal's words, "involves life itself for 42,000,000 people."

Collier's, at this rather late date, congratulates Mr. Lilienthal on his suggestion and the fruits that it has borne, and modestly cites this example as typical of the role that journalism frequently plays in shaping the course of history. We also confess our pride in having been the vehicle for disseminating an idea which may well have been the means for averting a war, and of transforming great areas from desert to life-sustaining fertility.

A FRIENDLY GAME AT COL. CROW'S, 1848

After defeating his visitors at chess, Kentucky's pioneer distiller James Crow more than made up for it by serving them some of his justly famous whiskey.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

To whiskey-making, as to chess, James Crow brought a keen analytic mind. To this day, the fine quality of Old Crow has never been duplicated. Enjoy distinctive Old Crow tonight . . . now available at a milder 86 Proof as well as in the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

LIGHTER,
MILDER
86 PROOF

TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS
OLD CROW
OLD CROW

BOTTLED
IN BOND
100 PROOF

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH 19.

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKING

by AMY VANDERBILT

America's Foremost Authority on Etiquette

MEMO TO LUCKY STRIKE: Please print the following exactly as I am dictating it.

Some people say I was a little hard on smoking in my new book on etiquette. Actually, I was hard on smokers—some smokers.

I do not like ash droppers. I dislike cigarette butts on my hearth, in my potted plants and ground out on my best china. I do not like to see people smoking throughout their meals.

I like considerate smokers. I like to see a man light his woman companion's cigarette, and not make her do it. I like to see a woman smoke gracefully and moderately. I like to know my husband is thoughtful enough to carry my brand of cigarette, which, not so incidentally, is Lucky Strike.

Why Luckies? This may sound trivial, but I like the clean, white, simple package. Even more important, I like their taste. I don't smoke a great deal, but when I do, I want a cigarette that tastes better to me than any other. That's Lucky Strike.

No matter which way you look at it, it certainly is true that smoking is all a matter of taste.

Memo to Smokers

Once you stop to think about it, we believe you'll agree that smoking *is* all a matter of taste. And once you've smoked Luckies, we think you'll agree they taste better.

The reason why Luckies taste better is twofold. (1) L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. (2) Luckies are made better to taste better.

So, Be Happy—Go Lucky. Enjoy the cigarette that tastes better. And remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!